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THERE is a social distinction in Beauty Aids just as there is among women—and it is not altogether price that makes the difference. Usually—degrees of intellectual accomplishment separate or gather groups of women. The very noticeable faculty of the elite American Woman to recognize the unusual, has made Colleen Moore Face Powder "Socially Prominent." It belongs—It's her choice—although the price is only 75c.

¶Colleen Moore Face Powder clings, yet the face does not appear "powdered." Entrancingly fragrant—modishly tinted—Powder White—Vivacious Brunette—or Debutante Flesh.

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Face Powder

The Owl Drug Co

Sunset
THE PACIFIC MONTHLY
Registered in the United States Patent Office

VOLUME 62 NUMBER 1

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THE snapshot above portrays Louis Rogers in a serious mood. Because this mood is rare with him and because our readers will undoubtedly appreciate seeing what this versatile artist looks like, we are particularly pleased to publish his likeness.

Mr. Rogers is the creator of the delightful etchings that have appeared in SUNSET from time to time. He is an illustrator of national reputation as well. His hobbies are: painting in oil, his art school, his garden and the cooking of Italian spaghetti for his friends.

Editorial Contents

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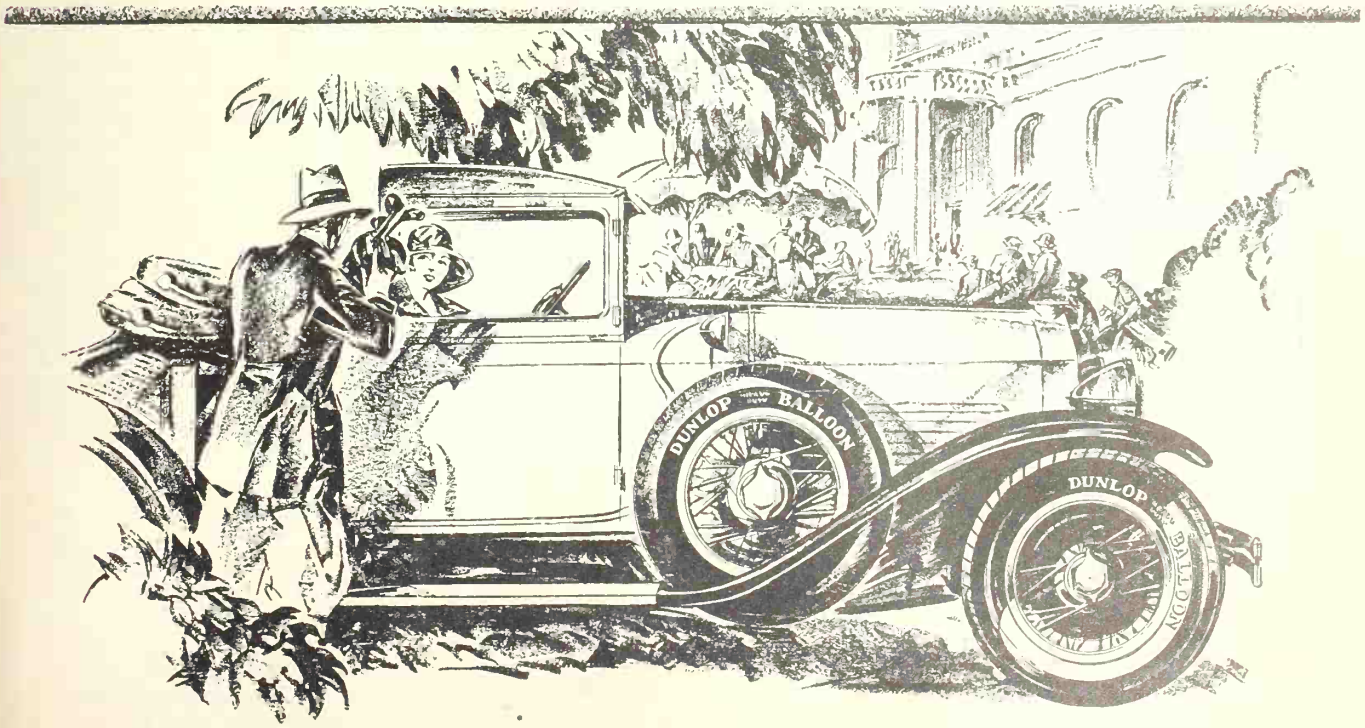

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Going East? West? Around the world? Or on a short vacation trip? Write us and we shall try to solve your problems. All inquiries will be answered by mail and topics of general interest to the traveler will be discussed in these columns

Write to SUNSET'S TRAVEL SERVICE, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

WINTER TRAVEL. Those living in the western states are fortunate indeed. Anything their heart desires in way of winter recreation is within easy reach—from surf bathing to sleigh riding. Yet, a number of our readers wish to spend the winter in other parts of the country or in foreign lands, and have written to this department for information. Switzerland, Bermuda, South America, Quebec and Florida seem to be the goal of many travelers this winter.

* * *

WINTER IN SWITZERLAND. Switzerland has been called with reason "The Paradise of Winter Sports." The Alps and the Jura are in winter frequented by crowds of tourists and sportsmen owing to the hygienic and healing qualities of high altitudes, to the bracing and pure air free from dust and microbes and to the luminous intensiveness of the atmosphere.

In winter, when the lowlands are overclouded, or steeped in fogs and mist, the Swiss mountains are, for months, resplendent with sunshine under a deep blue sky. It is therefore quite natural that lovers of nature and sports as well as invalids should seek on the heights rest, peace and health, or a recreation from the fatigues of their daily toil and labor.

Atmospheric rarefaction, purity of the air, intensity of solar radiation are the essential factors of the mountain climate, and this is especially the case in winter. In spite of a comparatively low temperature the solar radiation is so intense, that it is possible to disport oneself in the open air, for hours running in ordinary clothes, the sun being much longer above the horizon than in northern countries. Even in the heart of winter, children and youths may be seen, stripped to the boots, playing in the sunshine, or even reading or sitting quietly by. Invalids, as well as the hale and hearty, enjoy the luminous action of the sun, which is such an incomparable boon for the human body.

This accounts for the growing popularity of ski-ing, bobsleighing, tobogganing, skating, ski-joring, tailing, curling and hockey the Swiss winter resorts being admirably equipped for all these recreations. Wherever the tourist may wander, he is sure to find some sporting installation meeting his tastes or wishes, skating-rinks, well kept runs, wonderful snowfields, pure air, a glorious sunshine, and astounding prospects and perspectives.

Besides outdoor exercises, he can enjoy numerous evening parties, concerts, fancy balls, carnival fetes, cinematograph performances, etc., in perfectly heated hotels, supplied with every modern comfort at most advantageous conditions.

A winter season in the Swiss mountains is a joy for the heart; it means moral and physical health for a whole year! Those who do not know the heights in winter and have never had the privilege of admiring the delicate outline of the peaks above the clouds, have been deprived of one of the purest emotions the heart of a man can enjoy at the sight of nature in all her glory.

* * *

BERMUDA, justly called "the Island Paradise," is seven hundred miles from New York. It's unbelievable but true that one should find, forty-eight hours from Broadway, a spot where there are no automobiles and no trolleys. Only horse-drawn carriages are allowed on the white coral roads of the semi-tropical little islands. Bermuda is a coral formation—the minute skeletons of tiny coral insects. No one visiting New York should miss seeing Bermuda—it's so different from anything else. High hedges of blooming hibiscus line the streets and other tropical vegetation form a contrasting background for the quaint little white houses which are built of coral rock. Marvelous caverns, beautiful beaches, magnificent marine gardens and a glorious all-year-round climate are a few of the gifts that a bountiful nature has bestowed on these islands. Only one thing she did not supply—fresh water. Rain serves as drinking water on the islands. It is gathered on the roofs of the dwellings and carried to tanks which are attached to all houses. But who cares about water in Bermuda? The Union Jack waves over the island, there is no eighteenth amendment, and thirsty Americans are well taken care of. And all that forty-eight hours from the Statue of Liberty!

* * *

RESERVATIONS. Make your reservations as far in adva ce as possible, so that you may have a better choice of both steamship and hotel accommodations

* * *

CUSTOMS. When entering a foreign country and upon your return to the United States, you must personally present your baggage for examination by the

[TRAVEL]

customs officials. Do not, however, get the "customs complex" which is unfortunately so common among unseasoned travelers. There is absolutely nothing to worry about if you fill in the necessary forms and make your declarations honestly and intelligently according to directions.

The searching of baggage is a formality which need not cause you the slightest embarrassment if you are prepared to cooperate with the officials. The inspectors are busy people, and are as anxious to expedite the clearance of your baggage as you are. Have your baggage assembled and unlocked when the examiner arrives; answer his questions briefly and courteously; guard against wrapped parcels in your baggage; and your examination will be quickly over. In nearly every foreign country there is no duty on the personal effects of travelers, and travelers may also bring in for their personal use small quantities of dutiable goods, provided they are duly declared and produced for inspection.

Each resident of the United States returning from abroad is allowed to bring in free of duty $100.00 worth of goods purchased abroad, providing that they are neither for sale nor have been bought as a commission for others. There may be included in these goods not more than fifty cigars or three hundred cigarettes.

Before arriving in port the Purser will furnish you with a customs declaration sheet, which should be filled out according to the directions. You return this sheet to the Purser and retain the narrow coupon at the bottom. Upon landing, go to the letter on the dock which corresponds to the initial of your last name. Your trunks will be brought there by the porters, and your stateroom baggage by your room steward. As soon as all of your baggage is assembled, take the coupon of your declaration to the desk of the deputy collector on the pier. He will assign an inspector to you who will examine your baggage.

It is a good idea to save invoices and original receipted bills for goods bought in foreign lands, and to have all your dutiable articles packed together, so that the inspector can check them off promptly. It is also wise, before leaving the United States, to declare before the customs authorities of your port of departure any very valuable articles you are taking with you, such as jewelry, furs, etc., and to obtain a certificate that they were not purchased abroad.

When your baggage is cleared and each piece stamped, you must then accompany it past the guard at the gate of the customs enclosure. Here you will find uniformed agents of the transfer companies who will take charge of the forwarding of your things to the hotel or railroad station.

* * *

ARRIVAL AT THE PIER

1. Porters in uniform or with badges will help you with your hand baggage. Beware of all others.

2. Go first to the baggage master's desk on the pier to make sure that your trunks have arrived and to identify them.

3. Call at the mail booth on the pier for any mail or telegrams which may have been sent to you. Some piers, however, do not have this service, and your mail will be at the Purser's Office on the ship. Flowers and bon-voyage boxes are usually placed in your stateroom before or immediately after the ship sails.

4. Have your ticket, passport, etc., examined at the desk near the gangway, and you will then be free to go on board.

* * *

GLOSSARY OF NAMES of places in the western states. Continued from December issue. The list has been compiled and copyrighted by Pacific Highway Association.

OREGON

CHEMAWA (she-MAH-wah)—An Indian school near Salem. Indian word said to mean "gravelly soil" or "true talk."

CHINOOK (che-NOOK)—Indian tribe at mouth of Columbia River. Name also given to warm ocean wind that blows up stream from the land of the Chinooks; also to a trade jargon used among the Indians all through the west by Hudson's Bay Company and pioneers.

CLACKAMAS, county and river (KLACK-a-mass)—Indian word probably meaning "Old Home" or "Resting Place."

CLATSKANIE (KLAT-S-kay-nigh)—Indian name.

CLATSOP COUNTY (KLAT-sup)—Name of Indian tribe at mouth of Columbia River, where Lewis and Clark wintered in 1805-6.

COLUMBIA RIVER (koh-LUMM-by-ah)—Discovered in 1792 by Captain Robert Gray, of Massachusetts, and named after his ship and the whole country claimed by him for the United States.

COMSTOCK (KOM-stock)—Named from early settler.

COOS BAY (KOOS)—Named from Couse or Cowse, an edible bulbous aquatic root.

CORNELIUS (kohr-NEEL-yus)—named from prominent early settler in Willamette Valley.

CORVALLIS (kohr-VAL-liss)—"Core of the Valley," being in heart of Willamette Valley.

COTTAGE GROVE—Originally named "Cottage in a Grove."

CRATER LAKE (CRATE-er)—One of Nature's greatest wonders, occupying large crater of huge extinct volcano, called Mt. Mazama.

DALLAS (DALL-lass)—Named for Senator Dallas.

DILLARD (DILL-lard)—Named from an early pioneer.

DIAMOND PEAK—Snow peak in Cascades north of Crater Lake and south of Three Sisters.

DOUGLAS COUNTY—Named for Stephen A. Douglas, who ran for president in 1860.

DRAIN—Named from Charles Drain, a pioneer.

DUNDEE (dun-DEE)—Supposed to have been named from Dundee, Scotland.

EUGENE (you-GEEN)—Named from Eugene Skinner, a pioneer.

FOREST GROVE—Named for a grove of trees.

GOVERNMENT CAMP—On side of Mt. Hood. Camp when government road was being built.

GOLD HILL—Named from mountain near town where rich gold mine was found.

GRANTS PASS—Name given by road workers to summit where they were working in 1863, when Grant captured Vicksburg. Afterwards given to the present city when the old postoffice was moved there.

HOOD, mountain and river—Named by Captain George Vancouver, in 1792, after Lord Hood of the British Admiralty.

HORSETAIL FALLS—In Columbia Gorge. Named from resemblance to tail.

HUBBARD (HUB-bard)—Named from Charles Hubbard, a pioneer.

JEFFERSON, town and snow mountain (JEFF-erson)—Named from President Jefferson.

JOSEPHINE (JOZE-a-feen)—Name of county. Also original name of Oregon caves, because located in that county.

JUNCTION CITY—Named because of junction of east and west side highways.

LAFAYETTE (LAH-fay-et)—Named for General LaFayette.

LANE COUNTY—Named for General Joe Lane, hero of the Mexican war and first governor of Oregon Territory.

LATOURELLE (lah-too-RELL)—Falls in Columbia Gorge. Named for early pioneer.

LINN COUNTY—Named from Senator Linn, of Missouri.

LOST LAKE—So named because not discovered for many years.

MAZAMA MT. (ma-ZAH-mah)—Ancient huge volcano in which Crater Lake is located. Named from the Mazamas, an Oregon mountain climbing club. Mazama is the Spanish name for the wild white mountain goat, cousin of the chamois.

(*Continued on page 67*)

THE
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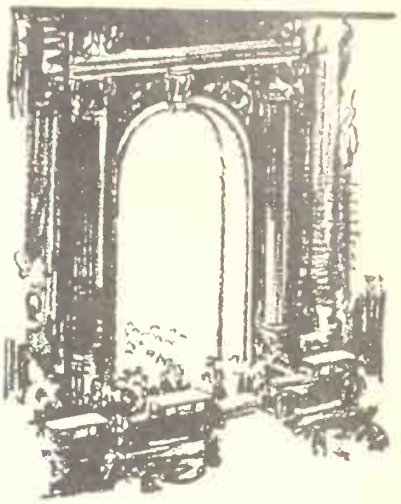

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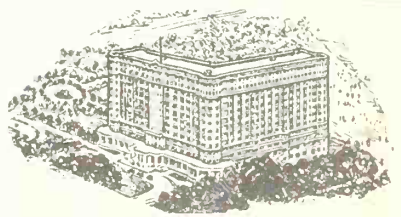

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◢ ◢ ◢

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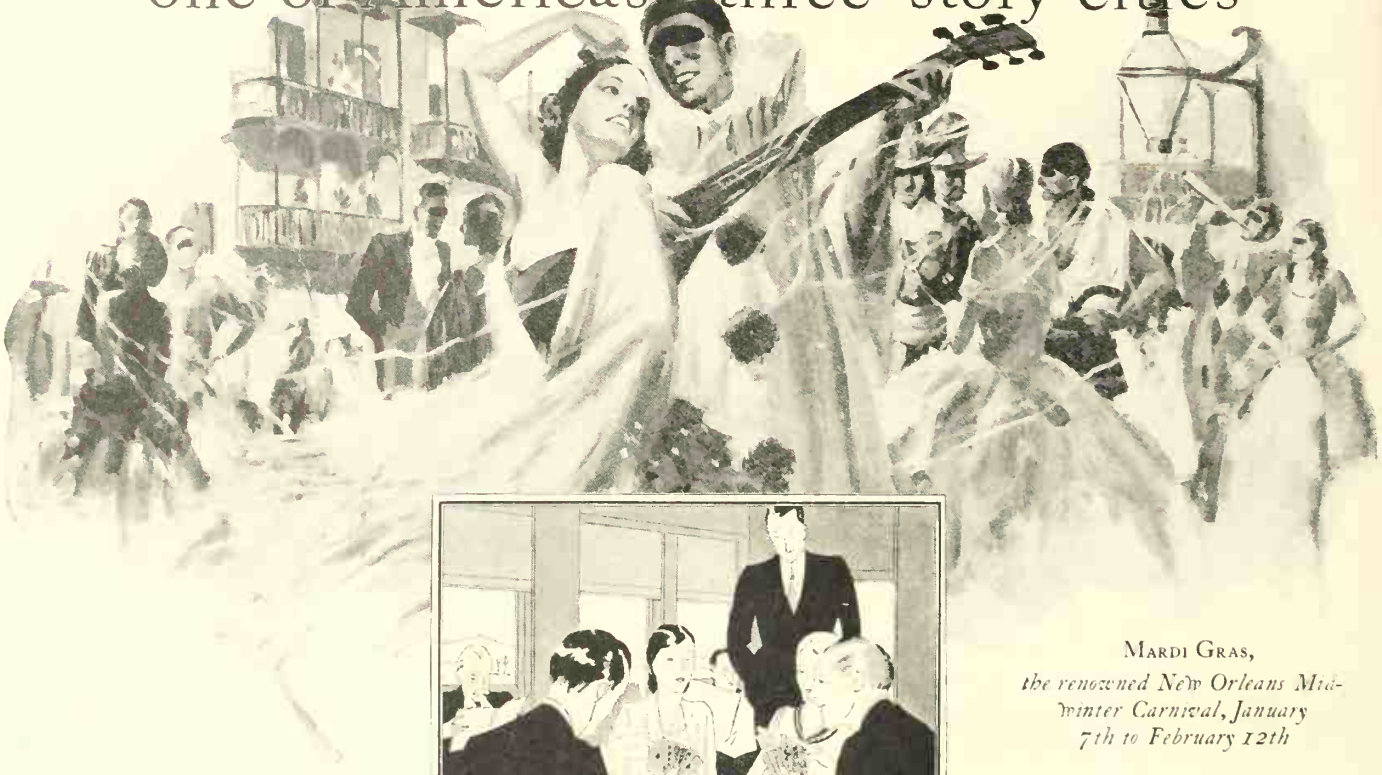

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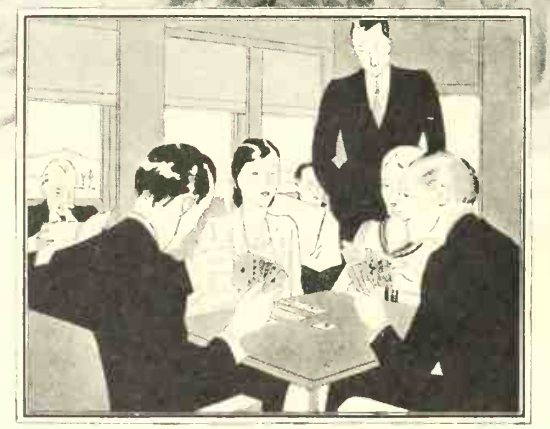

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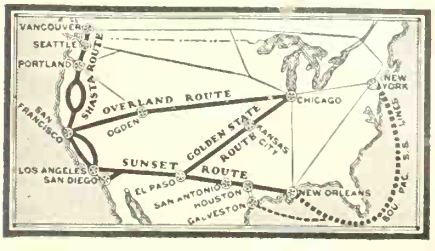

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SUNSET MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXII JANUARY • 1929 NUMBER 1

The Scenery Salters

By Wilbur Hall

AT first you had no suspicion whatever that there was any thing phoney about the business at all. The country around Williams and Flagstaff was high, rolling, covered with beautiful trees; Flagstaff itself was interesting and understandable, even though it wasn't quite what you found at Seventh and Broadway or Grant and Market; once on the way, with a rather imposing caravan of cars equipped with extra water, oil and gas, spare tires, bed-rolls and shovels, you felt that it was all possible enough. But uneasiness as vague as a first mustache began to attack you very soon. It grew slightly at Leupp and the Little Colorado; it burgeoned (nice word, that!) when you came in sight of the first Hopi pueblos on the mesas; it began to bud out at the snake dance; it blossomed at Coal Canyon and The Enchanted Desert into a definite, real worriment; from then on by leaps and bounds, as it were, it spread and expanded and developed until it was a certainty.

Somebody was putting up a job on you!

And after you were sure of that there was no joy left in life at all. You just went on being polite and awed and amazed and dumfounded and stricken dumb and knocked for a row of goals hour after hour, day after day, week after week, until you were buffeted and bruised and sore and had acute scenic indigestion, and never once could you figure out, to save your life, what it was that was wrong! You were like the boy who has eaten his first stolen green apple and who, in his innocence, has never yet discovered that green apples, deposited in a half-chewed condition in the human stomach will cause certain definite and extremely discomforting sensations acutely worse than taking a licking! You had something, but you didn't know what it was.

Jimmy Swinnerton, the painter, was the ballyhoo for the project. He was the lad with the long pole who shook the tree and brought us, like ripe persimmons, into the party. We were average citizens, with a pretty normal, fair average of intelligence: a lawyer, a composer, a violinist, a musical critic, a painter, a mother of four children, a philosophical anarchist, and a sort of writer; as we went on we gathered more of the same kinds unto us until we were twenty or thirty trustful and gullible souls trailing around in the dust of Swinnerton's chariot and forming his entourage and supporting company, as it were. No one ever accused Jimmy of standing in with the swindlers, though in the cold light of reason he certainly lays himself open to suspicion; to the end we took his word for things and believed most of what he said. But no, the real bunco-steerers and gold-brick men who fleeced us of every adjective we had in our clothes and made us laughing stocks and asses were the Arizonans—principally a long, persuasive, quiet-voiced, good-humored, patient scoundrel called Clyde Colville.

It is a well known fact that the most successful confidence men are those who least look the part, and certainly this Colville citizen had the make-up. He seemed as mild as Oregon cheese, as guileless as a Sunday-school teacher and as honest as a candidate for Congress. In some parts he would be called a dude wrangler, but this title he modestly disclaims, and has been known to cause grief and pain to those who persist in so naming him. To watch him you would think that he had just happened along and taken an interest in you and that he wanted to stick around, while you made your triumphal procession through the scenic wonders (so-called) of northern Arizona, and cook for you and lay out your bed-rolls and find your tooth-brush and shake the rattlesnakes out of your boots and, in a mild voice and a casual manner, tell you incredible and monstrous lies about the country. Colville is something more than a guide and something less than a bosom friend. In a way he is atmosphere. You can see from this how admirably equipped he would be to put over on the unsophisticated and gentle tourist this amazing hoax of Scenic Arizona!

THERE are some people who like to go, in a quiet, unobtrusive, undemonstrative manner, about their business when they are out on a trip through the wonderlands of America: people who wear indifferently cut khaki pants, eat out of a tin box strapped on the running board, carry their blankets behind with the cracker crumbs and damp towels of the morning, and never sign guest books. Jimmy Swinnerton isn't built

HAVE you ever seen the Grand Canyon of the Colorado? Has it ever been your good fortune to spend a night on the Arizona desert? Or have you visited the Hopi and Navajo country where the Indians still live much as their ancestors did when buffalo and antelope roamed the plains?

¶Whether you have or have not, Mr. Hall's impressions of his trip into this famous region accompanied by Jimmy Swinnerton, famous comic artist and painter, will be a delight to you. THE EDITORS.

along those lines. Jimmy's idea of the way to travel across the country, looking at the sights and bartering with the natives for redwood pin-cushions, souvenir spoons or Navajo rugs, is with about twenty automobiles, a chuck wagon, a freight truck, a tow-car and a Red-Cross amublance equipped with siren and gong; the whole cavalcade to be preceded by a platoon of motorcycle officers and the grand marshal and to be followed by a steam calliope. An elephant or two and a girl in fluffy skirts riding a zebra would heighten Jimmy's bliss, perhaps, and I don't believe he would object to a tank-wagon containing a hippopotamus. It isn't that Jimmy cares for ostentation or display—not at all. He likes people and noise and excitement and he likes, also, to give the natives a treat. He is the most unselfish and generous and noble white man now wearing sole leather in America, but he certainly is a showman!

We pretty nearly fulfilled his fondest dreams on this expedition. We were so numerous and so impressive that we gathered other tourists to us as clowns gather small boys. We started with four or five machines and we got up as high as fifteen. There was never a dull moment nor an idle hour. We took in more side-trips, excursions, rides, hikes, drives, dances, ceremonies, villages, chuck-holes, and cloud-bursts than any party ever turned loose on the deserts of the Southwest, and everywhere we went we had, at our elbows, insinuating soft and plausible, sounding whoppers into our ears, either Clyde Colville or his principal, the prize scenery salter of the known world, John Wetherill. We certainly made an impression on northern Arizona, and we came away with a few of our own!

THIS John Wetherill is, himself, one of the scenic and natural wonders of the southwest. He went to Arizona as a boy and, with youthful perversity, liked the country. He grew up among the Navajos and the scenery they have scattered around them, and he found out a lot of things and discovered a lot of places that no one had ever found or discovered before. For all his dry, chuckling, quiet, modest manner John does like to sell a stranger a bill of scenic goods himself; as soon as he knew the Navajo region inside out he began to talk it up, and the result is that he has since shared his discoveries and his finds with a lot of the biggest artists, scientists, writers, and notables of the land. John is more clever than Clyde Colville. Colville leads you out to the point and watches you while his stage setting knocks you cold; Wetherill prefers to sit back and let you find the view for yourself and then look at you with mild surprise and say: "Oh, that little thing? Yes, it is sort of neat. But nothing to get all heated up over." As you read along, if you do, you will discover that it is, after all, John Wetherill who makes the biggest fool of you. Because he lets you work your own undoing and hoax yourself. Between the two I am inclined to think that Wetherill is the top kidder.

It was John who met us at Flagstaff. He said he'd dropped in to see if there were any telegrams—his drop being a little matter of a hundred and seventy miles over roads that you would scarcely call that until you had got used to them. He was surprised to see us and, on being pressed, a little doubtful whether it would pay us to go on up to see the sights. He said, gloomily, that they weren't generally considered what they were cracked up to be, and spoke with a changed voice and a brighter expression of a dog-fight they were going to hold in Prescott on the evening of the thirtieth. This play of his had the desired effect. If we hadn't been worked up about the matter before we certainly were now. You couldn't have held us back from the scenic wonderland of northern Arizona after that with the offer of a job as traveling casting director for Mack Sennett!

It was Wetherill, still mildly skeptical, who led us forth an hour and a half late on the appointed morning and turned the noses of our several machines northward toward The Big Show. We were mildly interested for the first few miles; it was when we came out on a big flat and saw the edge of the desert that we contracted that first terrible suspicion that something was being put over on us.

We crossed the Little Colorado at the trading post near Leupp, where we saw our first Indian things. Most of us had said, by the way, that we weren't going to buy much on the trip. We didn't care about Navajo silver or Hopi pottery, or basketware or blankets or curios; we thought people a little feeble-minded who were always coming back from remote places loaded down with Swiss milk cans, Chinese teak-wood, Canadian scotch and other rare and curious pieces of bric-a-brac, and we were going to be strong and never yield to the impulse.

I think another four minutes would have seen us so loaded down at Leupp that we would have bogged the cars, if it had not been that Jimmy Swinnerton dissuaded us.

"There are lots of Indians on north," he said. "And don't forget that there are other tourists behind you, either, who have come out here declaring they wouldn't buy anything. Leave something for them."

So we got away from Leupp with not more than thirty pounds of bracelets, rings, beads, and ear-rings. We crossed the river, as I say, and came on our first scenery.

What we saw was a knock-out of a red gorge into which the white sunlight poured to render it a phantasmagoria of iridescent———

NO, wait a minute! Thinking ahead, one realizes that statistics give us slightly over eleven thousand usable adjectives, not counting profanity, in the English language. Let us be frugal, therefore, for we will need them all long before we get to the Grand Canyon. Let us say merely that that first gorge, plunging from our feet down through the gashed earth to the vague ribbon that was the muddy Little Colorado, was *a wow!*

And, contemplating it, we began to wonder if our eyes were playing us tricks. It seemed incredibly awe-inspiring and beautiful. It didn't seem

Coal Canyon—you can see the black ribbons of coal

The author before his Navajo hogan in Monument Valley

as though anything could really be so big and gorgeous. And so the seed of suspicion was sown that was to eat at us later, like the canker at the heart of the rose, and leave us mere shells of doubt and skepticism—disillusioned, tricked, fooled, reduced to the plane of simple boobs! Our doubts had begun!

IN the distance, all this time, we had seen a low-lying, massive blue dyke of land that we were told was Black Mesa and that someone tried to make us believe loomed up from the desert a thousand feet and ran north for eighty miles or such a matter, one of the mighty landmarks of this unimagined land. Also, like blocks on a nursery-floor, we saw small mesas scattered about ahead; in the distance the White Mesa, like cream against the turquoise blue of the sky; way to the northwest Navajo Mountain, the hoary old grandfather of them all, lifting his head in majesty and grandeur above this strange, silent beauty, and receiving on his devoted head the storms of the centuries, unchanged, unchanging. (There go about sixteen adjectives, in one paragraph! Let us hoard our little store!)

We went on after lunch and, in time, over roads that were better than you had any right to expect, but that were a good deal worse than you *had* expected, came almost into the shadow of one of those toy mesas we had seen from the distance, discovering, first, that they were noble and high-reared rocks, 500, 600, 800 feet sheer from the floor of the waste, and second, though it seemed doubtful, that the broken skyline atop was a Hopi pueblo. By peering—having had our attentions called—we could make the buildings out: tiny structures, as like the rocks about them as could be, piled up one on the other, surmounting punily the looming masses of red sandstone that were the mesas, and all sharp-cut like silhouettes against the pure and fathomless blue of the desert sky! We whipped by four of them, climbed a rise, dropped down through a wash, flooded with the water from a cloud-burst of that morning or the day before, churned through sand and wound around rocks—shot up a rugged grade and saw suddenly, high above us, on another forbidding, gorgeous red tableland, the ancient village of Oraibi.

. . . . . !!!

In order to save language I am leaving that description out. At the foot of this mesa and village, so graphically pictured above, is clustered the modern village, moved down from the mesa because the school and trading post and store are there and the crops of the Hopis in the wash bottoms and flats to the east. Even new Oraibi is fascinating: swarming with shy, friendly, laughing children, its low, stone and mud houses scattered about without much semblance of order, its store operated by a trader who couldn't be found anywhere save in a book, its school principal alert, hospitable, wise beyond his generation (of government school masters), its atmosphere redolent of legend and ancient custom and an age that is forgotten until you come here to see it lived again, almost unchanged, except in immaterial details, such as gasoline pumps and an occasional cane-bottomed chair.

Clyde Colville, the scenery salter

Walpai, the next day, on the First Mesa, is beyond the Second, where are two villages: Walpais on the mesa top, in three villages that run together as one, and with a considerable settlement below, as at Oraibi and for the same reasons. The Walpai Mesa deserves (and won't get) an article by itself; it was here that the Snake Dance was held and it was then that we renewed our suspicion that something was being framed on us.

It is with the greatest difficulty that any writer can restrain himself from a detailed description of the snake dance, and here is the place where the present one hopes to set a world's record for restraint. The dance occurred on a long, narrow plaza so crowded with visitors it seemed impossible for any show to proceed. The curious, gaping, hot, excited whites in packed tiers around the dusty plaza, with absorbed Indians among them; the spectators, appearing from below as mere feet and eyes, clinging to precarious seats on every roof-edge, jutting stone, over-hanging beam, chimney pot, portico, window-ledge and buttress all about; the tense moment when—the dance-plaza cleared—the first of the snake men appeared; the *kisa*, or arbor where the snakes are held for the ceremony; the nearing drums; the staccato, hollow clop-clop of the turtle shells the dancers wore on one leg; the harsh, dry rattle of pebbles in their gourds; the

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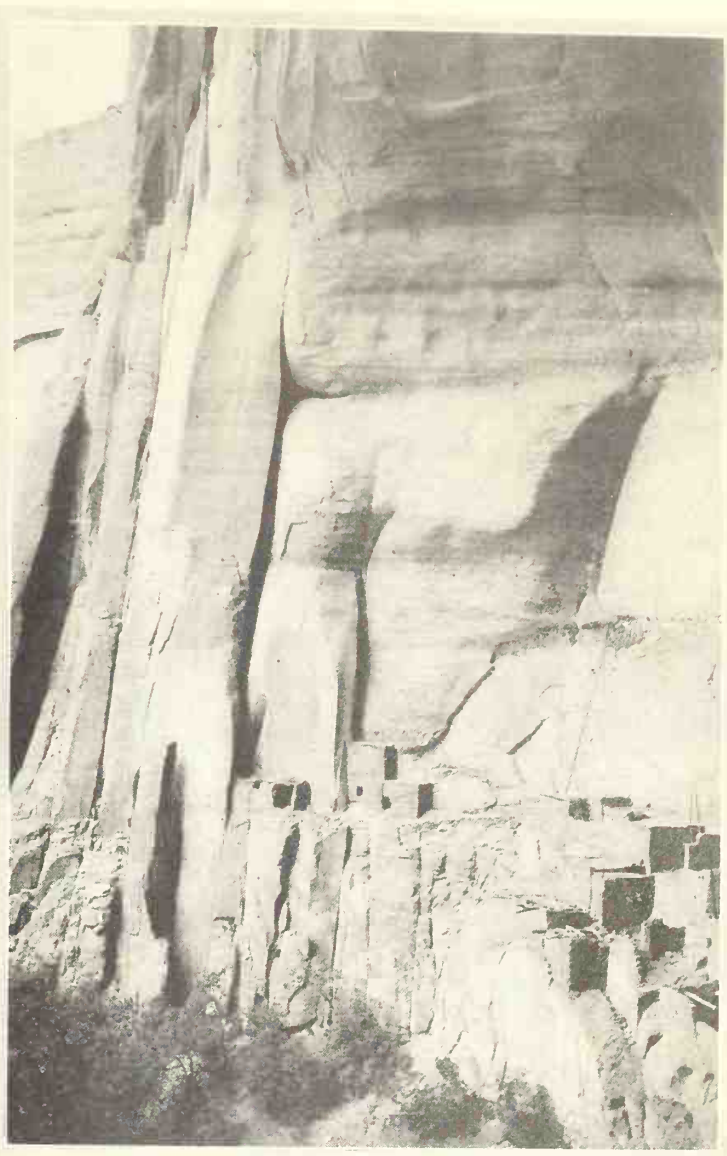
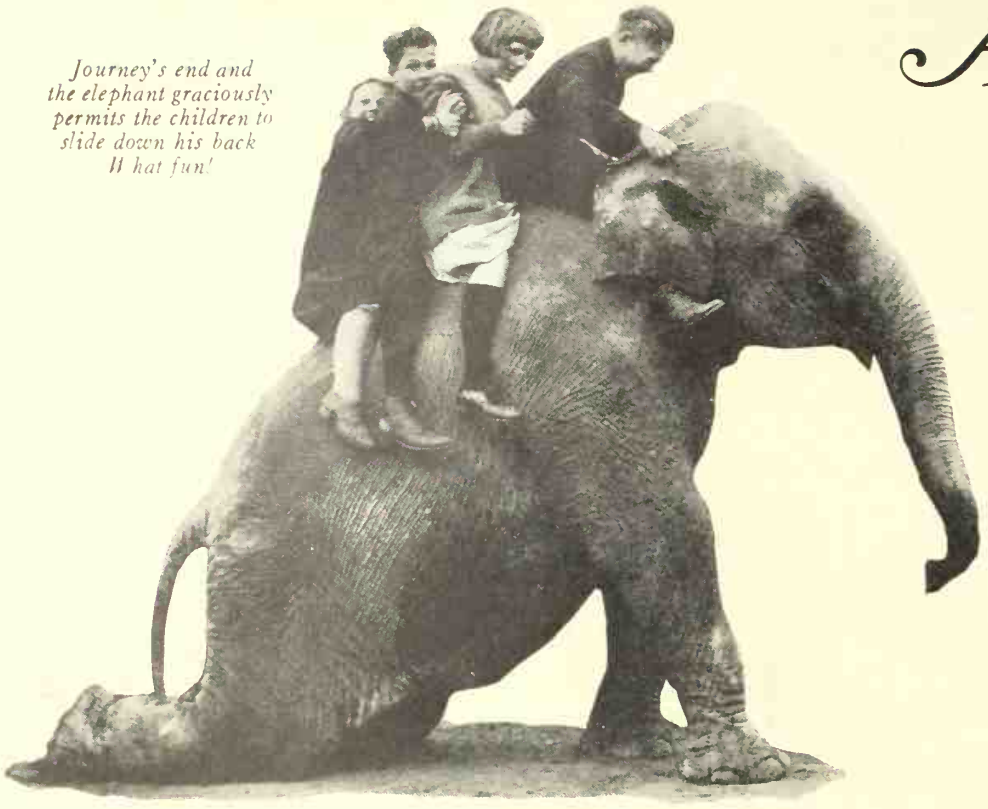


Above: One corner of the marvelous prehistoric cave-dwellings of Batata-Kin in the city of the dead

A City



Journey's end and the elephant graciously permits the children to slide down his back What fun!

San Diego Takes Pride in Its Fostering Interest in the Coming Generation . . . . .

A CITY for children, a community in which the development of its future citizenry is a paramount activity, such is the claim to distinction advanced by San Diego, California. Other municipalities may select the fairest flowers of metaphor to describe their charms, but San Diego takes large pride in its fostering interest in the coming generation.

Numerous natural advantages aid in this effort. Numerous personalities favored with time and money, make it their hobby. Then, too, the children themselves enter enthusiastically into a plan which grows in its making, until the entire county surrounding the city is included in the field of juvenile activity.

Climate—well, Southern Californians, of course, can speak of nothing until the climate has been introduced, but San Diego's skies of Mediterranean blue permit the little ones to live the greater part of their lives out of doors. Hence the activities in child development are largely confined to open air work, play and entertainment. Nor are they coddled and petted by philanthropic citizens of large means. On the contrary they are left largely to themselves, entertaining each other, working together, playing in groups.

How is this development carried on?

Largely through community activities. The city block, the neighborhood, is the unit. While larger civic gatherings are held occasionally, it is the small group which makes life unusually attractive to the growing citizen.

No child is allowed merely to grow up, like Topsy. Neither is he trained like a small plant to follow a predetermined bent. Self-determination is accepted as law rather than theory and the future San Diegan is directed by suggestion along his self-chosen path. Little effort is made along purely economic lines, but music, the drama, the creation of things beautiful, and even the spinning of tales are developed in groups whose core is the neighborhood.

The drama—its treatment is almost Grecian in method.

Picture a wide lawn forming a natural stage, its flowers and shrubs the scenery, the blue dome above its proscenium arch. Upon the velvety carpet of green stands a tiny Romeo in doublet and hose, glancing up to a miniature balcony, the work of juvenile stage carpenters. His eyes rest upon a doll-like Juliet, haloed with childish curls. The scene is the garden of the Capulets and from the balcony come the words which have rung down the centuries.

"Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo—?"

Along the sidewalk sits the audience in chairs carried from neighboring homes. If it is an evening performance, lights from automobiles parked along the street, flood the natural stage with their brilliance. Otherwise, the oft-advertised California sun does duty.

"—a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," the tiny Juliet continues.

Thus on with the play.

Many of the grimmer features of love's great tragedy are deleted in the text the youngsters study, but the matchless words of Avon's Bard are theirs from earliest childhood.

Started several years ago as an experiment known as the Arizona Street Players, neighborhood dramatic societies have grown until today hardly a community in the city or its environs is without a child's organization of this kind.

THE circus, the stage, the opera, even, are natural pastimes for the young, but so cleverly have they been developed in this city for children that performances of unusual merit are to be seen in the smallest communities. Once or twice a year, a juvenile play of greater pretentions is presented in the city's general playground, Balboa Park, but this is more in the nature of an exhibition and lacks the close community interest of the smaller productions.

For the larger pageants and plays, works of worth are chosen. Two years ago the immortal Robin Hood was given out of doors. San Diego's methods, however, depart from the general rule in efforts of

Outdoor class for the violin, part of the regula

for Children

By
James Perley Hughes

this kind. The children are not trained by stern directors who drive their mimes through stereotyped scenes in which each gesture is made with studied exactitude. They are children's plays, by and for children, and the binding conventionalities demanded by the grown-up are largely ignored. The *cliche* in things dramatic is avoided at all times.

Probably one of the most interesting features in this city for children is the development of the story teller. Virtually every neighborhood has its circle where tales are told to interested groups. Those which have not developed their own entertainers,

Above. A log cabin on wheels goes from one community to another, a small Uncle Remus telling Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit stories

are visited by tale tellers from other parts of the city. One of the picturesque sights of the community is a small truck upon which is built a miniature cabin at whose door a small Uncle Remus sits. The cabin visits widely separate neighborhoods, stopping in those districts where story telling has been neglected. Then, as the children gather around, tiny Uncle Remus recounts the exploits of Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit. His stories finished, the cabin rolls down the street to stop where another group has collected to await its coming. On Saturdays and during the school vacation season, story telling festivals are held in Balboa Park, the children gathering from all parts of the city to listen to favorite tales. Many of them come in costumes representing characters and present small tableaux illustrating the words of the speakers.

eighborhood service given in the city for children

MUSIC, likewise, is developed through the group method, outdoor instruction being given in a number of neighborhoods. Instead of going to formal studios, there to labor under the direction of an instructor, lessons upon all portable instruments are given in open air classes. In the neighborhoods, small ensembles are organized among children of near age and this consolidation continues until a symphony orchestra is formed of musicians of high school age. So successful has been this method that the San Diego high school orchestra has established a reputation which has brought it offers to appear in many western states.

Classes held in wooded spots in various parts of the city present pictures bordering upon the unique. Vision a scene in which an instructor stands before fifty boys and girls, their violins in their hands. "First we will sound the A," announces

the teacher. From the class comes that familiar sawing heard wherever the bow is drawn.

"Now tune."

A general scraping as the youngsters seek to bring their instruments into accord with the master.

"You'll have to practice more, Harry," the teacher goes to a freckled youngster midway in the group. "You must train your ear as well as your fingers. Here—this way."

And the instructor demonstrates.

In the various neighborhoods, small ensembles rehearse out of doors when a piano is not required and lawns are frequently dotted with juvenile orchestras studying under the direction of older pupils.

Scouts—both boy and girl—have a peculiar position in the city for children. Both are attached to the great municipal playground, their establishments being unusual to a degree. The boys have an Indian village patterned after the desert pueblos, one of the most striking building groups in the city. The girls' headquarters have been established in a picturesque building surrounded by pines and eucalyptus trees.

THE home of the Boy Scouts, however, attracts tourists in large numbers, and is a favorite spot for visitors to be photographed with the pueblo as a background.

Probably one of the best zoological gardens in the West is owned by the children of San Diego. This ownership is not a popular fiction, but is founded in law and fact. Not only the grounds, but their animal inhabitants, are owned by the city's youngsters, the board of governors holding the property as trustees only. Throughout the zoo, bronze tablets proclaim this ownership, the greater part of the exhibits having been given to the boys and girls by citizens or club and fraternal organizations.

Elephants, camels, ponies and donkeys in this zoo are not allowed to eat hay and merely be looked at by small visitors. They are to ride and on Saturdays and during the school holiday season they have almost unlimited opportunities to come in intimate contact with their youthful owners.

In addition to the various kinds of work and study provided for the children, playgrounds of conventional type are scattered throughout the city. These are often focal points of community endeavor on a larger scale than the neighborhood dramas and musical gatherings. Much of the necessary work of directing this type of child effort is done at the playgrounds by volunteer instructors under the supervision of professional employes. Almost every playground has societies made up of youngsters and directed by a grown-up who has made child development a pastime as well as a serious study.

Often there will be several of these, graded according to the ages of its members. One day of the week will see the "Blue Bird Class," composed of tots of not more than six years, learning folk dances, new games or engaging in small tasks such as mat-weaving of the simpler kind. The following day, boys and girls of sub-scout age will have the grounds for instruction in more advanced recreations, while the third day will be devoted to those entering their teens. These classes are all additional features held at times and places which do not interfere with the regular playground routine.

Striking is the note of democracy at these playground gatherings. Doting mothers, who bring their small daughters adorned with frills and ruffles, are told by a calm-eyed instructor that only the plainest of clothing is permitted. Likewise little Eleanor is taken from beneath the maternal wing and made to find her own place among the "Blue Birds." Mothers, governesses and nurses are only allowed on the side lines when play or class work begins.

While the children of the rich must take off their frills and ruffles, the question of providing adequate play clothes for the poor has been answered in an unostentatious way, quiet philanthropy meeting the need. Ragged dresses, torn pants and waists, depleted shoes are mysteriously replaced by new garments and the youngsters return to their games, equals of the most wealthy upon the field of play.

How it comes about the little folk have no idea. Neither have their playmates. It is a state secret to all except a small group of wealthy women who believe no child should be handicapped because of a lack of a few well made dresses or sailor suits.

The graphic arts likewise have a place in this city for children. Like music and drama, they are begun in the neighborhood groups, but soon graduate to that center of child life, Balboa Park. Drawing pictures on walls and sidewalks is as natural as running to a child, but these children are taught to draw pictures in which lines of beauty replace grotesqueries. Not only does the Fine Arts club maintain an excellent gallery in the park where work of merit is displayed and its features explained, but instructors are always on hand to take small sketching classes through the grounds, into the zoo or to spots where youngsters can work from models or casts.

All of these endeavors, it must be remembered, are separate from the city's school system. Attendance is wholly voluntary, while law requires school instruction to the age of sixteen. The basic plan laid down by those who are giving their time and effort to make life more full for children is that they shall be forced to do nothing and all instruction shall be given in the form of diversion in which the pupil is the initiating force.

"THE project started largely through experiment," declared Tam Deering, head of the Community Service, "but it has proved so wonderfully successful that it has spread over the city. Here we have no slum problem like many of the eastern cities nor are there any really congested districts. The city is so outspread that there is plenty of room for outdoor activities and a unique system has been worked out."

With the end of the school year, childhood moves to the beaches and here the dramatic and music teachers, the story teller and artist again meet their charges to continue their efforts. In addition, there are instructors in swimming and beach games. Bathing suits are the uniform of the day from early morning until a healthy but weary body seeks a welcome bed, but during a strenuous day much has has been learned in the guise of recreation.

Holidays play a large part in the public life of this city for children. Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas are usually marked with pageants and plays dealing with the day being commemorated and they are invariably open air presentations. The Christmas holidays in particular are marked with dramas of the Nativity and trees are erected in almost every neighborhood. In La Jolla, one of the suburbs, this is especially true. Several residents of the hill districts feature outdoor trees which are the center of neighborhood celebrations, while the public playground always has a program climaxed with the appearance of Santa, incongruously dressed in fur-trimmed garments to appear before a background of waving palms.

THE national birthday sees diminutive Uncle Sams and Miss Americas springing up in every neighborhood, their color ranging from the golden haired Nordic down through deepening shades to the dark brown of Mexican parentage and then to the inky blackness of African descent. None is barred, for this city for children is democratic in its training of future citizens. In fact, the neighborhood activities along many lines had their inception in the poorer districts and it was the children of the rich who were convinced of the thoroughly good time being enjoyed by the less wealthy before they took up the community club plan and brought it to its present general development.

Newcomers to the city for children are often amazed at the time given by the women of the neighborhood to these pastimes.

"I don't see how you find time to keep house," one said. "It seems as if both morning and afternoon were always taken up with something, especially now during the vacation period."

The older resident viewed the questioner with toleration.

"But no one keeps house here—that is not until school opens," she replied. "It simply is not done, unless you have servants and very few of us have. We just camp out. It does us as much good as it does the youngsters."

Evidence of the strength the younger generation wields in San Diego's civic life was demonstrated a year or two ago when the question was put to the electorate regarding the admission of a college of standing into the children's citadel, Balboa Park. That the coming of such an institution would be an honor to the city at large and add to its prestige was pointed out by those high in the councils of the government. But the word was spread that the college would want a goodly slice of the children's vast playground. It would be needed for a campus.

Although the greater part of the adult population favored extending a welcoming

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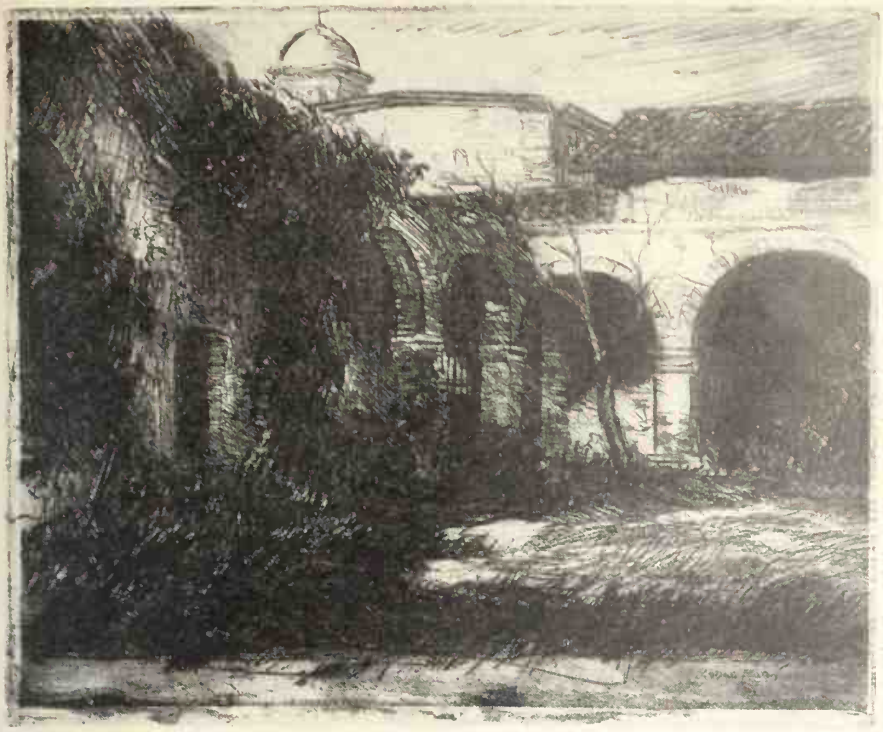
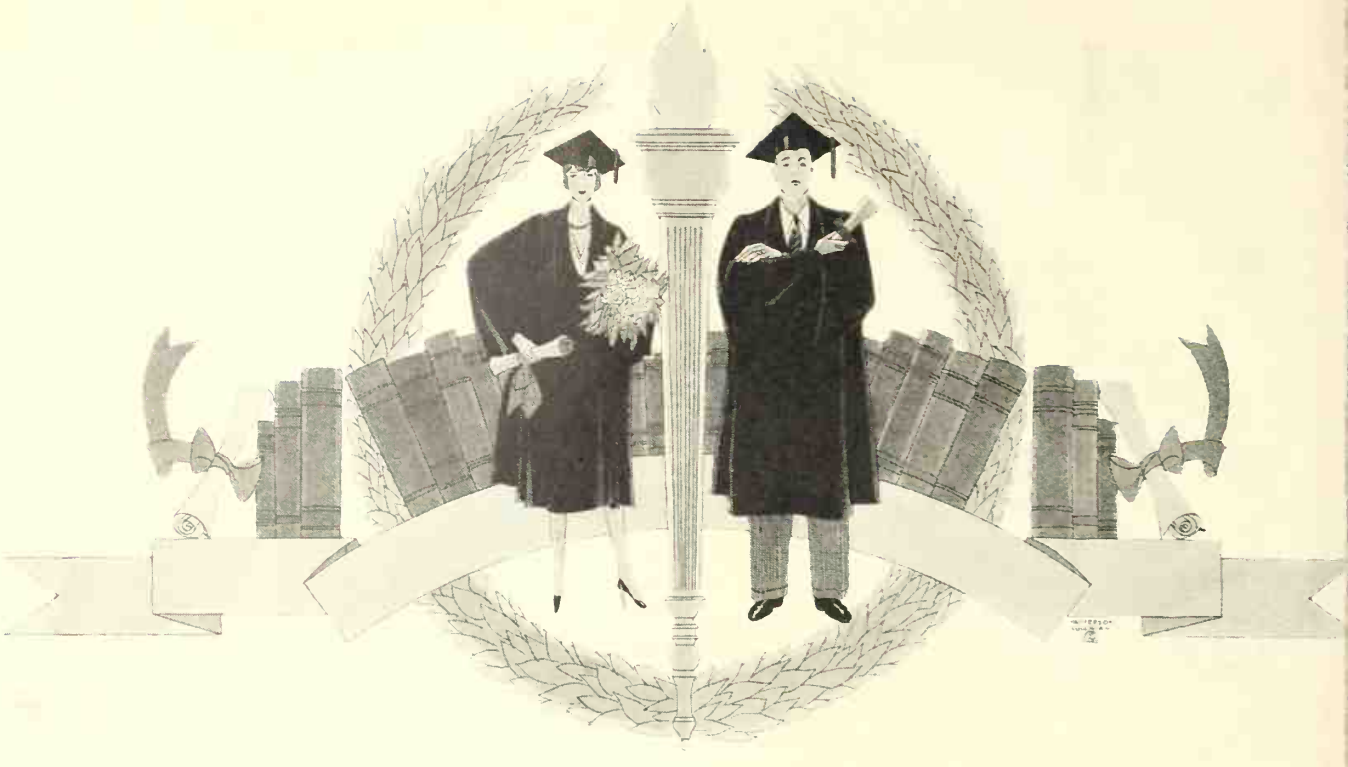


Two Etchings of the Picturesque Old Mission, San Juan Capistrano, California

Reproduced from Etchings by . . . .

Louis Rogers



A *New* Purpose *in* Education

By Keld J. Reynolds

To Use What We Have, Buildings and Courses, for a New Purpose, the Development of Powers of Straight Thinking

A GREAT deal is being said and written of late about education with a purpose, as if to deny the fact that education has always been a purposeful process.

What is meant, of course, is that the present purpose is at variance with present needs as some see them. The discussions have made one thing perfectly clear; that many superior-minded parents hold to aims diametrically opposed to those of conventional schoolmen. They have shown, also, that it is these parents whose views are in harmony with the spirit of the times, for they hold that the chief purpose of education is the directed but full development of the child into a well-balanced individual, socially minded and recognizing his duty to the group, but still an individual, standing upon his own feet and doing his own thinking.

That's a reasonable enough thesis and a few educators are bold enough to support and put it into practice. A larger number accept it as an impractical, or unpracticed, ideal, but the great majority, like Comenius in the seventeenth century, regard their students as empty vessels, to be trained to "place their attention like a wide-mouthed phial beneath the words of wisdom" that flow from their lips, to the end that, so far as hostile nature will permit, all may be trained alike to be alike. These last would tell us that the school has no time for the individual child; it must deal with children en masse.

We point with pride to our two billion dollar annual expenditure for education, and to our equipments and buildings—the best in the world, to our thoroughly trained teaching force, to the remarkable broadening of the curricula. All these things fill us with immense satisfaction—and they should. But it cannot be a complete satisfaction. We are beginning to see the possibility of the school structure becoming a mighty Juggernaut to crush out individual initiative and social progress.

Practically all of our advance has been in matters of method and equipment improved to serve an antiquated purpose, the preservation of the past. The views of those to whom is entrusted the formal education of youth are such that, to them, the good student is the one who can be made to reverence the status quo. While it is true that the present age has "discovered" the child, so far our study of the child has been mainly for the purpose of learning better how to mould him, which means being interpreted, exploiting him and his generation in the interest of the past, its dogma and its prejudices. "Repea what they want you to say" becomes the formula for a successful school career. Thi process is not education. It is a trav esty on education. It is "induction" if you like—the precise opposite of wha education should be.

OUR social sciences, with thei wealth of judgment-building ma terial, and the great opportunity they offer for a clear estimate of the past and of the present in the light o past experience, more often than no are mere drills in memorization. The natural sciences, also offering excel lent opportunities for the development of habits of clear thinking, are taught i the same general way. Their methods are those of the cook-book. The student goe into the laboratory to find A. Perhaps h already knows all about A; it makes n difference. The formula—he is probably not made aware that it has an interesting history—the formula calls for the com bination of so many parts of X, Y and Z under specified conditions. Then he ha A, just like that. There is no time to ex plore the secrets of the laboratory for him self. His tasks are all set and charted.

And so with the other subjects and courses. Rarely is it thought necessary or even possible to have students g

deeper and test the actual functioning of knowledge or habit in terms of life's larger utilities and vital interests.

If your child is not interested in school it is probably because he has not been led to see the relation his work there bears to life. And because he is not interested he fails to get the one thing of prime importance the school should offer—the training of his mind in habits of straight thinking. As James Harvey Robinson puts it: "What we may seem to learn, to please teacher, outclass our fellows, obtain a good report or pass an examination, is prone to vanish when its immediate purpose is fulfilled. It does not merge into life and go on expanding indefinitely as it should."

Perhaps you yourself can see little direct bearing of school and school subjects upon life. The other day a young man whose scholastic standing is high came to me with some significant questions.

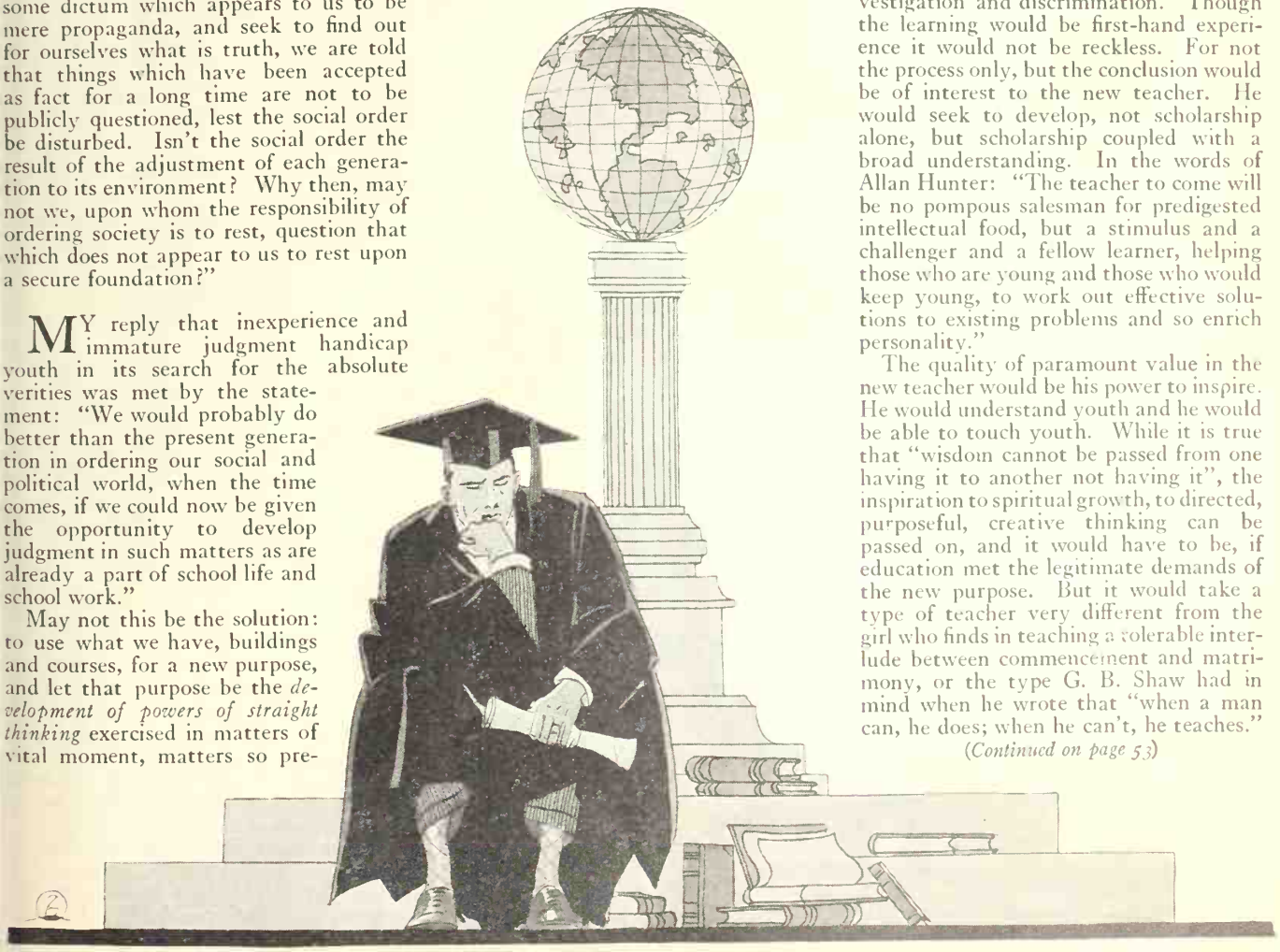
"Why is it," he asked, "that after we have completed courses in schools maintained by our community, under teachers chosen by members of the community, we are condemned for our lack of practical knowledge, and are told, when we apply for a position in our community, that men with experience are preferred? You of the older generation do all the planning for us. You select the text-books. You lay out the courses of study. Then when we have completed the courses assigned by you, you condemn our lack of experience and judgment. Why is it? Then, too, when we occasionally refuse to accept some dictum which appears to us to be mere propaganda, and seek to find out for ourselves what is truth, we are told that things which have been accepted as fact for a long time are not to be publicly questioned, lest the social order be disturbed. Isn't the social order the result of the adjustment of each generation to its environment? Why then, may not we, upon whom the responsibility of ordering society is to rest, question that which does not appear to us to rest upon a secure foundation?"

MY reply that inexperience and immature judgment handicap youth in its search for the absolute verities was met by the statement: "We would probably do better than the present generation in ordering our social and political world, when the time comes, if we could now be given the opportunity to develop judgment in such matters as are already a part of school life and school work."

May not this be the solution: to use what we have, buildings and courses, for a new purpose, and let that purpose be the *development of powers of straight thinking* exercised in matters of vital moment, matters so presented that students will recognize them as vital and not as mere busy-work?

Such a program would necessitate the development of a new technique which would lead plastic minds to expand freely and to stay open, to develop flexibility competent to cope with changing conditions, and a variability capable of conceiving and executing the necessary changes. Their social environment would be explained to the students in such a way that they would be made to realize, and their early reading about primitive and foreign peoples will emphasize the point, that customs, standards and institutions are not universal. In their later study of the social sciences the point would be stressed that society and its institutions are in a state of change, which intelligent human action will not try to block but to direct into channels of progress.

Educational ancestor worship would be discarded as ancestor worship in other forms has been. But while the past would no longer be worshipped, it would be made to yield up all it holds of lessons and principles for the use of the present. And students would be led to develop a wholesome critical faculty in the judgment of relative values, both past and present. Teachers would strive more earnestly than ever before to develop that historical-mindedness which Robinson calls the indispensable tool of progress: "The present has hitherto been the willing victim of the past. The time has come when it should turn on the past and exploit it in the interest of advance."



Of course such a program of education would demand a new type of teacher. Not mere knowledge, but the ability to *use knowledge effectively* is the pearl of great price for the obtaining of which the new teacher would be willing to sell his old theories of procedure, school government and discipline. To obtain it he would even have to be willing to be made over into a new kind of teacher. Like the old, he would have a thorough knowledge of the science of education, the laws of learning, and of the particular subject he teaches. But he would of necessity have more. Having adjusted his microscope for the necessary intensive concentration on his specific field, he would not thereafter lose his sense of perspective. On the contrary, desiring to make his work tell, he would hang the more to the deeper values which relate his subject to life. For only in that way could he be of use to youth, whose chief interest is life. He would have to be more of a prophet, and not so much of a pedagogue; a seer, rather than a grubber in musty lore; a pioneer of progress and a leader in touch with life, and not an automaton controlled by standard practice and a slide rule.

IT has been said that the new teacher would have to be a mediator. He would bring to his students' use whatever there is in the experience of the race that will more adequately fit them to meet their personal problems. He would provide enough opportunity for trial and error to develop the habit of intelligent investigation and discrimination. Though the learning would be first-hand experience it would not be reckless. For not the process only, but the conclusion would be of interest to the new teacher. He would seek to develop, not scholarship alone, but scholarship coupled with a broad understanding. In the words of Allan Hunter: "The teacher to come will be no pompous salesman for predigested intellectual food, but a stimulus and a challenger and a fellow learner, helping those who are young and those who would keep young, to work out effective solutions to existing problems and so enrich personality."

The quality of paramount value in the new teacher would be his power to inspire. He would understand youth and he would be able to touch youth. While it is true that "wisdom cannot be passed from one having it to another not having it", the inspiration to spiritual growth, to directed, purposeful, creative thinking can be passed on, and it would have to be, if education met the legitimate demands of the new purpose. But it would take a type of teacher very different from the girl who finds in teaching a tolerable interlude between commencement and matrimony, or the type G. B. Shaw had in mind when he wrote that "when a man can, he does; when he can't, he teaches."

(*Continued on page 53*)

Eastern Capital *West*

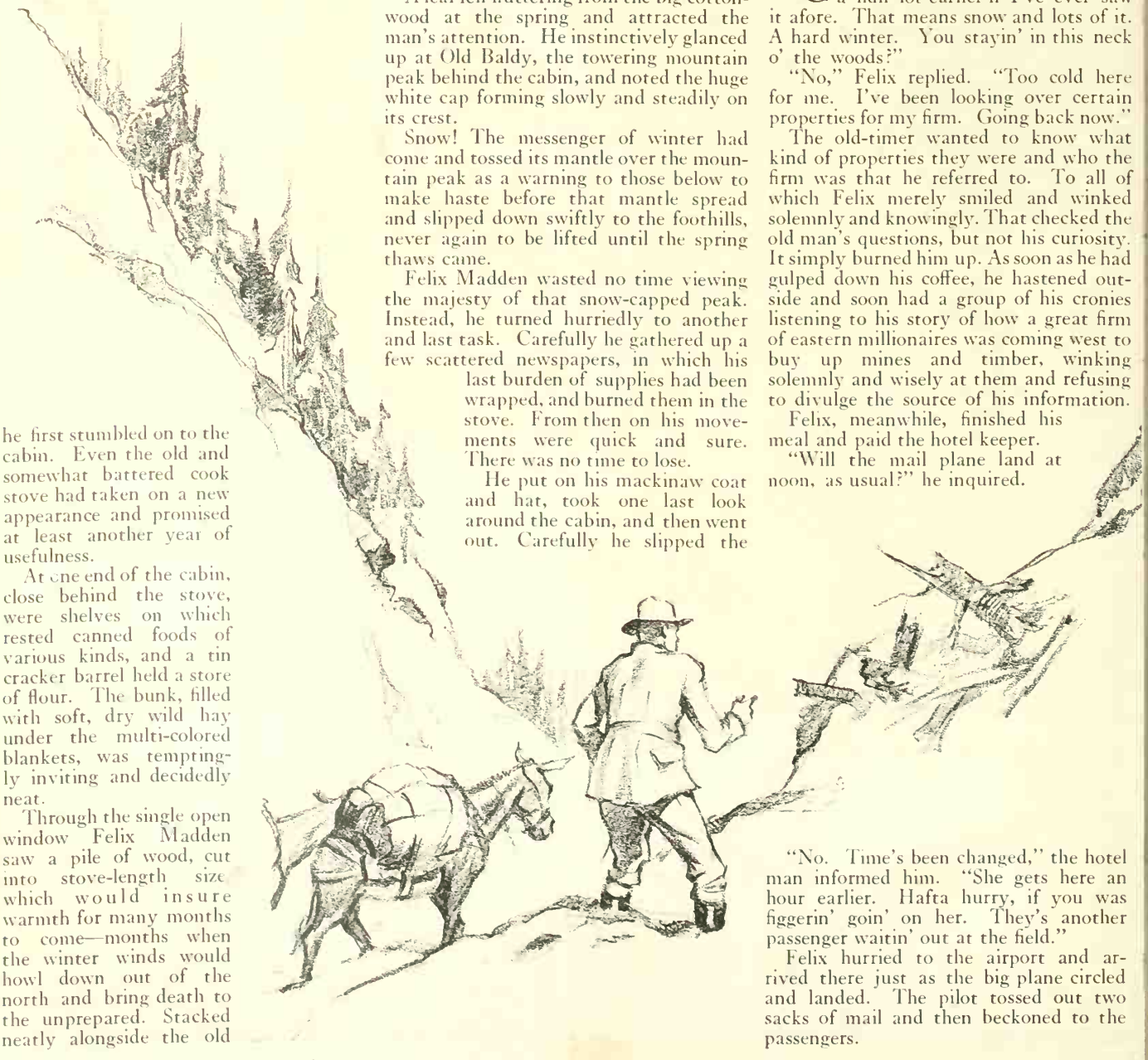
A Short Story Tinged with Mystery

By

Joseph F. Hook

Illustrated by LOUIS ROGERS

IT was a perfect job. Felix Madden stepped back and surveyed it with unconcealed satisfaction. The log cabin had been thoroughly cleaned out and re-chinked. Leaks in the roof had been repaired, as well as the home-made furniture he had found there when he first stumbled on to the cabin. Even the old and somewhat battered cook stove had taken on a new appearance and promised at least another year of usefulness.



At one end of the cabin, close behind the stove, were shelves on which rested canned foods of various kinds, and a tin cracker barrel held a store of flour. The bunk, filled with soft, dry wild hay under the multi-colored blankets, was temptingly inviting and decidedly neat.

Through the single open window Felix Madden saw a pile of wood, cut into stove-length size which would insure warmth for many months to come—months when the winter winds would howl down out of the north and bring death to the unprepared. Stacked neatly alongside the old stove were billets of mountain cedar, dry and easy to split—the best kindling in the world for a quick fire.

No wonder Felix felt the glow of satisfaction creep through his body. For a solid month he had slaved and sweated, hewed and sawed, scoured and scrubbed; had made long overland trips to Belmont, a tiny mining settlement ten miles away, where he purchased and carried back the supplies he needed.

And all this work, this back-breaking muscle-stiffening round of tasks, by a man who had never before known the meaning of the expression "by the sweat of his brow." For Felix Madden was by calling a bank teller, and this his first trip to the West. Some definite motive, some irresistible urge, lay behind his every move and drove him along before it to the completion of, for him, a giant undertaking.

A leaf fell fluttering from the big cottonwood at the spring and attracted the man's attention. He instinctively glanced up at Old Baldy, the towering mountain peak behind the cabin, and noted the huge white cap forming slowly and steadily on its crest.

Snow! The messenger of winter had come and tossed its mantle over the mountain peak as a warning to those below to make haste before that mantle spread and slipped down swiftly to the foothills, never again to be lifted until the spring thaws came.

Felix Madden wasted no time viewing the majesty of that snow-capped peak. Instead, he turned hurriedly to another and last task. Carefully he gathered up a few scattered newspapers, in which his last burden of supplies had been wrapped, and burned them in the stove. From then on his movements were quick and sure. There was no time to lose.

He put on his mackinaw coat and hat, took one last look around the cabin, and then went out. Carefully he slipped the hasp of the door over the big staple, which he had driven through a log and clinched on the other side, put on the padlock, and locked it. In another minute he was on his way to Brandon, twenty-five miles away, over canyons and draws, across mountain torrents and through scrub timber.

Next day, tired and foot-sore, Felix ate a hearty meal at the one hotel the place boasted. An old-timer sitting next to him was quite talkative.

"Looks like a hard winter," he observed.

Felix never cared much for talkative people, but this man had touched on a subject in which he was vitally interested.

"What makes you think so?" Felix asked.

"'CAUSE Old Baldy's got his cap on a hull lot earlier'n I've ever saw it afore. That means snow and lots of it. A hard winter. You stayin' in this neck o' the woods?"

"No," Felix replied. "Too cold here for me. I've been looking over certain properties for my firm. Going back now."

The old-timer wanted to know what kind of properties they were and who the firm was that he referred to. To all of which Felix merely smiled and winked solemnly and knowingly. That checked the old man's questions, but not his curiosity. It simply burned him up. As soon as he had gulped down his coffee, he hastened outside and soon had a group of his cronies listening to his story of how a great firm of eastern millionaires was coming west to buy up mines and timber, winking solemnly and wisely at them and refusing to divulge the source of his information.

Felix, meanwhile, finished his meal and paid the hotel keeper.

"Will the mail plane land at noon, as usual?" he inquired.

"No. Time's been changed," the hotel man informed him. "She gets here an hour earlier. Hafta hurry, if you was figgerin' goin' on her. They's another passenger waitin' out at the field."

Felix hurried to the airport and arrived there just as the big plane circled and landed. The pilot tossed out two sacks of mail and then beckoned to the passengers.

He staggered back, his arms shielding his face, a cry of fear issuing from his bleeding lips

"You two going my way?" he asked. "Well, hop in. Next stop Havre. Hurry, please. Five minutes late. Ran into a snow storm t'other side Old Baldy."

The cabin door slammed, the motor roared, and the huge plane raced along the ground like a startled swan, then rose into the air and sailed away.

Felix took one look at his fellow passenger, smiled, and leaned back. In two minutes he was fast asleep. It was the other man's first flight and he showed it in his white face, his death-like grip on the sides of his seat, his popping eyes. Even the sound slumber of his companion had no reassuring effect upon him. "Havre! Change for points east."

FELIX came out of his sleep with a jerk, to find the pilot shaking him gently by the shoulder. Sleepy as he was, he caught sight of the other passenger hurrying away from the field, and smiled.

"Had enough, I'll bet," he remarked.

"Not him," the pilot laughed. "Most of 'em act that way, at first. Bet he'll be a regular customer. If you're headed east by plane, that red one over there's waiting for you. So long and come again, sir."

At Deep Lake Felix Madden alighted from his fourth plane and hurried to the railroad station. Twenty-four hours later he was in New York. A taxi set him down in front of a certain house in an obscure street, into which he hurried and greeted the landlady.

"Back again, Mr. Lawson," she said in answer to his greeting. "Your room's all ready, just as you left it. How's things in Ohio?"

"Oh, fine," Felix replied, and hurried

up the stairs. "I'm in a hurry," he called back over his shoulder. "Got to report to a meeting of the board. See you later."

In a very short time he left the house and hailed a taxi. When he stepped into it he was no more like the man who had left the cabin at the foot of Old Baldy but a few hours before than the sun is like the moon. His clothes were immaculate and of the latest cut; the stubble had been shaved from his chin, and a neat satchel displaced the battered valise he had brought with him from the cabin.

At a certain large department store the taxi stopped, and Felix alighted, paid the driver, and hurried into the building. The elevator jerked him speedily to the sixth floor, where he went into the lavatory. When he emerged only one change might have been noted. His neat black mustache was missing.

Into the elevator again and out to the sidewalk he went. A passing taxi answered his signal and pulled up at the curb.

"The Flanders National," Felix directed curtly, and got in.

It was Saturday, and the boys in the bank were feeling good at the prospect of only half a day of toil ahead of them. Probably that was why they greeted Felix so effusively; probably not. Anyhow, the teller was a popular youth.

"Had a good holiday, Felix?"

"Where'd you go to big boy?"

"Any broken hearts left behind, Felix?"

"It'll be a long time to wait now, ol' kid."

The questions and jollying went on all around him, but Felix enjoyed it and smiled happily.

"Oh, yes, had a fine time, Bill. . . . Yes, Harry, it'll be a year I'll have to wait now." Felix tried to answer everyone. "Went to Topeka, Kansas, Larry. Gee, I'm glad to get back home again, just the same!"

AT noon Felix hailed a taxi and alighted in front of the big department store, took the elevator, which was crowded, to the sixth floor and the lavatory. When he came out the neat black mustache was in place again.

Another taxi deposited him at the house in the obscure address, and the genial landlady greeted him again as though he had been gone a year. Felix stuffed some bills into her hand, at the same time telling her that his firm had ordered him away on another hurry-up job.

"If I'm not back within six months," he instructed her, "rent my room to somebody else. I'll take a chance of its being vacant when I return."

Another room in a better part of the city, and one Felix had rented for years past, would never see him again. He had moved from there to the present obscure address several months before taking his annual thirty-day vacation. Back again in mackinaw coat, khaki pants, and high-topped boots, Felix left the house, the old valise in hand, and hailed another taxi. At the city airport he boarded a west-bound plane.

"That valise heavy, sir?" the pilot asked.

"No, no," Felix replied, and held it out to him. "Feel it. Just a change of clothes and a few important papers."

"Oh, that's all right, sir," was the pilot's reply, "But you'll have to hold it on your knees."

FELIX smiled at the advice. He certainly intended to do just that. He entered the cabin and chose the last seat, the valise on his knees. Other passengers came and soon filled the plane. Some of them were making their first flight and chattered nervously, paying no attention to the man in the last seat.

The bank teller was the only passenger in the mail plane when it began its descent to the Brandon airport. As usual, the postmaster and a few interested spectators were on hand, and among them Felix recognized the talkative old-timer.

For just a moment his heart stopped beating. Instinctively his fingers sought his upper lip, and felt it. Then a smile came to his face and a sigh of relief escaped him. He suddenly remembered that he had removed the false mustache at the last airport, while awaiting another plane, and that the pilot had not recognized him for a former passenger of his on the trip east.

Still, the fear of recognition always present, Felix turned his face from the cabin window as the wheels of the undercarriage lightly touched the ground. Before the pilot could do it, the teller opened the door and jumped out.

For just a second or two the old-timer gazed searchingly at him, then turned to the pilot.

"Only one today, eh?" he asked.

"Yes, only one," the pilot replied.

"Well, dog-gone the luck!" the old-timer muttered peevishly. He was wondering if those eastern capitalists would ever show up.

Felix heard the conversation and hurried away, a smile on his lips, a song in his heart. His plans had carried through perfectly. Recognition was now a thing of the past. He was safe.

He skirted the little settlement and began the long journey to the log cabin under the beetling brows of Old Baldy, shifting the valise from one hand to the other, cutting through scrub pine, fir and oak thickets, keeping away from frequented trails.

For the rest of that day and all night Felix walked steadily forward, climbing higher and higher toward his destination. And as he climbed he noted the great change that had come over the land during the few days he had been away. The alders, aspens and cottonwoods along creek bottoms and surrounding bubbling springs were bare of foliage, the leaves lying around their trunks like golden carpets. The white mantle, too, on Old Baldy's crest had spread and crept down the slope to a considerable extent. Even the fall air had assumed a biting frostiness that tinged each cheek of the fast-walking man a deep crimson.

DAWN saw Felix, tired and footsore, at his cabin door. The old valise, though a light burden, seemed all of a ton in weight. He unlocked the door, and tossed the valise on the bunk; then went to the window and opened it. The sunlight flooded the interior, and the tired man surveyed his shelves. Evidently satisfied, he flung himself on the bunk, stretched out his aching arms and legs, and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Safe!" he murmured contentedly. "Now let them find me—if they can."

After a time he arose, chilled though rested, made a fire in the stove and warmed himself. From beneath the bunk he drew out a heavy square tin box and laid aside the store of books it contained. From the old valise he took a neat leather satchel, which was stuffed full of flat packages of bills. These he arranged in the bottom of the tin box, put the books on top of them, adjusted the lid, and shoved the box back under the bunk.

The valise and satchel were soon reduced to strips by a knife and poked into the stove. From a coat pocket the teller took a small, black mustache. It too went into the fire.

A week of idleness passed, during which Felix kept to the cabin, constantly seated by the window, reading. Between chapters he glanced anxiously up at the sky, then at the country below him. His whole attitude denoted expectancy.

On the eighth day he went to the spring to draw water. Something light, moist, and cool struck the back of his neck. He glanced up hurriedly and a cry of delight escaped his lips.

"Snow!"

Raindrops

By ANNE ZUKER

I thought I heard your step upon the graveled path,
I thought you paused beside the violet bed,
To pick one rain-drenched, fragrant flower.
The color of my eyes, you said.
Raindrops, only raindrops,
Upon my window pane.

I thought the door had opened that I had left ajar,
I turned, my hand upon my heart, thinking you were near.
The wind had stirred the door and rain beat in.
I was so certain . . . Can it be you are not here?
Raindrops, only raindrops
Upon my window pane.

Heavy gray clouds raced across the sky and obscured the sun. Before Felix reached the cabin the air was full of big, white, fluttering flakes of snow. For a few moments he stood at the door, bucket in one hand, the other held out to catch the white messengers of winter. Absolute satisfaction was written across the man's face, entirely wiping out the traces of anxiety under which he had labored in the past.

Day after day it snowed, with never a moment's let-up, and the big flakes fell on each other and piled up—one foot, two feet, three feet. It was uncanny, eerie, to sit there by the window and watch those silent falling flakes shrowd the country under a thick, white blanket. It was the teller's first winter in the west and the awe of it crept into the very marrow of his bones.

East and West, North and South, the forces of law and order were looking for an absconding bank teller who was as safe in his retreat as were the hibernating animals on Old Baldy's slopes; as safe in his retreat from prying eyes as is the proverbial needle in a haystack; safe in a well-provisioned cabin, the trails to which now lay hidden under many feet of soft snow.

A change of weather came with startling suddenness, as is the way with storms in the mountains. The big flakes turned to fine, powdery snow, a gale whistled down from the north, and strangely warm grew the atmosphere. The wind shrieked and sobbed through the evergreens, bending their heads low and whipping their fronds, making them appear in the light of the moon like so many wisely nodding, frantically gesticulating ghosts.

THE powdery fall ceased and the eaves of the cabin dripped. Felix, startled at the sudden and weird change, gazed through the window and wondered what it was all about. Prior to his first trip to the mountains, his knowledge of nature and the outdoors was vague. What little he knew had been gleaned from books. Now nature opened her own book before him and turned the pages slowly.

Clouds raced across the face of the moon and obscured its light. High above the shriek and roar of the chinook wind came a mournful howl. Then another, and another. Finally a whole chorus of them. The lighter four-footed denizens of the forest had left their dens in the upper reaches of the mountain and were coming down to prey on the heavier game bogged down by its own weight in the soft, deep snow.

Felix drew back from the window, shaking and white of face, and slumped down on his bunk in the corner of the cabin. With ears strained and muscles rigid he awaited a repetition of those ghastly sounds. Again and again they came, nearer and nearer each time, chilling the blood in his veins.

Nature turned over another page. As suddenly as the warm chinook had risen, as suddenly it died to a faint whisper. Like the breathing of a sleeping child it lingered and then vanished. An intense silence enveloped that great wilderness, which but a few moments before had been a land of uproar. Clouds drifted away and the moon flooded the landscape. The evergreens barely moved their heads, and their fronds stood out in the moonlight like the bony arms of a regiment of grinning skeletons.

The sudden silence oppressed Felix more than had the riot of terrific night sounds. And as the deathly stillness continued, he found himself wishing for the sounds of the night life of the woods.

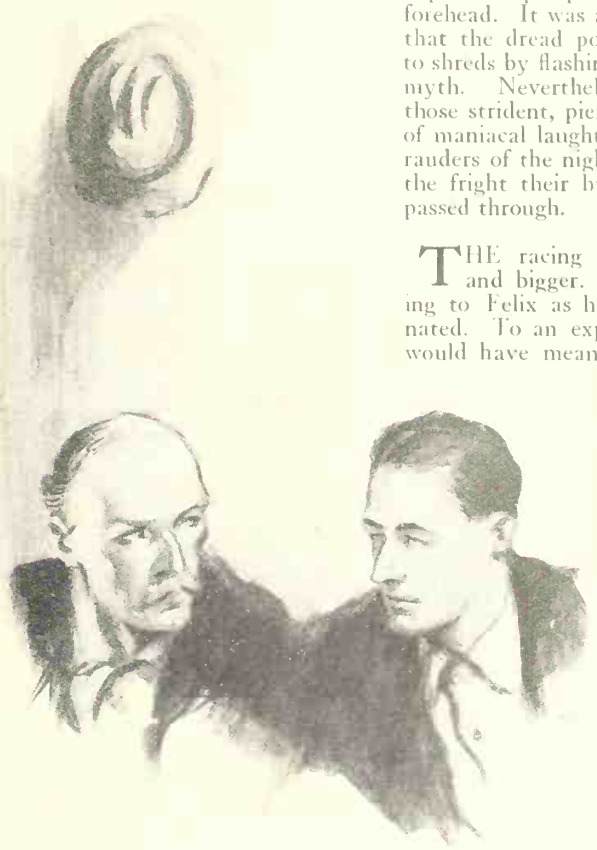
Drip—drip! Drip—drip! Drip!

Felix sat and listened to the monotonous sound as the warm air turned the soft snow on the roof to water.

Drip—drip! Drip—drip! Drip!

God, would it ever stop?

And then came a different sound and mingled with the drip of the eaves—a sound of light thudding paws, of stealthily moving bodies on every side of the cabin.



An old timer sitting next to him was quite talkative. "Looks like a hard winter," he observed

Felix started up in horror, and a single word escaped his lips.

"Wolves!"

Again he listened, tense, motionless, and again heard the light footfalls outside. Then his eyes darted to the door. It was strong and securely fastened. No wolf, no prowling animal of any kind, could break through that stout barrier and reach him.

But the window! Only a thin pane of glass between him and the things outside! The snow, too, had piled up until it was almost level with the sill. No need for the animals to spring to reach it. Just a push of fore-paw or snout, and the end would be but a matter of seconds.

Felix pulled a black, flat automatic from his pocket, a puny, ineffectual thing against the tough-skinned and hair-covered prowlers. With the gun held unsteadily in a palsied hand, he tip-toed to the window and looked out.

Fearfully he glanced in all directions, and the look of terror on his face gave place to a wan smile, which a moment or two later developed into a mirthless, inane laugh.

"Snowballs!" he cried. "And I thought them wolves!"

Nature had turned another page. Down from the slopes of Old Baldy raced a myriad of snowballs, leaving behind them zig-zagged furrows in the snow's surface, gathering size and momentum as they sped past the log cabin. Occasionally a few thudded against the logs and sounded strangely like the soft pad-pad of animals' feet.

Felix put the gun back in his pocket and wiped the perspiration of fear from his forehead. It was a relief to him to know that the dread possibility of being torn to shreds by flashing fangs was now but a myth. Nevertheless, from afar came those strident, piercing howls, suggestive of maniacal laughter, as though the marauders of the night were chuckling over the fright their human enemy had just passed through.

THE racing snowballs grew bigger and bigger. That fact meant nothing to Felix as he watched them, fascinated. To an experienced woodsman it would have meant quite another thing than a snowball race, which was exactly what the teller thought Nature was staging for his benefit. Even the heavier thud of them against the back and side walls of the cabin failed to attract anything more than passing notice from him.

But, at last, as he watched with growing interest, one huge ball sheered from its downward rush, plunged directly toward the window and shot through. The shower of snow and glass struck Felix full in the face, blinding him for the moment.

He staggered back, his arm shielding his face, a cry of fear issuing from his bleeding lips. Another, and still another ball hurtled through the opening and battered him with their sodden weight until he sought refuge from them in one corner of the cabin.

A roar like that of many express trains smote his ears, deafening him. A moment more and the cabin rocked, heaved, and surged upward. As a matchbox rises to the crest of a wave and surges shoreward, the cabin rose on the crest of a gigantic wall of snow, uprooted trees and rocks, and went hurtling down the mountain slope, end over end.

Nature closed her book, with only a few of its pages turned, and smiled knowingly. And high up on Old Baldy's slope, safe from the slide their slithering paws had started, a pack of wolves sent up their

(Continued on page 53)

The *Women's*

A closeup of Mrs. Edward Dexter Knight

A Splendid Contribution to the Weal of Womankind and to the History of Human Relations

By T. A. Gallagher

MRS. Edward Dexter Knight, head of the only bank in America that is administered, staffed and maintained solely by women, has coined the living phrase:

"The mothers of the nation are the real financiers."

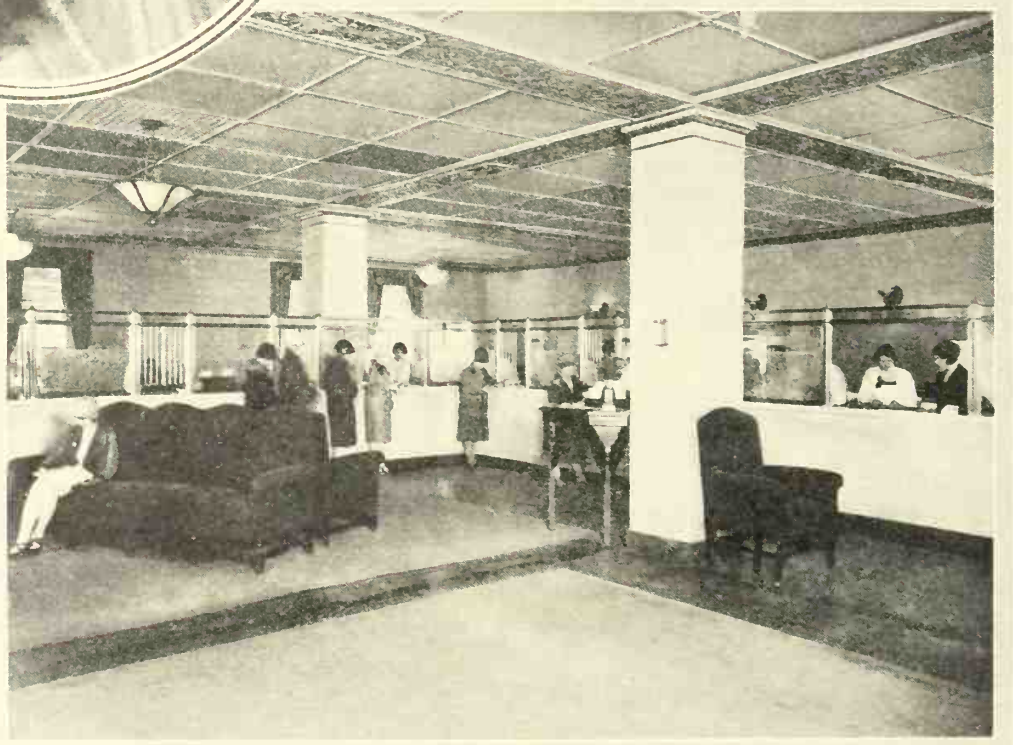
The truism that "the mothers of the land are the real financiers" forms the axis and the circumference of this most striking departure in American finance; a departure as radical in its way as the advent of suffrage and by all means as successful. It is not to be supposed from this that the mothers of the land comprise the sole customer list of the women's bank. The term is simply used in its generic sense. All women may partake of its advantages. None but women may so partake. It rears a mighty bulwark of economic safety between the hearthstone, that eternal eminence of women's domain, and the outside world with its wolfish stalkers of widows' fortunes and widows' mites and all others who prey on the glowing trust of womankind.

It may somewhat qualify the feeling of surprise at the establishment and success of this remarkable bank if it should be announced that the first savings bank in history was started by a woman. In the records of Miss Grace S. Stoermer, western regional director of the National Association of Bank Women and head of the Los Angeles unit of the women's bank, it is shown that a Miss Priscilla Wakefield of Middlesex, England, started a savings depositary about 1795 to take care of the children's pennies in her neighborhood. The idea grew and in 1804 the work of the bank was extended to accommodate adults. In 1808 several women formed a similar institution at Bath, England. The inspiration ramified until its scope was world-wide.

More than a century later we see the idea recreated in new form in the women's bank, but on a much more elaborate scale. And in such compelling fashion that it might give every male banker in the country deep pause. For here we have a metropolitan bank dealing only with women customers, adding steadily to its resources and its income and capable of financing a railroad or "Ye Korner Kandy Shoppe" with equal facility.

The women's bank found root in the fallow ground of war-time Liberty bond sales in 1917 and 1918. In the hurly burly of the rush for bonds the banks established sidewalk booths for the sale of the Government securities. Mrs. Knight, who is a former president of the California Federation of Women's Clubs and perhaps one of the best known club women in the country, was a director of this curbstone mart as an official of one of the larger banks. She noted that women customers predominated at several places and that many of them asked pointed questions about the Government bonds and investments in general. She also noted that there was a tendency to steer clear of the banks in these Liberty Bond sales. Too much of the intricacy and austerity of the counting-house mixed up in the transactions in the banker's office. Too much of the thing that the British call circumlocution and that the Americans call red tape. That was the general fear. This last feature was brought home to Mrs. Knight vividly —much too vividly for comfort—by a certain sensational incident.

A sailor deposited $100 for a bond in one of the curbstone booths and then departed for sea before the paper could be delivered to him. Returning in a few



The woman's bank at San Francisco as it is today

Bank

months he demanded the bond. The bank to which his application had been sent had a full history of the same but no bond to meet it. He returned later and was referred to another bank, but was given no satisfaction there. The thing kept up interminably.

His temper fanned into a flame by his experience, he finally came to Mrs. Knight's office rolling drunk and filled with fury. He spat out a demand for his bond. Mrs. Knight, who was alone, tried to calm him and reassure him that she was doing everything in her power to get it for him.

AT that he whipped out a big, black pistol and closing one inflamed and glaring eye, took careful aim. Had he been a trifle less deliberate there might have been no occasion for this history of the women's bank. Mrs. Knight saw his finger tense slowly around the trigger. Then a door was flung open and another of the bond sales executives, a man, came into the room on some routine mission. The sailor wheeled on him and confusedly dropped his gun arm to his side.

Combination of home, bank and club—the woman's bank, Los Angeles

There was a moment's painful pause and then Mrs. Knight explained the situation to the newcomer. He induced the sailor to put the gun back in his pocket, called up the Federal Reserve Bank and demanded that a bond be sent up to him at once. A more or less hair-raising wait and then the bond was delivered. The angry sailorman grabbed it, rolled out and was seen no more.

Mrs. Knight, cool, calm, astute; flailing the real values out of the chaff of hectic curbstone trading, given pause by the antics of the deep sea-going gentleman with the talking pocket-piece, did some quick mental arithmetic—a very good start for a prospective bank president. But it proved to be just a question of two and two making four. She had the figure two already in the curiosity of many of the feminine Liberty Bond customers regarding investments of all types. The incident of the sailor and the necessity that compelled him to assault the banks by force of arms supplied the other figure two. If a man, ordinarily capable of taking good care of himself, was driven to such extremes, how about the wives, the mothers and the maids to whom the processes of banking and investment constitute a particularly thick, banker's gray tule fog? And they were legion, these bewildered mothers of men; these real financiers who knew so little of the most effective finance.

After complete elimination of the male unit the two figures made four exactly. In other words, women's curiosity regarding investments, added to the maddeningly slow banking processes and the general feminine lack of knowledge concerning them, achieved the sum of a bank devoted exclusively to the gentler sex.

The idea had a thrill in it. Mrs. Knight took it up with a banker with whom she had been associated in war work. He thought the plan simply wonderful and said so. He offered his bank for the test.

He had the misfortune a few days thereafter, however, to enter into a debate with a woman attorney on some question of state law. He was a banker and, if we may repeat, she was a lawyer. Perhaps he should have selected a money topic. Or perhaps she should have done so.

We will drop a veil of silence over the outcome of the debate. At any rate when Mrs. Knight next visited this banker on the proposition of establishing a women's department in his bank, she discovered that he had turned as cold as the northerly exposure of an Eskimo igloo. Profoundly, distinctly, and conclusively nothing doing on each, any, and all women's banking or other feminine enterprises.

Miss Grace S. Stoermer, head of the woman's bank, Los Angeles

"It was a hard blow," Mrs. Knight said. "All my peacock feathers drooped." But she did not quit. She navigated a straight course to the Bank of Italy, engaged in several moments of earnest conversation with A. P. Giannini founder and at that time the president of that great institution, and emerged smiling.

COINCIDENTALLY Mr. Giannini and some of his principal advisers had been sitting up with the same idea, waiting only for the proper person to cut athwart their wide business horizon and take hold. Mrs. Knight and her scheme dovetailed at once with the Giannini plan and when the new Bank of Italy headquarters building was erected in San Francisco elaborate

quarters for the women's bank were provided. They were opened for business on June 30, 1921.

To all appearances this women's depositary may appear only as a "bank within a bank"; merely a department of the Bank of Italy, its very masculine parent. But take it away from that parent institution and set it down in a distant street or a distant city and, with a few minor adjustments here and there, it would continue to function, amassing big deposits, financing big enterprises, executing trusts and credits and buying and selling investment securities. It is established. It is a fact. It has seven million two hundred thousand dollars, twenty thousand customers, all over the nation, a history and a future, all achieved through its own efforts.

The thing blossomed like a choice rose in the nursery of the Giannini genius and esteem, the only difference being that it soon joined something of the qualities of a hardy perennial to the rose-like growth. But although it thrived from the start, it was some time before the women's bank could completely sell itself, even to the great, big parent institution. For instance, in the beginning Mrs. Knight would take a prospective client who was seeking information on an estate matter, we will say, to one of the big bank's trust officers and leave her with that gentleman. Said officer would sense that the visitor was a possible depositor. Would he take her back to the women's bank? Not by several extra large jugsful. With all of the grace and perhaps some of the gesticulation of a D'Artagnan or a Don Juan, he would convoy her down to the main banking floor and have her open her account there. And the equally wise moguls on said main banking floor would slap him on the back, slip him a cigar, perhaps, and tell him that the United States needed more bankers like him. But he learned at last, as did all others in the bank, although it cost quite a few of them a blushing apology for being so dense.

AT first the women's bank had a lean little staff of five. But business came at an encouraging rate even though all hands turned to and had a good cry at the first withdrawal. At the end of the first year there were deposits of $1,316,238 on the books and a new chapter had been written on human progress. The women's bank had "arrived."

If you have sensed that the women's bank might be somewhat of an emotional catch-basin, you are not far from it. The women took that "No sentiment in business" thing, turned it inside out and worked it both ways. They found both sentiment in business and business in sentiment.

"I can't write," the Russian emigrant woman told Mrs. Knight brokenly. "But it don't seem hard to tell you that I don't think I could have told any other bank."

And then there was the sweet young thing who came in with a check all made out from her nice new check book with its soft leather cover. Instead of signing her own name she had signed the name of the president of the Bank of Italy.

A man, unable to read that trustful young face, might have taken it as a clumsy attempt at forgery and filled in the picture with a sprinkle of salt tears and a backfield of big, wide policemen. But in the women's bank they smiled knowingly and then a girl teller sat down beside her and showed her how to make out a check. And when the president of the big bank heard about it he loosened a chuckle that came back on him intermittently for the rest of the afternoon.

So Sasha from the Steppes made her mark and affixed a wide thumbprint to her deposit papers with the same aplomb and pride that a governor might show in signing a proclamation telling of his election, her ignorance submerged in the understanding sympathy that surrounded her. And the soft little flapper went forth unembarrassed and effusively thankful, a new lesson in banking under her tight fitting bonnet and her corrected check all filed away.

And Miss Stoermer, whose unit of the women's bank is making a history all its own, tells of a bit of a gray-haired woman who came to see about her will. That matter was attended to promptly and gracefully. The interest of any ordinary bank would have ended right there, naturally enough. But Miss Stoermer and the others with whom the little old lady came in contact sensed something beneath the surface. Their friendliness and kindliness drew her out. She sobbed out a story of being alone in the world and of trying to fend off the harpies who were after her mite of a fortune. It may be that the women's bank became less a bank than it did a haven of refuge for this bewildered old lady. At any rate Miss Stoermer and her assistants, at some personal sacrifice, saw her through, obtained a good home for her under their protection and brought to her some of the happiness that must ever remain over and above any that can be produced by mere banking contacts.

WE will let Miss Stoermer give us another peep behind the ornate counter screen of the women's bank. Sometime ago a woman came in with a wail that she had given her husband's best man friend her diamond engagement ring as security for a loan and that complications threatened. It looked like a situation for a detective agency or a scenario writer rather than a bank. But a request of any sort is considered as somewhat of a challenge in the women's bank. The gentleman in the case was asked to come in, as he did, and talk the matter over with Miss Stoermer. A new loan basis was arranged and the woman went forth with the engagement ring sparkling from her finger.

And so they come to the women's bank or send in their deposit slips from Keokuk, Pittsburgh or Clipper Gap, for while California is its home the wide world is its field. City women and farm women troop in. Brisk, confident business women and bewildered, untutored mothers; Mae from the Matinee and May from the factory; timid little clerks and flashing debutantes; Madame Civics, incisive, sharp and sometimes truculent; Madame Boredom, who has nothing to say at all; Gladys with the bloom of youth in her cheeks and Ethel with some of the sunset hues that come in jars—all come again and again and leave their millions there, leave them in the women's bank.

By the thousands they come down the pathway of the years until the figure now has mounted to more than seven millions of dollars with 20,000 names on the ledger cards. Enough money to build an old time battleship and enough women to populate Danbury, Connecticut. A cross section of all womankind; a study of the ages—all found there in the women's bank.

Types as far apart as the poles and yet the women's bank has to enact each one of them. Only one language that will fit in there, the language of smiles, understanding, sympathy and good will. Transcendent cleverness matched with cleverness as transcendent. Ignorance met with not too much and not too little knowledge. An arm around the shoulder and a soft word for broken out emotions. That is the role of the women's bank; the thing that has to go with the putting in and the taking out, the signing of deposit slips and the talk of four per cent.

So much for the emotional and the dramatic in the women's bank unless, indeed, a survey of the bank's material development holds its own element of drama. For here we have this banking enterprise arranging the financing of two big build-

(Continued on page 50)

Portrait

By SIDDIE JOE JOHNSON

She pulls her brittle lettuce
From the black, bruised soil;
She stems her scarlet berries
And lets her greens boil;

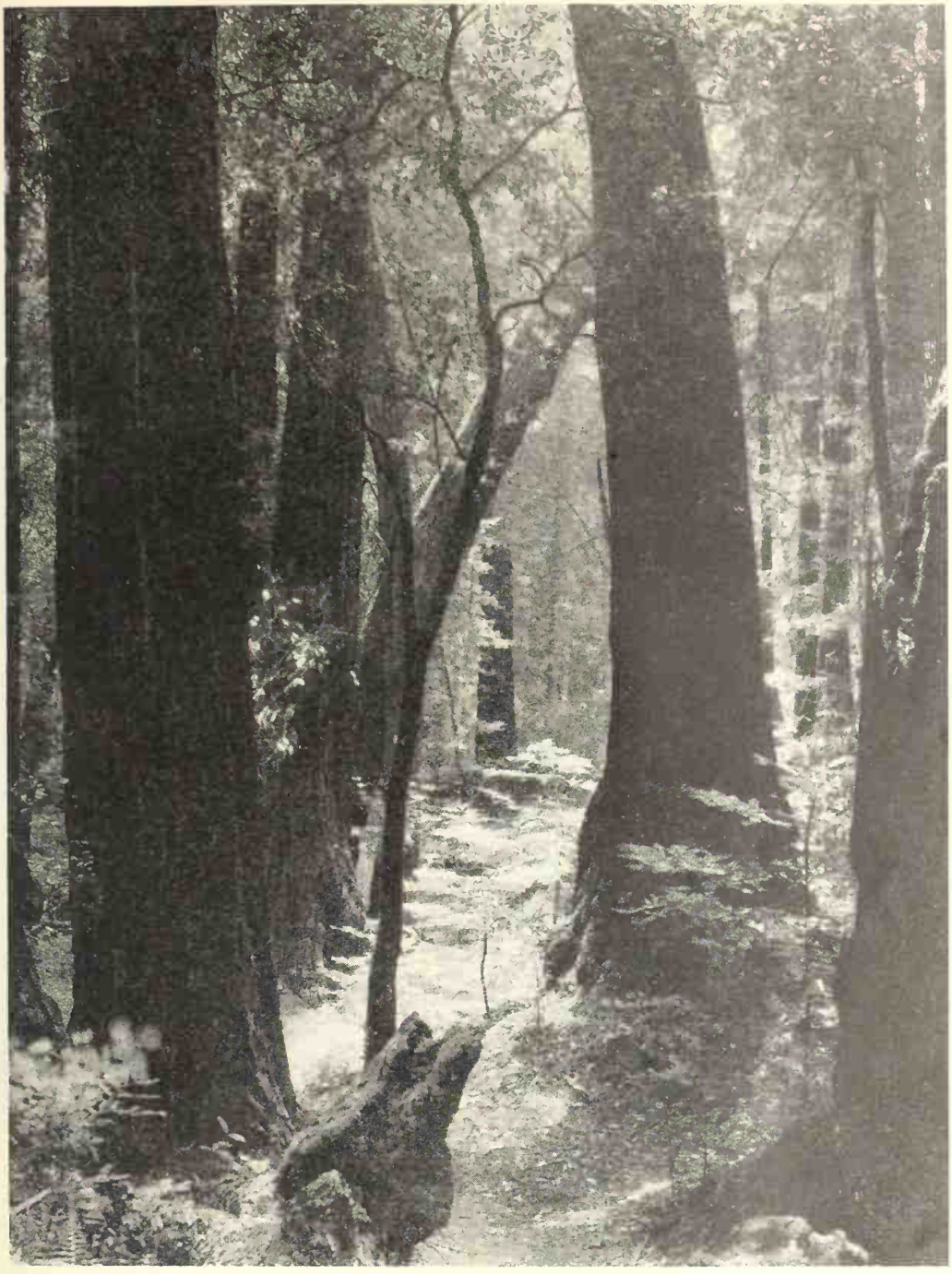
Then gives a plate of this
And a bowl of that away,
Till she has little dinner
For herself any day.

There's dust on her mantel
And crumbs on her floor,
But she tidies up the house
Of the cripple next door.

Herself in need of covers,
She takes her bright pieces
And patterns out a quilt
For the minister's nieces.

Oh, Martha prays for love
And Jane prays for wealth,
Elizabeth for happiness
And Sarah for health;

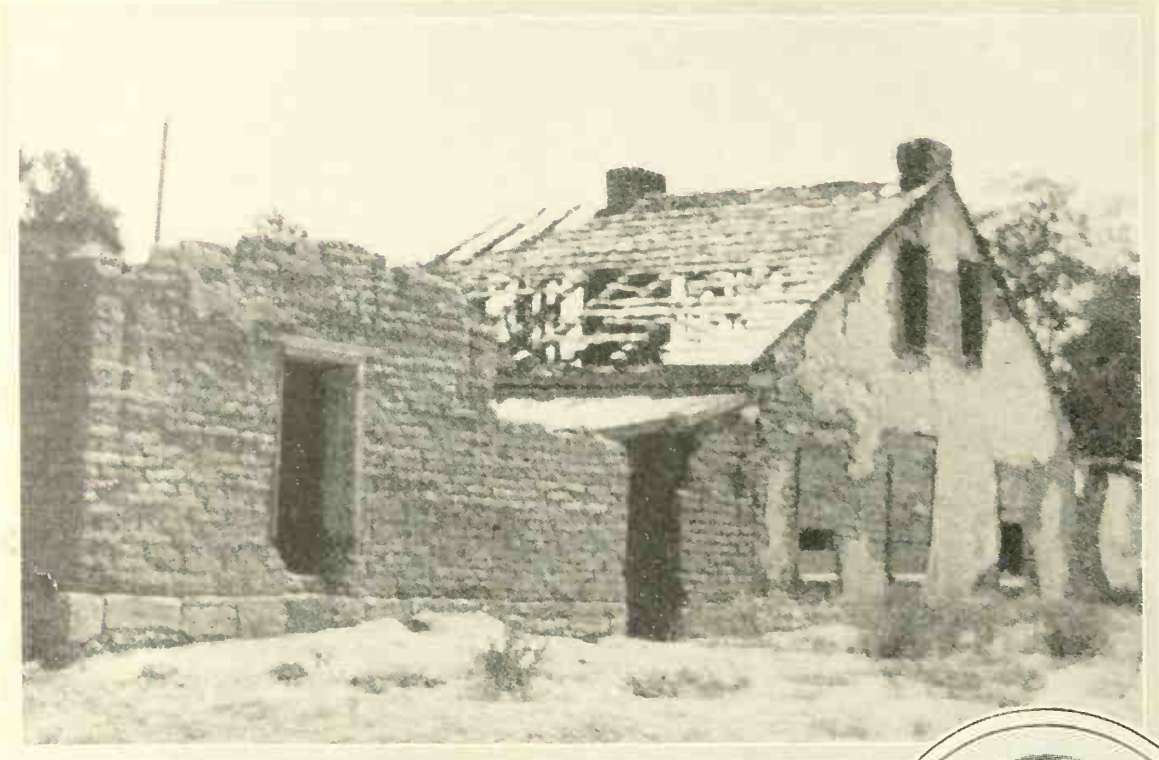
But she, when she has ended
With her day-long labor,
Prays that God will make her
Into a better neighbor.



Sunlight and Shadow

Quiet sunlit paths meandering lazily through the redwoods and bay trees of Muir Woods, California, extend an invitation to stroll that is usually irresistible

The Old Maxwell Manor



The old Maxwell house as it stands today in the town of Cimorron, New Mexico

By Charles B. Roth

Visitors Came by the Thousands Every Year and the Man Who Headed this Institution of Human Friendship Was Lucien B. Maxwell

ALL travelers over the Santa Fe Trail through the territory of New Mexico, during the middle and late '80s, stopped at a large white house two days north from the city of Santa Fe and were made welcome. It was not a public house but the private residence of one man and his family, yet no one would think of passing it by.

The man who lived in the large house had extended an invitation to every one who went over the Santa Fe Trail to be his guest—no matter who he was, no matter how many times he passed over the road. The number who came under this invitation was very large, for the Santa Fe Trail was so heavily used that it was worn to deep furrows and its dust did not settle sometimes for days. But this gentleman wanted them all no matter how great their number. They came in thousands every year. And never had they met such hospitality as they were shown in the great house.

The man who headed this institution in human friendship was Lucien B. Maxwell. He was a man of the frontier, and master of a ranch of some 2,000,000 acres—a tract of ground the size of the state of Connecticut. He was wealthy from the operation of this ranch, and he took his pleasure in investing part of his fortune in friendship. So right beside the Santa Fe Trail, where none could pass without seeing it, he built his large manor house of over forty rooms, opened its doors and bade every one, whether he was a gentleman traveling to see the world or a nomad of the trails to come in and be at home.

Among the guests at the Maxwell house were all types of the day and of the place—great Indian chiefs from the Ute nation, journeyers from the States, army officers dressed in blue and shining gold, and drifters in the western tide—vagabonds, trappers, traders, gamblers. They were entertained in a large-hearted, open-handed way. There were enormous feasts every day, tables piled high with roasts of venison and buffalo roasts and wine brought clear from California and served in silver goblets. There were evenings of smoking around the fireplaces, and what tales of adventure! There was hunting in the mountains. There were cards. There was something always to keep the guests amused, not a hard task to be sure, when men had been traveling for days in a strange, unkind country. And over this carnival Lucien Maxwell watched and enjoyed himself more than any of them.

Lucien B. Maxwell. This picture (cigar and all) was used on the stock certificates of Maxwell's bank

Colonel Henry Inman, formerly assistant quartermaster of the United States Army, was quartered in New Mexico during the years when the Maxwell Manor was in its glory, and was entertained by Lucien Maxwell many times. He has left a clear view of the life there in one of his books on the west, "The Santa Fe Trail."

"I have slept on the hardwood floors of the main room, rolled up in my blanket with the mighty men of the Ute nation

ing heads and points all around me, as ose as they could possibly crowd, after day's fatiguing hunt in the mountains. "I have sat there in the long winter enings, when the great room was lighted ily by the cheerful blaze of the cracking gs roaring up the huge throats of its two eplaces built diagonally across opposite rners, watching Maxwell, Kit Carson, id half a dozen chiefs silently inter- ange ideas in the wonderful sign lan- iage, until the glimmer of Aurora an- ounced another day. Not a sound had en uttered during the protracted hours, ve an occasional grunt of satisfaction on e part of the Indians, or when we white en exchanged a sentence."

The room Colonel Inman refers to was e principal room of the house. It was i the ground floor, a very large rectangle ire of furniture except for a table, a few iairs, and an old bureau. It was in this om that the business and revelry of the istle took place; in this room iat Maxwell welcomed the guests ho had alighted dusty from their avels.

The dining room adjoined. The ible was open to all. Thirty ould sit around it and be served; iirty places were set and there ere rarely vacant ones at any eal.

MANY a story is told of Maxwell's unusual hospi- ility. There was an Englishman oing by stage through New Mex- o, who ate breakfast at the anor house and after the meal ought out the host to inquire ie price.

"Nothing. Forget about it," laxwell advised, waving away ie proffered money.

The Englishman insisted upon aying.

Finally Maxwell said: "Your reakfast is ten dollars."

"Ten dollars!" expostulated the aveler. "I'll not pay it."

"You won't!" Maxwell called an attendant and gave the der, "Rope this man and keep im tied till he digs up ten ollars."

The Englishman conceded with- it being roped, and paid his oney. Maxwell took the ten ollar bill, struck a match, set it ire and with it lighted his pipe.

As illustrative of his character s this story is the way he guarded is large sums of money. There as always a fortune in the manor ouse and Maxwell was careless f it. In the old bureau in the ain room he kept the money, sing the bottom drawer, which ad no lock, as depository. Often there ould be $30,000 to $40,000 in the rawer at one time, rarely less than 15,000. His friends, worried at seeing so uch money so loosely kept, suggested iat he buy a safe. Maxwell laughed t their fears, but he was stern and in arnest when he said:

"God help the man who attempted to ob me if I knew him."

That money was never molested, and this in spite of the fact that the doors were never locked and strangers were passing in and out every day.

The glory of Maxwell Manor reached its height during the Civil War and in the years which immediately followed it. But the story begins years before, when Lucien Maxwell came west as a young man. He was born in Illinois—one story says Missouri—in 1818. He was frontier bred. The West called to him as it did to so many other adventurous young men of that time and he yielded and went the way of the long rifle and the sack of beaver traps. He became a trader for the American Fur Company in the southwest mountains.

This was his occupation for several years; trapping and trading with the Indians and becoming learned in frontier lore. In course of time he and another young man who was in the same business became fast friends. That other young man's name was Kit Carson. Throughout their lives, till death took Carson on new trails, he and Maxwell were friends—friends as only men of the West who have shivered and starved and faced death together can be.

What remains of the grist mill of the Maxwell establishment

Early in his young manhood Lucien Maxwell met the Senorita Luz Beaubien at her father's home in Taos. They were married in 1842. Her father was his employer, in a way, being agent for the American Fur Company, and his entrance into the family must have helped his chances a great deal. Carlos Beaubien, the father of Mrs. Maxwell, was a French-Canadian of high birth, was one of the foremost citizens of New Mexico, was circuit judge, and was also the largest merchant and the wealthiest man in the territory at that time.

He had been the joint receiver of a grant of land from the native governor. This was made in 1841 and apparently as a show of friendship toward two esteemed citizens—Carlos Beaubien and Guadalupe Miranda. The grant was called the Beaubien and Miranda Land Grant.

It consisted of a vast tract of undeveloped mountains and flats whose size was only imperfectly known and whose boundaries were rough natural landmarks that might be moved inward or outward as benefited the holder most. The original grant called for "three square leagues of land." It had never been accurately surveyed. Senors Beaubien and Miranda probably cared little to know how much ground they owned; they held it of slight value.

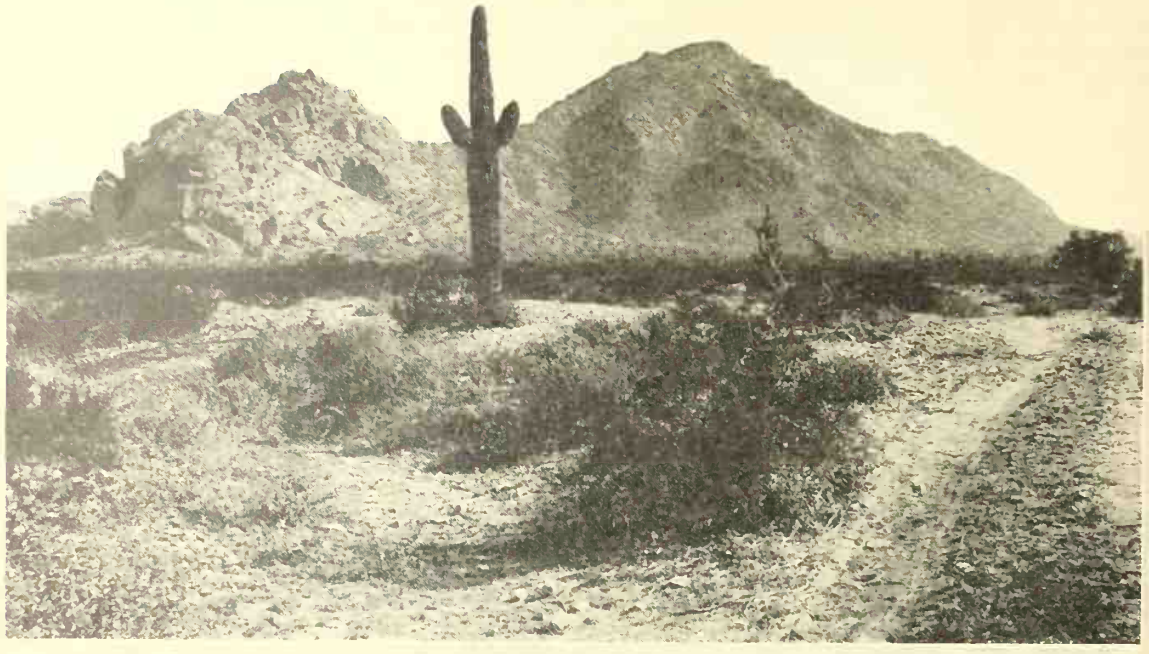
Most of this land was untenanted except for scattered colonies of Mexicans, which became even more scattered at the periodical times when the Utes came down to raid. The grant was therefore not a source of profit. The owners did develop it carelessly for a time, but Judge Beaubien was too busy and the Mirandas did not care; they were glad to sell their interest to Judge Beaubien a short time later.

DURING these years when the grant lands were having so unworthy a history, Lucien Maxwell was trading with the Indians in the mountains, unconcerned over the monarchy he would some day rule. He was the irresponsible prince not ready for the crown.

At the time Lieutenant John Charles Fremont, the pathfinder, was organizing his first expedition to explore the country Lucien Maxwell, Kit Carson, and many others of their kind had been exploring continuously for twenty years. He selected Lucien Maxwell as one hunter on this expedition and Kit Carson as another. Both made good. Next year Lieutenant Fremont had another trip. He wanted Lucien Maxwell along but Maxwell did not go for he was too busy trading. On the third he did go, and that ended his days on the trail.

Maxwell became manager of the grant for Judge Beaubien and began to show his great power as organizer and colonizer. It was later, however, after Judge Beaubien's death in the early '60s that Maxwell's fullest powers came out, when he was running the grant as his own enterprise.

(*Continued on page 54*)



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Camelback Mountain, so called because of its resemblance to a kneeling camel

WILD CAMELS *in* ARIZONA?

Now the Camel Herd —that Enthusiastic Experiment—Has Gone from Arizona with Barely a Trace of Its Existence

By
Roderick O'Hargan

WILL the desert trails of Arizona ever again resound to the soft pad—pad—padding footfall of the pack camel? Seventy years ago the Southwest was all agog at the "camel experiment" that started so auspiciously, proceeded so satisfactorily and promised to terminate so successfully—when suddenly all the plans were overthrown by the outbreak of the Civil War, and finally resulted in these sad-faced, four-footed aliens being released from captivity and driven into the Arizona hills to fend for themselves, and where, for more than twenty years, they roamed at large, mournful ghosts of a broken experiment.

During the winter of 1849-1850 the great California gold rush dominated the public mind. A vast concourse of people hurled themselves to this new Eldorado. They crossed vast empty prairies, scaled precipitous mountains, bored through snow-choked passes and forded rushing rivers to get to where there were lashings of gold for the man with the shovel.

It was this yeast of gold-hunger that resulted in the formal recognition of the main overland trails to California. Later the insistent demands of the lucky gold-seekers, yearning for more frequent news from home, forced the establishment of the pony express. Then the search for new and still quicker ways, caused the camel experiment.

Inseparably linked with the camel experiment are the names of two men. Felix Aubrey, a Santa Fe trail freighter whose feat of driving a wagon from San Jose, California, to Santa Fe, New Mexico, had earned him local fame and whose dramatic death shortly after at the hands of an army major rekindled that fame to semi-national dimensions, first called attention to a new trans-desert route for which camels seemed to be the logical solution.

The other man, Hadj Ali, was an Arab camel-trainer, imported with the first herd of camels. A free interpretation of Hadj Ali would seem to be "Ali—camel master." But Arabic niceties of meaning and pronunciation were too subtle for the Westerner, who called the newcomer Hi Jolly, and Hi Jolly he remained for nearly fifty years.

Hi Jolly was with the camels first and last. He assisted at the birth of some on shipboard en route to the United Stats. and at later births at Fort Mojave, Ft Yuma and the army barracks at Ls Angeles. Twenty years later, when is charges had been turned loose and H hired out as a mule skinner in Gene Crook's army, and later still as a dest prospector, it was this same Hi Jolly, nw become an American citizen, who talkd of camels, camels, camels, until he e- came known as the "camel man."

All the details of Aubrey's intred desert crossing were reported in the *Missouri Republican* of September 26, 1854 a few days after his tragic death. The sto attracted immediate attention. Here vs a low, warm, open-all-the-year route, n contrast to the Fort Laramie skyline tr snow-choked and blizzard-swept in te winter months.

THE military authorities took noti Confirmatory explorations we made in the winter of '54-'55. Then son one suggested camels, which animals hd already been talked of for the arid lands f Texas. This suggestion culminated n Senate Document, Second Session, 33d Congress, Chapter 169, reading:

> Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, tt the sum of thirty thousand dollars be, and te same is hereby appropriated under the dir-

and he subjected them to trials which no other animals could have endured and, for every purpose that occurred to him. Formerly the mule teams had to haul their own water between wells, which greatly delayed progress. On this expedition two fast camels were sent along as water tenders to the mules. At noon and night rest camps, the mule teams found their water ration waiting them, which so greatly accelerated progress that the advance party of the expedition, including Lieutenant Beale, covered the route of the proposed road in the short time of forty-eight days.

The camels were also tried out at mountain climbing on sharp volcanic rock, which it was thought their unshod feet could not withstand. They performed these tasks with ease, despite heavy packs, and over places where mules found it difficult to go even with the help of their dismounted drivers. The camels proved fearless swimmers, plunging into rivers and tackling powerful currents with familiarity and ease.

While these tests were being made in New Mexico, other portions of the camel herd were distributed to various points, but unfortunately in few cases did they fall into such intelligent and sympathetic hands. Some were loaned to freighters on the Santa Fe trail, others to local ranchers, but most of them went to military posts.

The reports from these various sources were not in agreement. Major Wayne, who superintended the first importation, drove a pair of camels, hitched to a democrat, from San Antonio to El Paso, and reported them easy drivers, but other military chiefs reported the camels to be worse than useless. Officers and men alike, they said, denounced the Turkish camel saddles as instruments of torture and quite unusable by Americans. They also claimed that camels could not be housed in, nor used out from barracks in districts containing many horses or cattle as the latter showed a most unreasoning fear of the hump-backed fellow. Another objection was that soldiers could not, or would not, arrange the packs in such a manner as to avoid giving the animals sore backs. The doughboys complained that if they learned to pack a camel, they could not longer pack a mule.

THE poor camels fared no better at the hands of cowmen and freighters. One Spanish rancher in New Mexico tried them for rounding up the mavericks of his herd. He reported that it was hard to get these skyscraper mounts started, but a great deal harder to get them stopped, and that the sight of them inspired such fright, that the whole country was denuded of stock. A Texas stageman tried out a pair on his Concord coach and ended by deserting his outfit at Camp Verde, remarking that they had better keep it since he never expected to get a team of horses near enough to camel headquarters to haul it away.

Judged from all angles, however, it would seem that had sufficient time been allowed to elapse, these small objections would have been overcome and the camels and other livestock would have learned to fraternize, as they do on the Sahara desert. In such case the camels might have found a recognized place in American desert transportation, but just as the experiment was looking hopeful, the Civil War broke out, and the troops occupying Southwest posts were suddenly withdrawn and with them went the experience, good and bad, of camel handling. The sad-faced aliens were hastily turned over to novices. Those in Texas and New Mexico were returned to San Antonio. Those in Arizona were sent to Fort Yuma and Fort Mojave, and finally to Drum Barracks, Los Angeles.

In these new hands the camels became a greater trouble than ever, so the War Department decided to ship them all back to Smyrna, but the order, if it was ever written, was lost in the confusion of wartime organization. Eventually the Fort Verde Commandant became fretful on the subject of camels, and finally, perhaps on a hint from Washington, peddled them off to showmen and menagerie keepers.

So much for the Texas herd. Those that had gone farther west were destined to make history for many years. Banished to Los Angeles, they were first kept about the Fort, but later were turned out to graze in the surrounding hills. Fortunately they were in the competent hands of Hi Jolly, who loved them as a father. He constantly urged their regular employment, pointing out that the aristocrats of his flock, the racers, would, in their homeland, be treated with the greatest consideration and cared for and petted as blooded stock. But his pleas were in vain. Except for a few journeys carrying army supplies from Los Angeles to Fort Yuma, Arizona, the camels were never again used by the military.

By 1867, Hi Jolly, despairing of seeing his charges usefully employed, gave up his job as camel master and went to prospecting in the mountains about Yuma. After his departure the camels fell to the keeping of a Scotch French-Canadian, an McLaughlin. Shortly after, the Co mandant at Drum Barracks, upo instructions from Washington, adverse the camels for sale in the circus and va ville journals, but before showmen o the East or Middle West could reach Angeles to make a bid, McLaughlir b and secured the whole herd for a trif sum.

McLaughlin's object in purchasing camels was to use them as an ore trai the steep mountain trails from Virg City, Nevada, then at the zenith o glory, as the world's bonanza silver ca The idea had been suggested by his brother, Laflamme, a resident of Virg City. The two men believed that t could make a fortune by introducing a unthought-of-method of ore transpo tion—but—"there's many a slip . .

IN the vicinity of Los Ange domestic animals had bec partially used to the sight of ca and noted their presence only v snorts and trembling, but in N ada, horses, mules and even unsurprisable burro, fled at t approach. Life on the "Virgin tr became exciting. Runaways we daily occurrence. By the tim few loads of ore and a stage co or two had gone over the gr matters reached a head. Com ing freighters, operating mule tea got together and warned McLau lin and Laflamme that they wo shoot the whole camel herd un it was forthwith taken out of t part of the state.

As a result of this ultimat McLaughlin drove the camels Fort Yuma, Arizona, in the hope selling them, but on the day reached there he fell dead. city fathers of Yuma, not know what else to do with the cam being fearful of destroying th lest their halfowner, Laflam turn up and claim them, turned th loose on the desert on the promise of Jolly, then a resident of Yuma, that could recapture them at any time.

Departing from the haunts of men, camel band promptly retired to the lon and sun-blistered ranges of Southern A zona, where they pre-empted the most questered water holes. While they did flee from man, unless hunted, they k out of his way. From time to time th especial enemies, the stockmen, shot th down. Eastern showmen, too, w known to have come and captured so alive, but despite this thinning of th ranks, they multiplied and remained large in Southwestern Arizona and Nort ern Sonora for more than twenty years.

The remote ranges and mesas whi they frequented, being the least acces ble, were just those that the imaginati prospector deemed to be the richest precious metals, consequently around t camels grew up many a golden legend. was said that they were being used as pa animals for a re-discovered Spanish go mine of fabulous richness, hidden in t Harqua-Hala mountains. That a skelet of a camel had been found beside an aba

(*Continued on page 54*)

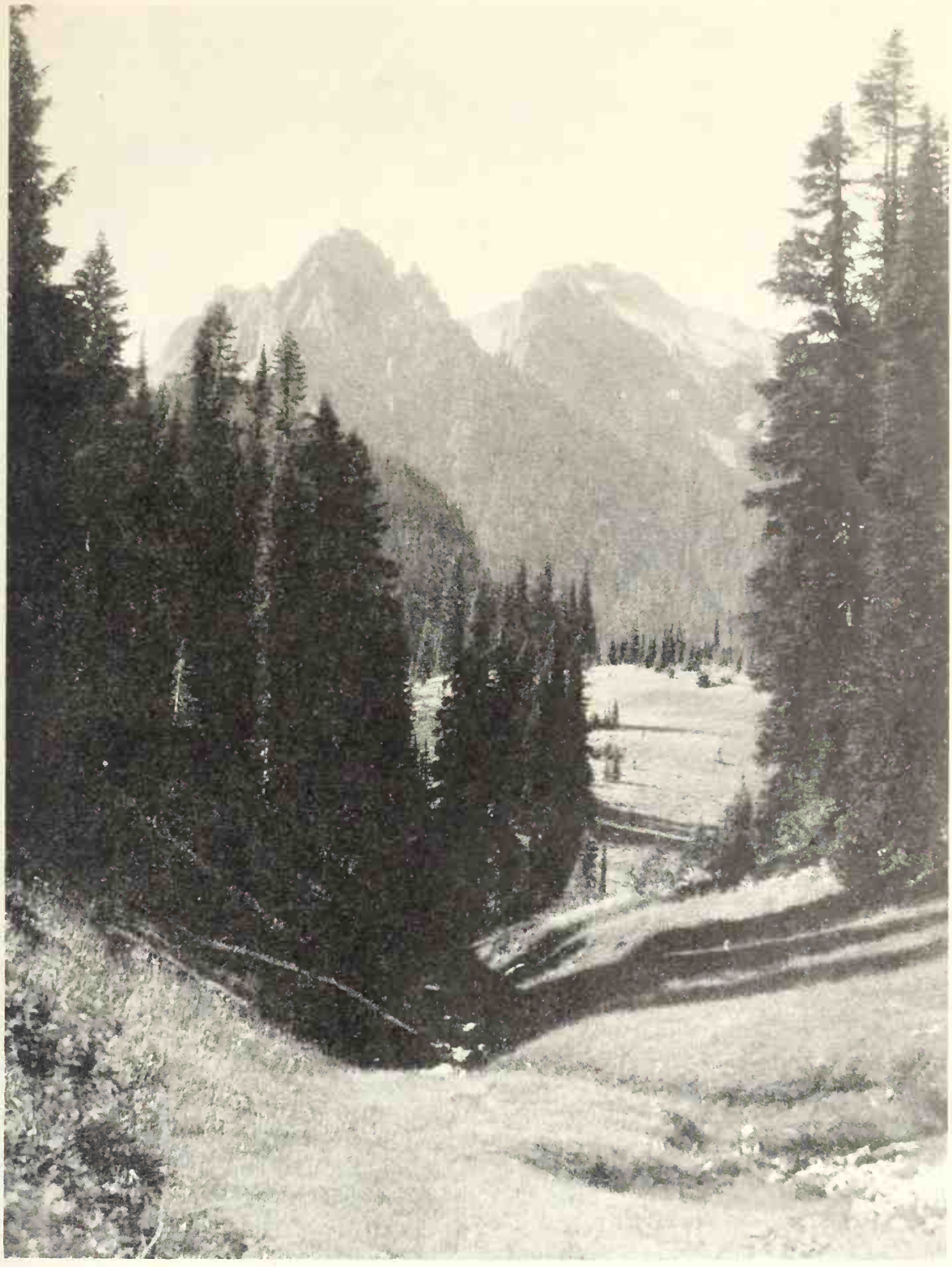
Byways

By Mrs. C. P. Mahnkey

I love the little country towns
So quiet and serene,
With houses nestling small and white
In shaded lawns of green.

We do not speed, we drift along
On muted, drowsy wings;
We loiter by the wild-rose banks;
We pause at stone-walled springs.

Blue mountain haze, like Galilee,
Is waiting just out there;
We feel its cleansing, healing charm
As answer to a prayer.



ASAHEL CURTIS PHOTO

Lane Peak, Washington

The impressive central pile of the Tatoosh Range

©FRASHERS INC.

Sand dunes of Death Valley, some of which reach a height of several hundred feet

Death Valley *from the* Air

By Alma Overholt

From the Air, Death Valley Appears as a Fairyland Scene

THE creak of covered wagons crunching over desert sands, the low moan of weary, starved oxen. Long heart-breaking months of wandering—

The whirr of a motor, and a race with the setting sun—

Seeing Death Valley yesterday and today!

We took off from the flying field at Stove Pipe Wells, the desert resort on the floor of Death Valley just as the sun dipped in a blaze of mauves, purples and golds behind the Grape Vine mountains to the north.

Charlie Walker of Wild Rose Canyon and old Rocky Mountain George, prospectors of these regions, were there to see us aboard the desert ship that has supplanted camel, oxen and burro on expeditions of exploration.

"Us" were Mrs. Jess Hession, wife of the District Attorney of Inyo County, a daughter of pioneer stock whose parents were members of the Donner party that crossed the plains in covered wagons, Pilot Baker of a little blue triple X plane, and the writer.

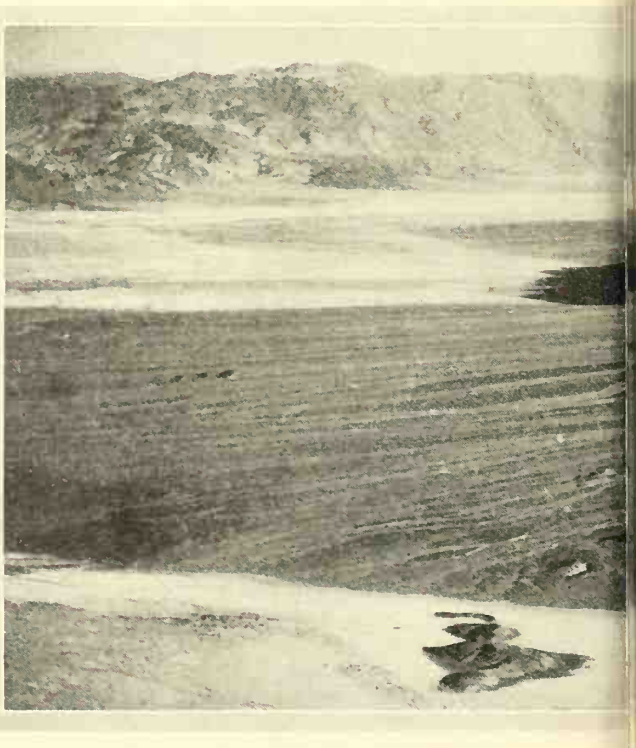
"Maybe you can find the Lost Gunsight mine, as you fly over the Panamints," suggested Charlie. "It's up in there somewhere, and has never been found since the Georgians went over the Townsend Pass in 1849. It's a streak of pure silver and runs through one of those gullies." The prospector's blue eyes took on that far-away look of the open spaces, as he seemed to search the mountain fastnesses to the west.

"Next time I pack out of here to find that mine it will be in a plane," he added. "See if I don't."

Poor faithful desert canary! His days of usefulness too are over. And the pack burro along with the covered wagon fades out of the picture.

Straight down the runway, level as a dance floor, we shot. then gradually rose higher and higher, the setting sun seeming to have suddenly gone into reverse gear and rising with us.

What a sight! Below stretched not a desert scene, but a wind-tossed inland sea, winding sinuously southward between the



Death Valley photographed from the air.

ow dark blue Panamints to the west and ie purple Funeral range to the east, rose-nted by the sun's rays. The sand dunes Stove Pipe Wells, in reality fifty to veral hundred feet in height, seemed like ie crests of an angry sea, frozen into im-obility. From the sides of the moun-ins extend huge alluvial fans; silt and ck that have flowed from the side can-ns in enormous quantities. Lava cou-es reach from the mountain base like ng giant black fingers, into what earlier the day would have appeared as a yel-w and brown desert, but now seemed a ue sea, with silvery reflections in the stances and here and there banks of owy froth, alkali marshes, underlaid ith layers of mud, crusted with salts of da, borax and potash.

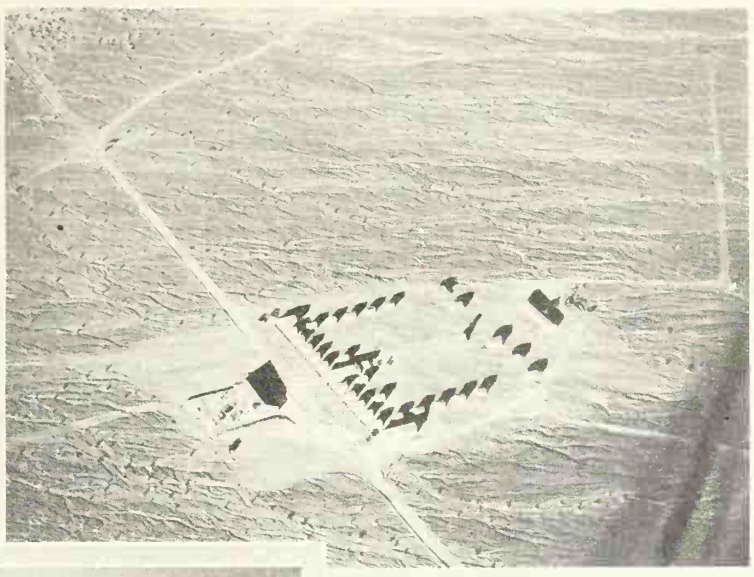
FROM the air, Death Valley appeared as a fairyland scene, a painting sug-estive of the Catalina Channel with the ndulating shore-line of the Magic Isle inding in and out, ither than the dread nk of the American ontinent as it has been opularly pictured.

The plane seemed sus-ended, motionless two ousand feet above the west spot charted on ry land. I began to onder if the motor had opped. It seemed queer at we could be flying longside the mountains t the rate of 90 miles n hour and not seem to e moving.

We circled back over tove Pipe Wells, ap-earing for all the world ke a miniature fortress odeled in clay. A white ribbon stretched taut from Townsend Pass in the Panamints, through the center of Stove Pipe Wells, threaded on through the sand dunes, and disappeared over the Grape Vine mountains—the Eichbaum road, the first artery of travel open from the outside world to this heretofore inaccessible region.

Only from the air can one appreciate fully the courage and the daring of the man who ripped a hole into nature's barriers and built a road to nowhere and there created a somewhere that has become the mecca of thousands of tourists.

Down the length of Death Valley we could see another white ribbon, the road Mr. Eichbaum built to Furnace Creek Ranch at the southern end of the valley. Flying again towards the south we were now over Salt Creek, and banked over toward the great alluvial fans. It was here that the Jayhawkers abandoned their wagons in their heart-breaking trek across Death Valley in 1849.



EYRE POWELL PHOTO

Stove Pipe Wells, a modern resort like a mirage in the heart of Death Valley

EYRE POWELL PHOTO

he Funeral Mountains are in the background

A sharp contrast—flying the length of Death Valley as it stretches some 110 miles from north to south, in less than an hour, and the miserable journey of months, with death and despair as companions made by the Forty Niners.

Showing from the air as a narrow gulch, from 8 to 10 miles in width hemmed in by mountain ranges on both sides with but two natural entrances on the Nevada side, and only blind canyons on the California boundary—no wonder those ill-fated people hopelessly zigzagged back and forth from the salt marshes in the south, northward until they finally found an outlet over Townsend Pass, where they lowered their oxen over Dry Falls, a drop of 30 feet, and made their escape into Panamint Valley.

Salt Creek, which seemed to us from the air an inviting stream surfacing two miles beyond Stove Pipe Wells, flows down into the sink, is acrid with salt and arsenic content. The Indians are said to have found fresh water bubbling up through it, but no white man has been able to drink of it without increasing his agony.

As we flew further southward and over the Devil's Golf Course, the wide expanse of salt beds appeared like snow or fleecy clouds in a blue haze. Death Valley here narrows like a river nearing its source and bends to the southwest. Below us great yellow fingers reached out, slides of raw sulphur. Promontories coming into the valley from the east took on fantastical shapes. We seemed to fly past Seal Rocks, and now the Sphinx herself stood out in bold relief, dark blue against the roseate mountains beyond. Long had she ruled this vale of silence and tragedy, and guarded its secrets well, nature's treasure house of precious chemicals, gold and silver, until tractor and dynamite broke down her citadel. Few men had penetrated her realm, and those remained silent, stilled by death or the lust to claim alone the gold they found.

THE valley again widened, and we flew lower and over the old Harmony Borax works, 23 miles south of Stove Pipe Wells. We almost made out a mirage of 20 mule Borax teams. It was here that F. M. Smith, known as the Borax King, took from Death Valley a fortune, some twenty-five years ago. The vast borax deposits have since been sold to the Pacific Coast Borax Company and the old works abandoned; modern machinery has replaced the mule teams.

Trees came into view on Furnace Creek Ranch, the lowest point where vegetation thrives. This oasis had first been developed by Borax Smith to care for his mule teams. It has since been converted into an experimental station by the government for the growing of dates. At the gate we could see the wagons of an old borax team, the water tank in front followed by two wooden trailers, with high sides for the hauling of the borax. We could see a creek trickling through the ranch, fields of verdant alfalfa and rows of green trees.

Over towards the southern extremity of Death Valley against the mountain cliffs we caught a glimpse of Furnace Creek Inn. We circled towards Chloride Cliffs

and over the Funeral Range. I motioned to Mrs. Hession that if there was time we should fly northward over Titus Canyon, the Grape Vines, Scotty's and Ubeheba Crater which is situated at the extreme northern end of Death Valley.

Pilot Baker caught the signal, banked the plane sharply, and we flew into the setting sun, still from our height nearly an hour above the horizon. We had flown southward hugging the Panamint mountains; now we were over the Funeral Range which towards the north runs into the Grape Vines. Below us projected the Death Valley Buttes, three sentinels rising 500 feet above the floor of the valley. These have been the landmark of prospectors, pioneers, the Spaniards who enslaved the Indians in their mining enterprises and the Indian trihes that crossed Death Valley in prehistoric times.

We were now above the gold belt country. Over toward the east lay Amargosa Valley and the ghost city of Rhyolite, in 1905 the center of the gold rush fever of this region. For twenty years these buildings have stood deserted, silent mementos of the wild border days when Death Valley Scotty rode on his big bay, laden with bags of gold, into public fame.

IT was also in Rhyolite that H. W. Eichbaum, then a young mining engineer fresh from college, built the first electrical plant in this territory. As he brought light into the desert darkness, he saw the weird beauty of Death Valley, which stirred his soul; a beauty he wished all the world could see. There must be a way to open this wonder spot to tourist travel the engineer reasoned. Vainly he attempted to interest state and county officials to build a highway into Death Valley.

"Why build a road to nowhere with public funds?" they questioned. So Mr. Eichbaum eventually built the road himself, linking the lowest point on the American continent with the highest in California, Mt. Whitney at Lone Pine, 14,501 feet elevation. We could now see the peak of this lofty mountain, 80 miles distant, in the high Sierra range, its snows tinted a delicate pink by the setting sun, and the road that cut through the Panamints, the gateway to civilization created by a man who dared to make a dream come true.

We now flew towards Tin Mountain and on over "Lost Wagons" where a family of pioneers was massacred by the Indians during its trek across Death Valley. Their abandoned wagon was but recently brought to Stove Pipe Wells by Mr. Eichbaum to be preserved for posterity.

Scotty's Ranch at the extreme northern end of the valley came into sight. Grape Vine Ranch, as it is called, has about twenty acres under cultivation, watered from a stream that comes from the canyon across a gully where Scotty is believed to have the famous cache to which he is said to go periodically for his supply of gold. He is wont to disappear for days at a time and return with bags of gold dust slung across his saddle bags. Scotty but recently completed a mansion on his estate said to have cost more than a million dollars, put in a gigantic refrigeration plant and built a wall around the place.

We flew towards the mountains where Scotty's mine is believed to be located. In this vicinity is also believed to be located the lost Dreyfogel mine, which prospectors claim can be no myth, since from time to time rich gold float has been found in the canyon below. Dreyfogel came from Virginia City to Death Valley in the early eighties. Like Scotty, he would disappear periodically into the mountains and come forth with his burro loaded down with gold nuggets. He would divulge the location of his mine to no one. One day he was found murdered, presumably by Indians, under some mesquite bushes at the entrance to the canyon. The mine has never been found.

Below us now yawned Marble Canyon, sheer cliffs of polished blue marble glistening like mirrors in the evening sun. In this region is located the famous Le Moigne mine, discovered in the early nineties by John Le Moigne. Like Dreyfogel he operated his mine alone. For forty years this noted prospector operated in the valley, zealously guarding the secret of his mine, which comprised in the main immense silver deposits. He turned down offers of fabulous prices for its sale. When he died, a very old man, he still held fast the secret of his Death Valley mine. His grave is in Salt Creek. A few years after his death, however, the mine was re-discovered and now is known as one of the richest silver properties in Death Valley.

To my mind came the story of the band of bank robbers who crossed Death Valley during the time the border towns were in their heydey of mining booms to rob a bank in Owens Valley. On the way they discovered a deposit of rich silver ore in the Panamint mountains. The find so jarred their consciences that they hurried back to the Wells Fargo office and offered to return all the money they had gotten through their recent train hold-ups if only the officials of the company would make them free men, allow them to go straight—and back into the mountains of Death Valley to mine their silver. The robbers started a town near their mines and murder and several robberies a day for a time were the order of things in the district.

Still on we flew. Time seems eternity up in a plane and the mind flies even faster than the plane. Stories crowd one after the other through the mind as landmarks swiftly flit by beneath.

Now we beheld a huge cavern with hills of gray and reddish ash banked high near by, the Ubeheba Crater, 780 feet deep and 750 feet in diameter, at the bottom, and one mile in length; I remembered the United States Geodetic Survey dimensions of this great depression. The Panamint Indian name means "Squaw Scratches." Evidently the female of the species is acknowledged even by the stolid Indian of being able to put up a good scrap if scratches count. A few ships and a skyscraper or two could well be put to bed in this gigantic eruption of the past. From our height, however, the crater did not look as if it were such a terribly big "scratch" at that. Ubeheba Crater is 28 miles north of Stove Pipe Wells.

The sun was sinking low, we were losing our race with its last flickering rays, the purple shadows deepened over this mysterious valley of romance, wealth and tragedy.

PILOT Baker pointed the nose of his plane towards Stove Pipe Wells. We flew over Surveyors' Springs and we would soon near the region where the old, lost Gunsight Mine of the Georgians should be located. Well, anyway, we would have a good excuse to give Charlie Walker for not finding it. It would soon be too dark.

Over the Panamints we rose—higher and higher. Again we could get a last flicker of the sun. Here we picked up once more the ribbon of the Eichbaum road, 5286 feet above sea level, winding over Townsend Pass.

Away off in the distance we could see the twinkle of lights. As we flew eastward a beam of light caught the silver wings of our plane.

It was the revolving searchlight, the beacon at Stove Pipe Wells, that guides wanderers of this great, dead, dry sea to the one haven of safety and comfort.

A never-to-be-forgotten sight, the cheerful twinkle of lights below in this strange region, like a fairy city suddenly called into being through the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp. We banked and circled and now swept over Stove Pipe Wells, then shot down to the landing field, our adventure over.

Night had fallen. Jess Hession, his ten gallon hat in hand, rushed out onto the field to meet his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Eichbaum were there to greet us and announce dinner waiting in the dining room.

White Requiem

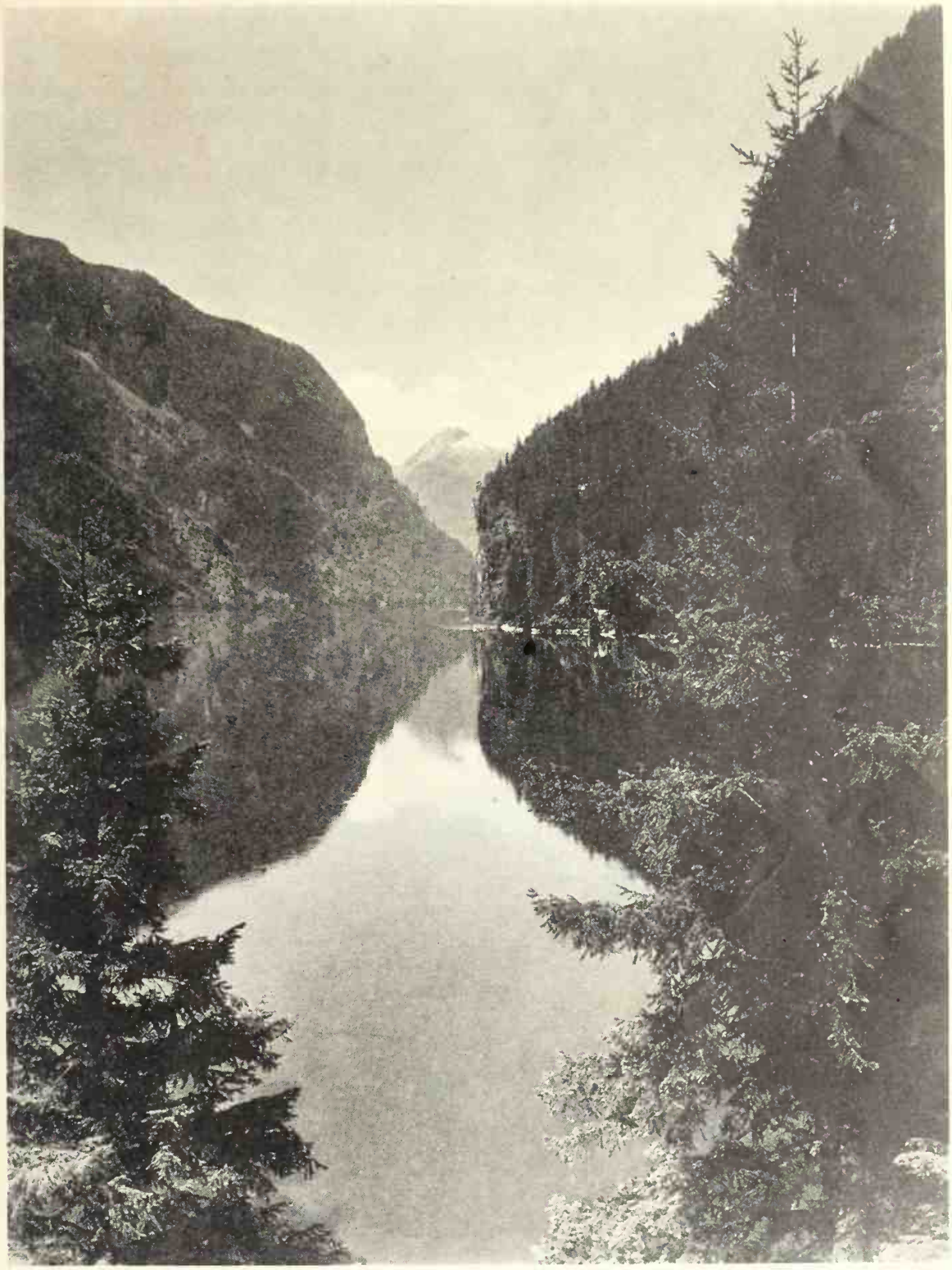
By S. Bert Cooksley

The cricket talks beneath his tree of wheat
And the sparrow sings out from her green door,
And the moon and meadow and quince tree meet
Secretly, eagerly as long before.

Spring's patchquilt of magic is on the wind
Always: only I have gone a little blind.

Year after year the stars color the sky
And the hills color the earth and Beauty goes
Fair as the newest April passing by.
Year after year the summers blow the rose,

And the day is a vault of green and gold
Always: only I have grown a bit old.



Cruising Waters

Rugged and more glorious than the far-famed Fjords of Norway, are the thousand inlets of British Columbia near Vancouver, Canada

Interesting Westerners

PRESENTING:

Mrs. Mab Copland Lineman: She Teaches Women Protective Law
Gunnar Widforss: Famous Water-Colorist of National Parks
Mrs. Emma Coldiron: Her Stage is Headlights, Not Footlights
May: A Zuni Indian Girl, Guide for Tourists in New Mexico
William Nichols: One of the West's Oldest Living Stockmen

A Woman Instructs Women in Business and Law

When Mrs. Mab Copland Lineman lost all her money through ignorance of the law she immediately turned the misfortune to good account by becoming a lawyer with a definite desire to protect other women from a similar predicament. She is author of "Business and Protective Law," dedicated to the women of California, and "The Law of Common Things in California," a high-school text-book, and is giving two years' time on a lecture tour without recompense, to the California Federation of Women's Clubs

WHEN Mab Copland Lineman came to California from Scotland, an inexperienced young woman, it was not long before she lost the little money she had, because of ignorance of the law. Her loss made her realize that if she would survive she must learn how to take care of her interests. Soon after her arrival she entered the College of Law of the University of Southern California. Her experience in the business world had convinced her that losses sustained by the majority of men and women are due to ignorance of the simple fundamental principles of law, not such law as the lawyer needs, but what she designates as "Business and Protective Law," or the "Law of Common Things."

She entered her law course with the consuming purpose of later going before the women of California and impressing upon them the need of knowing the fundamental principles of law, the law that governs the common affairs of life, in order to protect their possessions from dwindling away and possibly leaving them in poverty. She finished the course in three years, receiving the alumni medal for highest average scholarship in her class. Soon after graduation she was invited to give lectures before the Woman's City Club of Los Angeles. These lectures established her, and as a result she originated and was class instructor of a course in Business and Protective Law for Women given by the Extension Division of the University of California at Los Angeles. She is still on the lecture staff of the University.

Numerous clubs for women in Los Angeles began to call upon her for talks, eager to hear what she had to say. Not content with what she was accomplishing in her home city she visioned the great good that would accrue to women of the state if the California Federation of Women's Clubs would create a division of Business and Protective Law for Women. She was invited to speak before the convention of that body when it met in Sacramento in May, 1927, and there urged that all clubs form study sections on this subject. Mrs. Lineman is a forceful and charming speaker

PHOTO BY RAYMOND RICHTER STUDIOS

and so great was the interest that a Division of Law, Business and Insurance was created of which she was made State Chairman. There are now over two hundred women's clubs in the state following this course of study. It has proved one of the most successful courses of study ever offered by women's clubs. Outlines for study sections are prepared by Mrs. Lineman. Once a month she gives a radio talk, taking up subjects to be discussed the following month. The theme of her teaching is "Learn the common principles of law and business, ignorance of which often brings tragedy."

Knowing the need for a book stripped of technicalities, that would bring the law within the ken of the average man and woman, she wrote "Business and Protective Law," published in December, 1926, and now in the third edition, purchased by as many men as women. It is also used as a text-book by the study sections of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, and is dedicated to the women of California. She has also written a high-school text-book, "The Law of Common Things in California," recently approved and listed by the State Board of Education of California for use in high schools.

Mrs. Lineman is giving two years of her time without recompense to the California Federation of Women's Clubs, lecturing on Business and Protective Law as often as three and four times a day. She spends a week in one place, two weeks in another, sometimes three in a locality and is often invited to talk to chambers of commerce and similar organizations, for men, too, have their losses due to ignorance o. the law. Her lectures are never dry, as she has a way of injecting a bit of sparkling wit and illustrating a point by citing actual happenings from her wide experience as a practicing lawyer. In addition to this she lightens the seriousness of the subject with philosophical quips, and so holds the interest of her audiences instructing them while entertaining them.

WHEN Mab Copland Lineman lost her money through ignorance, she turned her misfortune with true Scottish grit to good account. Thousands of men and women are profiting from her admonition. "Learn the fundamentals of business and protective law, so that you can sense danger." And though she entered law school visioning what she intended to accomplish, I very much doubt if her vision extended one-quarter of the way of her actual accomplishment.

ESTELLA M. PLACE.

A Painter of National Parks

A SWEDISH water-color artist left Stockholm seven years ago with the intention of taking a trip around the world. He found California so much to his liking that he decided to remain. Parking his car, or pitching his tent, as it were, Gunnar Widforss has been "camping" in our national parks ever since, with an occasional trip to San Francisco, his headquarters.

So true to nature, so inspirational are the Widforss pictures of the redwoods of Humboldt and Mendocino counties and the Monterey cypresses, and his paintings of scenes in Grand Canyon, Mesa Verde, Taos, New Mexico, Zion National Park and the Yosemite, that he has become known as the official painter of the national parks. His exhibition at the National Gallery, Washington, D. C., in December, 1924, established his reputation among art critics and the public. Now at all the western park exhibits his water-color paintings are received with enthusiasm.

A visitor to a national park, wishing that he could paint, may look with envy on the apparently easy-going life of a painter, not realizing that an artist like Gunnar Widforss is his own taskmaster and severest critic. Before the tourist has thought of his morning coffee, or the squirrels and chipmunks have made their first runs of the day, Widforss is in his car and on his way to the site of a picture. Once at his easel the early hours pass in intense study, and during the afternoon three to four hours are spent in work on another painting. Even when the day is over the artist occasionally remains afield, feeling impelled to paint a certain picture at dusk, for then the light is so beautiful!

Widforss has painted scenes in Yosemite at all seasons, yet perhaps he prefers the Indian-summer time when the foliage of trees turns to brilliant orange, yellows and reds. Remarkable is a picture of a bit of Merced River in which a tree in gay fall coloring is reflected. This painting is declared by many critics to be the best water picture ever painted. Equally entrancing are small pictures of the woods under a blanket of snow from which slender trees rise, or the one of Half Dome, snow-covered, with the Merced River in the foreground between banks of translucent whiteness.

Thus the work of Gunnar Widforss goes on throughout the year, even though the sun's rays are hot or an autumn wind sends a shower of leaves over his canvas, or an approaching snow storm benumbs his fingers; for this disciple of our western mountains, who has adopted California, is as inured to all kinds of weather as were his Norse ancestors, or our American Indians who once occupied exclusively the territory which has become the United States National Parks.

DAGMAR F. KNUDSEN.

Gunnar Widforss, famous water-colorist, at work in the Yosemite Valley, painting a picture of Half Dome from the banks of the Merced River. He is a distinguished painter of the United States National Parks

She is an Auto-Bus Operator

THE development of a modern auto-bus transportation service covering an average daily schedule of 2700 miles with up-to-date equipment is a man-sized job that a woman has handled successfully.

In 1913 in the little town of Hoquiam, Washington, Mrs. Emma Coldiron was struggling along with a small confectionery business. A new lumber camp opened four miles from Hoquiam and Mrs. Coldiron invested her meager savings in two second-hand Fords and established a bus service between town and camp. While this was done primarily to help out the store business it proved so profitable that in the spring two more cars were bought and the line extended to Pacific Beach. This was the humble beginning of one of the largest transportation companies operating in the Northwest, with lines extending through Idaho, Oregon and Washington.

Mrs. Coldiron, owner and manager of the Blue Line Bus Company and the Blue Mountain Transportation Company, is an unassuming little woman who apparently sees nothing extraordinary in the success she has gained in the business world. When asked to what she attributed it and what training or qualities she had that fitted her for this line of endeavor she smiled almost apologetically and said: "Why, I didn't have any training. I was just a green country girl, but there was no prospect of financial independence in the confectionery business and I thought there was a future in the bus business." Her creed seems to be expressed in the words she used to sum up her success: "If you stick with anything and do right, you must win."

Mrs. Emma Coldiron is a woman of exceptional initiative, owning and operating one of the largest transportation companies in the Northwest, with auto-bus service through Oregon, Washington and Idaho. She has adopted three children

One of the romances of modern business is the linking of Pacific and Atlantic coasts by means of luxurious motor busses. Mrs. Coldiron, whose headquarters are at Boise, Idaho, had sold three tickets to Cincinnati, Ohio, on the day she was interviewed. By arrangements with other bus lines she is enabled to sell tickets to New York and to points on the Pacific coast. Watching her on the job in one of her stage depots one ceases to wonder at her success. No detail is too trivial for personal attention but no time is lost. With an alertness that many a man executive might envy she makes immediate decisions. Quick to accord praise where due, equally quick to spur the laggard on or tell the incompetent there is no room for him in her organization, she maintains a high standard of efficiency in the large force of men whom she personally supervises.

While discussing her transportation companies Mrs. Coldiron is so thoroughly the level-headed business woman as to give the impression she is quite devoid of feminine emotions, but at mention of her children—she has adopted three—she is instantly transfigured. She forgets rates, mileage, upkeep, and is just a mother, her

eyes shining as she talks on the subject nearest her heart. It was a disappointment that one of the daughters, especially talented in music, did not choose a professional life. In speaking of the girl's talent and how it might have been developed had she followed a musical career instead of marrying, Mrs. Coldiron said wistfully: "But she is very happy in her married life, and happiness is what counts most." ROSE RICHER GILGAN.

A Pioneer Stockman

"THE Old West has been so overdrawn and exaggerated that we stockmen of early times would hardly recognize it as the place with which we were so familiar." The speaker was William Nichols, one of the oldest living stockmen in the Pacific Northwest, now in his ninety-first year. Time has not dimmed his interest in life and living.

"I sometimes wonder where all these strange ideas about the early day West come from, and I have concluded they are the outgrowth of fiction and the movies. For more than a half century I have been in the stock business and I never owned a five-gallon hat nor a purple shirt, neither did I carry six-shooters. There were shooting-irons about the ranch but I thought them unnecessary equipment. We stockmen were an honest hard-working class with little time or desire to run around to dance halls and shoot up the place. Sometimes our buckaroos turned loose when they had a pocketful of money but when it was gone they had to go back to work. As for me, I never even drank coffee. Milk was good enough.

"Of course, the West fifty or sixty years ago wasn't exactly a refined and cultivated community. It was the frontier, with highwaymen and desperate characters. We were a long way from courts and matters had to be settled quickly. I never had but one lawsuit. If settlers tried to fence up my water-holes I always found some way to settle the dispute. Sometimes quarrels arose in saloons and a man quick on the trigger would shoot. Gun-toting and hair-trigger tempers are a dangerous combination, especially when combined with too much liquor.

"It was always the height of my ambition to be a stockman, even as a small lad. My first job was sweeping a store and helping around the place, for which I received four dollars per month. But I learned to stand on my own two feet, even if those same feet were often barefooted. This was in New York state. When I was twelve, father and I went to Iowa where he bought a farm and I started plowing. The furrows were so long that I made only one round trip a day. We built a cabin on the river and father went back after the family. One of my brothers came out that winter. We nearly froze, the cabin was so open. In the spring the river backed up until we took refuge on the roof. After two days of cold and hunger, neighbors rescued us. A few weeks later I had a letter from father saying he was bringing the family, and to meet them at the station. That meant a week's traveling for me by ox-team over muddy roads. My boots were in tatters but I took them along, thinking that when I had to wade through the swamps they would keep the snakes from biting me. I reached the village the night before my parents' arrival and camped in the edge of town. I saw the train pull in and the family get off. I walked up to my father and said, "Are you looking for some one to haul you into the country?" "Dash all my buttons, young man," father replied, "I am looking for my son." After awhile I sauntered by again. "Has your son come, sir?" "No, but he'll be here soon." Tatters, bare feet, unkempt hair and mud-caked garments had so disguised me that even mother did not recognize me.

"In a few years I decided to go to the Far West. I got a job driving an ox team and we landed in the Rogue River Valley where I worked for a stockman and later for myself.

"There is no business in the world to my notion like the stock business, and all five of my boys learned to ride when they were so small they can't remember their first attempts, which were made on our cayuse pony. My two daughters and their mother have passed on, but I have lived to see four of my sons following some branch of my line of business. I like to recall the West when bunchgrass waved waist-high, water-holes were plentiful and ranges were dotted with hundreds of slick white-faced cattle."

M. LEONA HOBBS.

"I have been in the stock business for more than half a century and I never owned a five-gallon hat, nor a purple shirt, nor did I flourish shooting-irons. Sometimes, of course, our buckaroos did turn loose, but the Old West has been greatly exaggerated." So said William Nichols on his ninetieth birthday when this photograph was taken

May, an Indian Guide

THIS Zuni Indian girl answers the numerous queries of tourists and leads them to the most interesting spots in Zuni, an Indian pueblo located some miles from Gallup, New Mexico. Glimpses of Indian family life closed to the unaccompanied white visitor are revealed under the kindly tutelage of "May," as she likes to be called. She demonstrates the tribal method of bread-baking by putting her batter-dipped hand on a hot griddle placed over red coals; coaxes a squaw into posing for a picture beside the door of her adobe oven; points out the Zuni "Center of the Earth" and good-naturedly answers questions not always politely asked. In short, she is an excellent example of a good guide.

May posed here with native grace as a Zuni "Rebecca at the well." This custom of carrying water is believed to be responsible for the poise of so many Indian women. Those of this pueblo are the gardeners, hence they must irrigate the family plot. Daily one sees them traveling between well and garden with brimming ollas balanced upon their heads. They consider this no achievement whatever and it is a pleasing sight to see how easily and nonchalantly it is accomplished. GENEVRA A. COWAN.

PHOTO BY JOHN L. COWAN

The West *at* Washington

A National University at Washington and Dr. Cloyd Heck Marvin

By Theodore M. Knappen
SUNSET's Staff Correspondent at the National Capital

THEY all come to Washington soon or late. More and more the ever more stately city by the Potomac becomes the national city. First in politics for more than a hundred years, it is now the capital of science and the resort of intellect. Without business or industry it is yet becoming the thinking capital of business. Several hundred trade associations have their headquarters here. The social life of the city, varied and brilliant, attracts the wealth and talent of the continent. Educators swarm here and the city bristles with schools, colleges and universities.

True, it does not yet possess a towering national university; but wait and give Dr. Cloyd Heck Marvin a chance and see what happens. George Washington dreamed of a great University in the new capital —and Dr. Marvin has arrived to realize the dream. Trained in California and tried by fire or, rather, firing in Arizona, the man who was the youngest university president in the world and is still on the under side of forty is here to project George Washington University into the estate of glorious eminence. At the moment Georgetown University is the pre-eminent institution of learning in the District of Columbia and it makes a specialty of training men for the diplomatic and consular services—now one and the same.

There are tenuous hopes that Congress may yet take up George Washington as the national university but the chances are that Dr. Marvin will have to find some way to tap millions in private possession if he is to achieve his ambition. And yet the university is closely articulated with the government. Uncle Sam is financing thousands of young men and women in the pursuance of their education within its scattered walls. They enter the civil service and thereby connect with an income, much of which they spend in the late afternoon and night courses of the University. A university with that sort of a student body is necessarily a novelty among American educational institutions; its students are actually taking college courses for the purpose of getting an education. They work at it and stick to it. An educational institution that educates is bound to make its mark sooner or later. America has a real need of educated men and women, rather than of persons wearing college degrees and proficient in institutional yells. Young people who are getting an education at the same time that they are helping to turn the wheels of government will have to be reckoned with one of these fine days.

Owing to its singular devotion to education George Washington University does not stand very high in the University group just now. Its football is mediocre, its baseball no better and its society is cursed with mentality. It's no place for a regular college fellow. But Dr. Marvin is obsessed with the out-of-date idea that it is possible to make a success of an educational institution that educates. The idea is not only out of date—it is queer to the verge of monomania. But a glance over history reminds one of how the queer has a way of becoming general; and the biographies of the great are replete with the records of successes achieved by erratic men. It is not impossible, even though seemingly improbable, that an educational institution may remain educational and achieve greatness, and that the man who believes that there is a real need for educative educational organizations may win out after all.

Dr. Cloyd Heck Marvin

It's a tough job that Dr. Marvin has tackled but his ancestry began to prepare him for it in New England a long time ago. After a time they transferred their preparatory work to that transplanted New England, the Western Reserve in Ohio. And it was there, in Findlay, that Cloyd Heck was born in 1889. Aged 19 the boy chanced to make the acquaintance of that famous liberal Dr. David Starr Jordan, then President of Leland Stanford, and was promptly lured to the halls of Palo Alto. For three years he fought for an education by the work-as-you-study route but the task was too heavy and ended in a nervous break-down.

Then it was out into the desert in search of renewed health. Establishing his base at Banning and forming a social partnership with "Wagon-Wheel" Johnson, a famous desert rat of those days—this was along about 1912—he pursued health on horseback and sought for it in sleep under the starry skies. The chase was successful and our hero returned to his studies, but this time in the University of Southern California, where he acquired his first collegiate sheepskin in 1915. This was making a pretty late getaway for such an early start—only a B. A. at 26, but perhaps the lost years in the desert were not lost forever.

AT Leland Stanford Marvin worked himself into a collapse at the telephone exchange, but unafraid of telephones he resumed his activity in that field when working for his master's degree. While the facts are not at hand in indisputable form it appears that he made his thesis pay for itself by getting the facts regarding the inefficiency of the five-company telephone system the Los Angeles area boasted in those days. Marvin discovered that the system, or rather, the lack of system was amazingly inefficient. This discovery impressed everybody with the young man's perspicacity, the prevailing idea having been that the more telephone companies you had in a given area the more efficiency you had therein. The Southern California M. A. was not masterly enough for our friend, being looked upon in the East somewhat as Los Angeles' rapid growth was there disesteemed. So, to Harvard Marvin went to get a real snooty Master's Degree, which was thereafter capped with a Ph. D. at the same high-brow institution.

Since then he has acquired no more ornamental capitals, unless it is worth while to mention an LL. D. that the University of New Mexico conferred on him when he had attained the advanced age of 34, but maybe that was merely a neighborly courtesy, return favors being expected in kind—Dr. Marvin being at that time a professor of economics at the University of Arizona. But before he got to the Arizona center of higher learning he was instructor and assistant professor in economics at the University of California. In 1916-17 he was back at Harvard as a Thayer fellow, but as soon as his salary yielded a transcontinental railway fare he

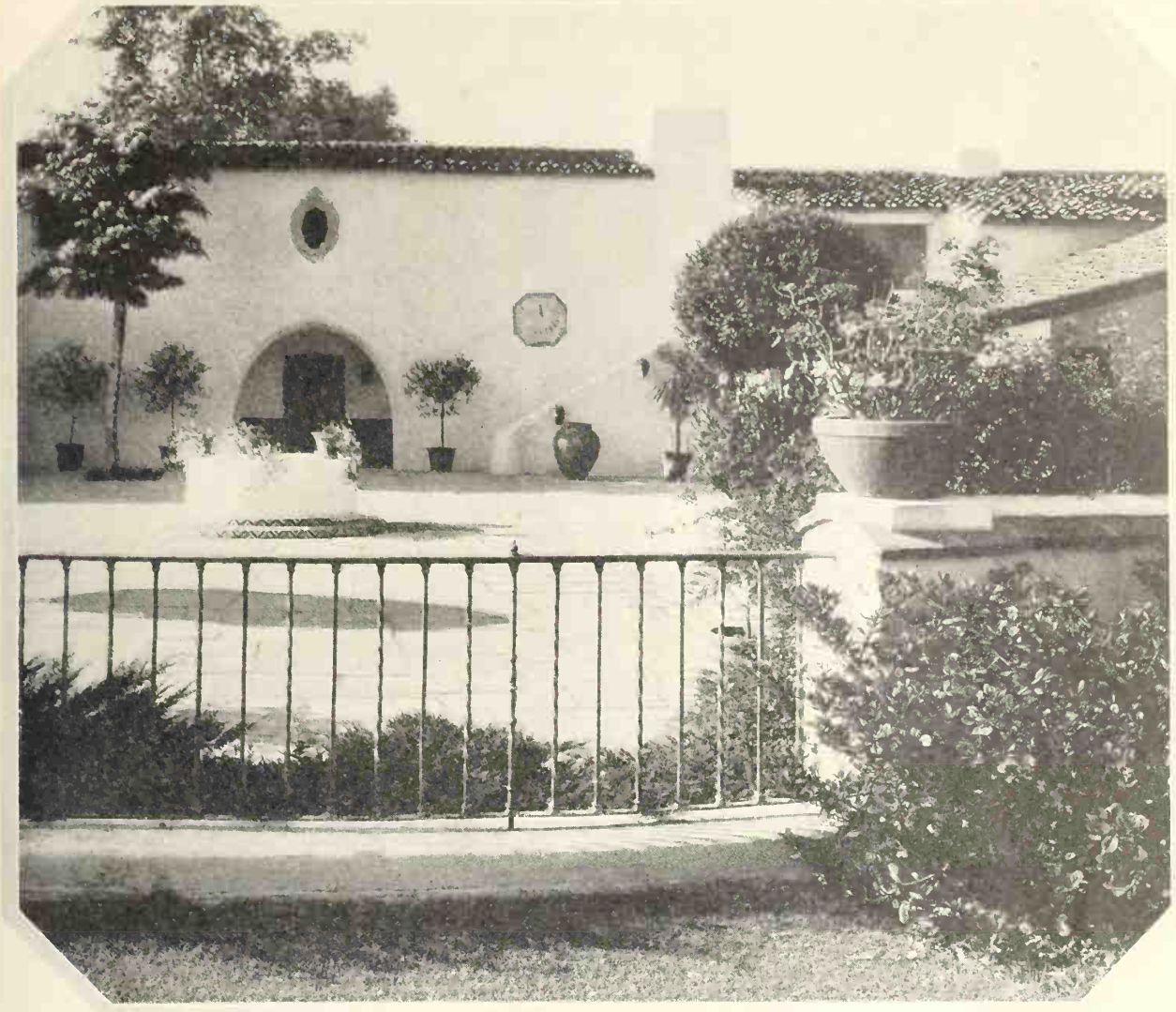
(*Continued on page 59*)

Western Homes *and* Gardens

Conducted by Lillian Ferguson

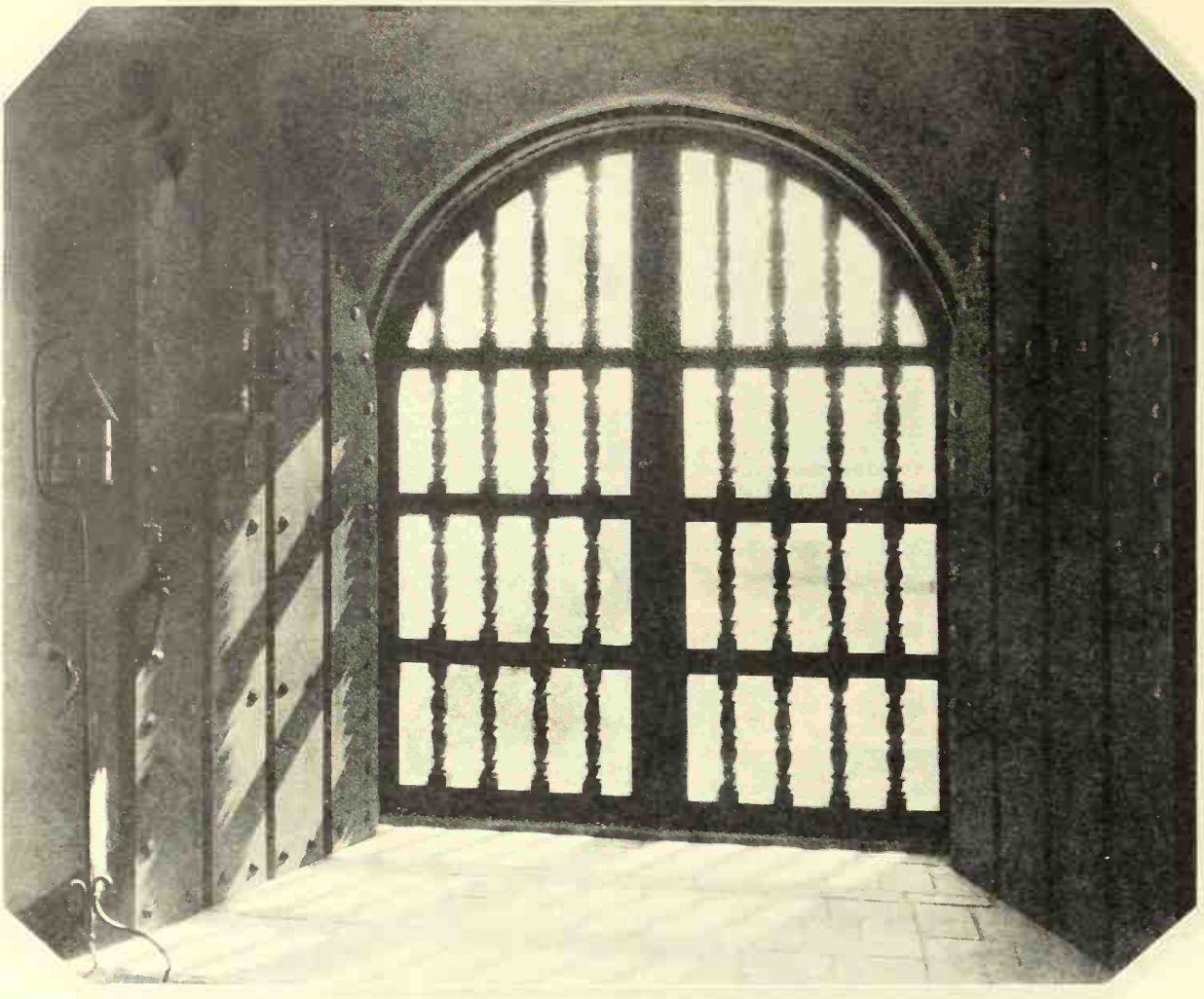
A Garden *Typical of the* Sunny South

AWAY down south in Dixie-Land the gardens are characterized by privacy. They are "courtyards" there, and a series of these enclosed gardens is typical of homes of the wealthy. When Arthur K. Bourne built his beautiful home in Pasadena, California, he availed himself of climatic conditions favorable to just such a series for sun-loving plants. The garden above is bordered by tree roses. Three fountains, colorfully tiled, are lighted electrically at night. In the distance is a wrought-iron gate of delicate design



THE courtyards are at different wings of the Bourne house. Many potted plants, including oleanders and palms, emphasize the tropical idea. Quaint charm is achieved by unusual placement of the ornamental and the useful, as in the octagonal time-piece set against a stucco wall. A well-head with rim graced by trailing foliage, its base inset with bright tiles, is an effective note necessary to the general architectural scheme

HOUSE and gardens are blended in an atmosphere of spaciousness and peace. At left is a quiet corner below a small balcony. At right a close-up, from a larger balcony, of exotic coloring in masses of zinnias

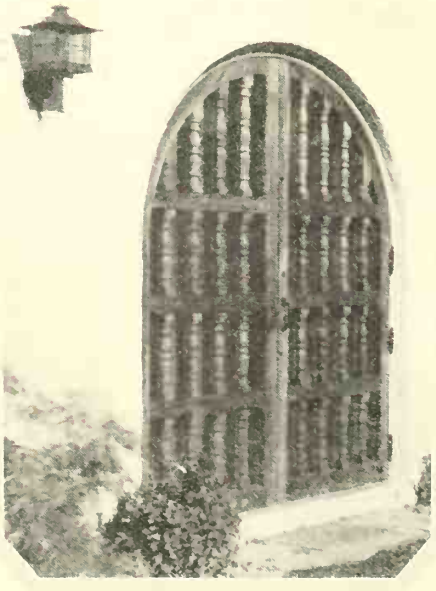


¶ The double entrance grille above is a fine example of the dignified Spanish type, a style notably simple in pattern and suitably proportioned to the massive, fortress-like wooden inner doors studded with Spanish nails

Herbert R. Fitch Photo

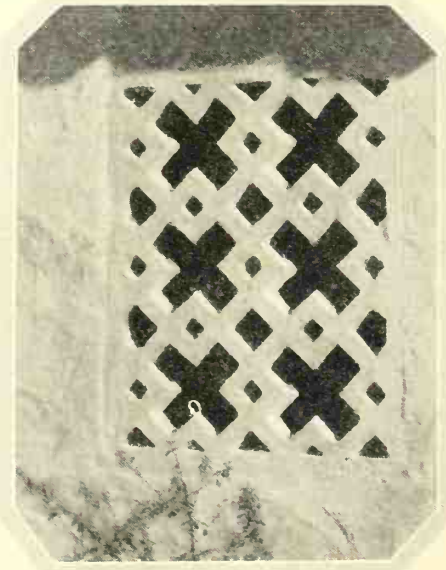
L. J. Rice Architect

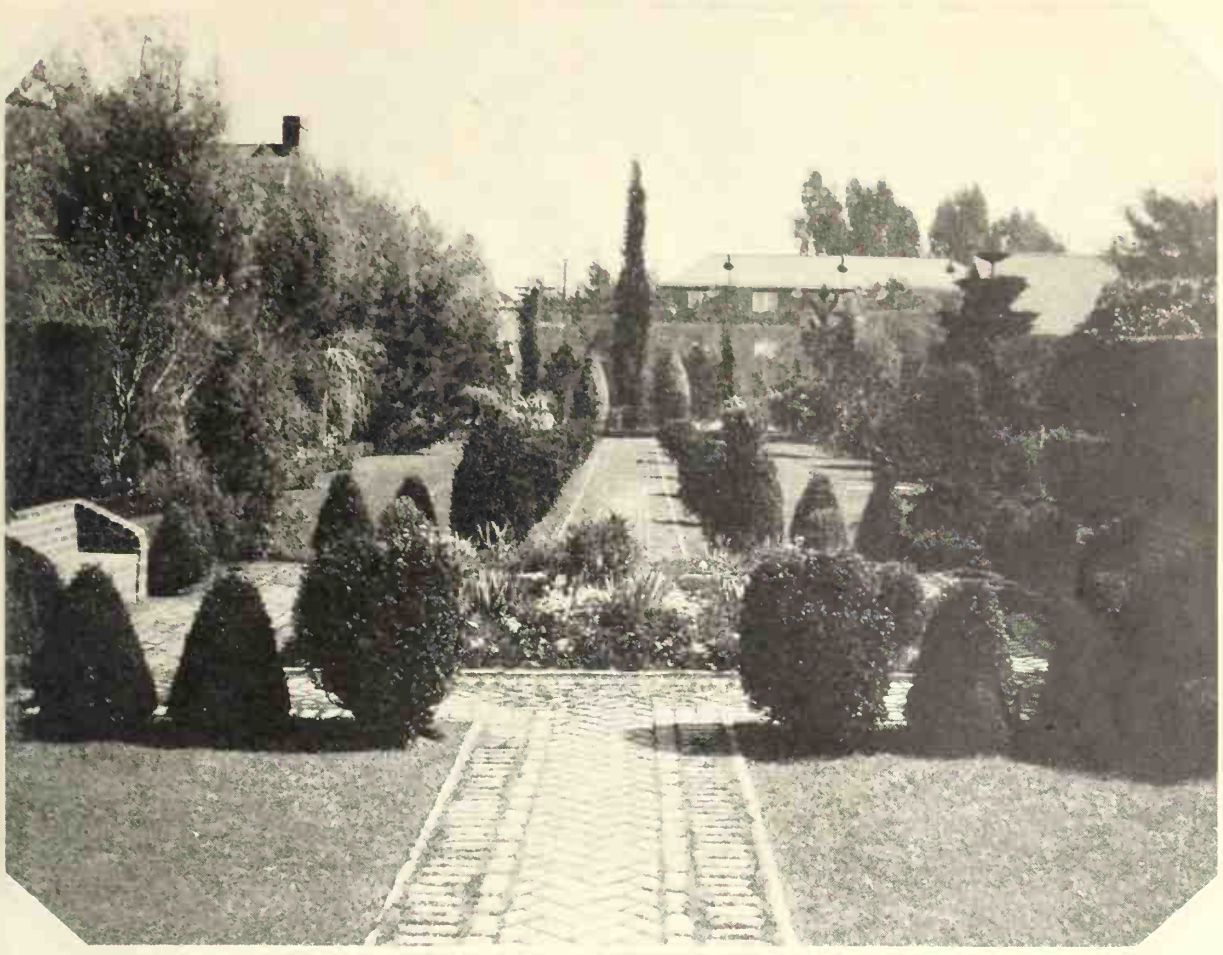
¶ At left, an exterior view of the closed entrance. A small grille within provides communication when the doorway is barred. Below, a window detail. Home of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Richards, Rancho Santa Fe, California



PADILLA CO. PHOTO

When a Grille Serves as a Gate





Green in the varying tones of shrubs, hedges and lawns is the keynote of this beautiful garden, relieved by the warm coloring of red brick walks and a square of rock gardening containing an effective array of flowering plants, flanked by two brick benches

In a Green Garden

The long path down the center is bordered by trimmed boxwood and arbor vitae. The bricks are laid in interesting patterns outlined with the green of tufted grass. This city garden conveys a very pleasant impression of seclusion. Home of Dr. Isaac H. Jones

Solving *the* Country Bathroom Problem

WHEN the city dweller thinks of building a week-end cottage, whether it is to be a cabin in the woods as a base for hunting or fishing, or a house in some isolated place in which to rest, the problem that confronts him is the bathroom. He can get along with the roughest shack, provided he has a comfortable bed and a place to cook his meals, but he must have what all Americans consider essential, an adequate, sanitary bathroom.

Most farmhouses now have bathrooms, all small towns have houses built with modern plumbing, but for places without town sewage the bathroom has seemed to be an obstacle. It need be such no longer. Build on mountains, in meadows, on farms, build wherever you can get running water, and you can have a bathroom —even one as attractive as those in the alluring advertisements put out by up-to-date plumbing companies. Plumbing fixtures with slight imperfections in the enamel can be bought for a small sum; second-hand fixtures for a still smaller sum; at standard prices the most elegant fixtures. It all depends on the amount you want to spend, but the septic tank in the back yard, which makes the country bathroom possible, can be built for $25. I know, for I have done it.

What is a septic tank? It is a tank where the organic matter is rendered harmless and soluble by certain bacteria which live without oxygen. In other words, these bacteria absorb the gases and purify the organic matter as it slowly passes through the tank. A small tank, large enough for a house used by ten people and containing two bathrooms and a kitchen sink, is illustrated on a following page. It is the size that cost me $25. This septic tank can be placed near the house or as far from it as desired. It makes no difference, for it is sanitary, but it should be placed so that the top of the tank is at least 8″ below the ground level, to allow sufficient soil in which to grow grass or small plants. This tank consists of two approximately air-tight concrete boxes. Each box is four feet square by four feet deep. In the center of each box a stock 18″ cast iron manhole should be installed, or a concrete manhole cast to fit a rabbeted opening. The inlet to the tank from the house is a regulation standard 4″ soil pipe with a bend extending down inside the tank of at least 6″ to make a trap when the tank is filled. The two chambers are connected by a similar trap as illustrated. The outlet is also made of standard 4″ soil pipe, but at least 30′ of piping should connect with the outlet and extend through the garden

(*Continued on page 66*)

A Shasta Sunset

By Cliff Maxwell

Illustrated from an etching by Frederick G. Fobbins

THE long, slanting rays from a westering sun are creeping up from the soft green of Mount Shasta's lower slopes to the mobile, marble whiteness of the upper reaches. As the rays creep inexorably up and up the mighty mountain the beholder is reminded of a gigantic, golden-legged spider stalking a supper invisible to him.

Reaching, at last, the topmost peak, the rays pause a moment, as though in answer to the protest of a furious little snow flurry soundlessly raging at being deserted by these digits of the day. With a last, lingering caress they take their departure and the eternal snows of the peak are bathed in an unbelievable blending of soft rose and gold.

As if waiting for the close of this majestic ceremonial, Dame Nature's furred and feathered populace again resume their activities. The sharp, staccato bark of a predatory coyote, triumphant in the discovery of a legible trail across the little creek, wakes the echoes while the bickering and quarreling of the birds over quarters and the rustle of the little furry things scurrying hither and yon on nameless errands lend a somnolent cheerfulness to all.

A zephyr comes twisting and gliding through the countless needles of the towering pines and they immediately use it to carry their evening anthem. It is a song of the spheres. It sings of Time and Space; of Life and Death; of deathless Love and magnificent Adventure. It breathes of worlds dead and forgotten and of others yet unborn. It whispers of the fauns and fays that played in the youth of an ancient time, and of the sylphs and satyrs that dance to the pipings of goat-hooved Pan.

The choral ceases. The zephyr has passed only the pines whispering their age-old secrets break the silence as the moon prepares to scale the eastern sky.

A City for Children

hand to the educational institution, the children rallied to their defense of their favorite gathering place. They electioneered at home, upon the streets and in the office buildings. The result was astounding. The plan to give the college part of the playground obtained hardly enough votes to be counted. The school has since established itself in a district where the younger generation plays a less important part.

While the drama has a stronghold in the neighborhood and larger civic life, plans are now afoot to entrench it still deeper and a campaign for a Children's Theater has been launched. This, like the plays and pageants given out of doors, is to be entirely in the hands of the youngsters.

"Hands Off Adults" will be the motto of this institution when it is brought into being, if those who are behind the plan have their way. That it has intrigued the best minds in the community is shown by the rapid progress the project has made,

(*Continued from page 16*)

and indications are that it soon will be realized.

R. Ellis Wales, an official of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, has been one of the leading figures in this project and he hopes to announce its success within a few months.

"The theater must be a children's institution in actuality," he declares. "There will be a consulting head to advise and offer suggestions, but like our open air gatherings, the work must originate among the little folks themselves. Both musical and dramatic entertainments can be given during the rainy season or when more formal presentations are required than those now held. It has been my hope that opera or at least musical drama of a juvenile type can be developed there, a type of entertainment virtually untried in this country.

"The theater will in no way compete with the wonderful work being done by the neighborhood groups, for it is from them it will draw its support. It is our desire to develop a style of program in which various communities can take part in a single day, something in the nature of vaudeville in which one-act plays, story telling, a bit of school acrobatics and circus stunts from the neighborhood societies can be blended into one performance. It must be, however, solely a children's playhouse or support will not be forthcoming."

Analysis of the activities which make San Diego a city for children is simple, but a glimpse into the future has caused wise heads to ponder. Will the growth of the city into a metropolis make such life impractical? Will numbers add to the problem or can it still be worked out with the neighborhood as the unit? These are questions only the years can answer. The very children who are growing up amid these advantages will be the ones who will be called upon to solve them. The hands now directing will have passed on.

The Scenery Salters

insistent, swelling monotone of their chant, growing terrible; the writhing bodies of the snakes; the hysteria of moments when they struck or seemed about to escape into the crowd; the sweat and smell and hypnosis and fervor and incredible sensation of fascinated horror mounting with the mounting drama of the ceremony; the twisting, snapping, squirming mass of snakes pitched within the circle of sacred meal at the end; the salvaging of the reptiles and the disappearance of the repulsive, painted, daubed bodies of these miracle men from another age—and a distant, sullen, sudden booming of thunder, the forked play of lightning to the northeast, and an abrupt, dramatic cloudburst there, sweeping toward us, and presently splashing us with big, hot drops of rain—that was the snake dance, *which is held for the purpose of asking the gods for rain!*

BUT after the excitement wore off that gnawing suspicion of ours returned. We hadn't seen an Indian ceremony—not one like that, on such a stage and with such a back-drop and with such a theatric climax! What had happened? Well, we must have had our legs pulled, somehow!

Clyde Colville came up then, and was introduced for the first time by the chief bunco-steerer of the lot, Wetherill. It was a clue. We were being jobbed, and the gang was beginning to do its stuff in team! From that time on doubt rested on us like a cloud, as I have said above. From that moment we were the victims of a puzzled and baffled incredulity. We began to see dimly, there and then, that we were being worked on!

Northwest of these villages, and climbing gradually toward eight thousand

(*Continued from page 13*)

feet on a big plateau, we came to two of the most interesting of the Hopi villages: Hotavilla, intriguing because it is very old and is the abiding place of the conservative Hopis who hate the white man and his ways and will have nothing to do with him that they can help; Moencopi because it is so new and is built on a tributary of the Little Colorado that furnishes it with plenty of water—a practically unknown commodity elsewhere in the Hopi country—for irrigation of fine crops and orchards. In Hotavilla the inhabitants wear the costumes of five hundred years ago, with small differences: the women wrapped leggings and skirts, waists (or whatever you call them) crossing but one shoulder and leaving the other and the arm bare, and shawls; the men breech clouts, with hard looking pants for Sundays; the children cute little suits of brown skin fastened with only one button—the kind provided by nature. In Hotavilla, also, the inhabitants shy when you appear, run when you approach and hide when you try to speak to them. And behind their village is a scene, looking down into a wash across a little *cienega* from which a spring flows, which you will miss if you aren't warned, and which is exactly like a picture and like nothing else—indescribably atmospheric, enchanting, colorful and beautiful. Worth, in short, all the adjectives it took to get it out, even in the above sketchy fashion!

Just beyond Moecopi, where you find your first peaches, pears, apples, melons, small vegetables and berries, are the government headquarters at Tuba City, once a Mormon ranch but now transformed into a comfortable, well-watered, green, inviting oasis settlement unique in all this illimitable barren desert. At Tuba City the ethnologist, the educator, the archaeologist, the feature writer and the man who likes his food can get pretty nearly anything he wants, because it has the Indian Service officials there, the government schools, the Hopis on one side and the Navajos all around them, and a group of interested and generous and helpful citizens willing to entertain the tourist with whatever brand of information or hospitality suits him best; also it is accessible and can be visited in a three day trip, out there and back, which is more than can be said of any other place in the region. Going that way, look up Jess Smith, an ex-cowboy and now a trader and guide and heart of gold, who will make up lies for you if you prefer them, but who can tell the truth when left to himself and not crowded too much.

MEANTIME, however, the scenery salters had got in some more of their deadly work: in my opinion, not shared entirely by the artists of the party, and therefore probably about correct, the biggest and most successful and most creditable hoax they pull on the entire trip. This is to show you Coal Canyon, with the Enchanted Desert and Black Mesa beyond.

In the first place, they have a fine sense of dramatic values, Wetherill and Colville have. Any ordinary, amateur, second-class scenery confidence-man would spread his wonders all over the map, so that you would come up to them gradually and spoil the full effect by taking a long time about grasping it. These two frauds have it down to a science. They sink their wonders underfoot. Therefore you are driving along at ten or thirty miles an hour, depending on your car and the state

of your springs, when they lean over, quietly, and say: "There's a little depression in the road just ahead!" And none too soon do they say it, either.

One minute you are on the interminable desert, stretching ahead unbroken and level as a floor for forty to a hundred miles: in the next you have every brake you own locked tight, your rear wheels are sliding, your heart is in your mouth, and your front axle is hanging over a gorge a mile deep and half a mile wide with nothing between you and Eternity but a sturdy chassis that keeps the back seat and the radiator belonging to the same machine! You know, then, how Napoleon felt when he saw the Six Hundred disappear over the brink of the sunken road at Waterloo!

"Well," Wetherill says, resignedly, "maybe as long as we're here you'd better take a look at this little sketch. It isn't finished, and never will be anything to brag of, but there are some enthusiasts who have taken a liking to it!"

SO you open your eyes—and all the breath is knocked out of your body again—this time, you think, for keeps!

As though the Almighty, hewing out the world, had taken the Big Axe and split the earth, and then had poured down into the crack everything that was left in the Divine Paint Box, Coal Canyon lies before you—a monstrous gash, broken by terraces, buttes, chimneys, clefts, slides, shelves, and canyons of red, white, blue, purple, ochre, yellow, pink, vermillion, magenta, green, bottle-green, orange, buff, tan, plum, apricot, gray, brown, black and crystal rocks and minerals and earth; winding tortuously through the flat plateau on which you stand, opening out to where a series of yellow hills cross the mouth, and then ending in the distant magic of the Enchanted Desert! There is nothing like it in the world—that is, nothing except about two hundred more or less similar ones planted here and there throughout this country of northern Arizona, to bemuse and daze and stupefy and overcome and make a fool of every tourist who falls into the hands of these native super-gold-brick artists, of whom Wetherill and Colville are the most dangerous because the most clever and adroit! The one thing that makes Coal Canyon different is the narrow ribbon of coal that runs the length of the gorge on either bank, near the top, and that finishes off the job as nicely as ribbon in the insertion at the top of a silk nightie!

When, as, and if you recover from Coal Canyon they let you go on; eventually you come to Kay-en-ta, which means Spring of Good Water, and where the Wetherill and Colville factory is located. Here, though you never catch them at it, they manufacture their stage sets and props and work out their color schemes and other frauds: from here they take you to all the points of wonder and glory and immeasurable beauty and blinding and stunning scenic immensity that you can take in without actually having a stroke. We will just lightly touch some of them, as thus:

Chin Lee and Canons del Muerto and Dechelle, where the unbelievable grandeur and beauty of the country goes mad and overdoes things, lying so thick and coming so fast on you that you are brought back with a smelling bottle under your nose and a damp cloth at the nape of your neck.

Betata-kin, the City of the Dead, where, perhaps nine hundred, perhaps fifteen hundred years ago, some Indians found a cave into the jaws of which you could set the San Francisco Ferry Building or Hamburger's in Los Angeles or the United States Capitol and still have room all around and above and below for a few blocks of ordinary cottages and a small music hall or two; in this unbelievable cavern, 650 feet long, 600 feet from floor to top of arched entrance, and 250 feet deep, they built a village of such exquisite and jewel-like beauty as to make it seem the work of some Italian expert in intaglio or cameo cutting. There are still about a hundred rooms intact in this viallge, and many of the household implements, traces of the games, evidences of their civilization and their marvelous crafts lie all about. And don't think there is any joke about putting those buildings above referred to into the mouth of that cavern—and practically losing them there! You can't believe it, I know. Well, I don't, either. But Wetherill and Colville showed it to us!

Rainbow Bridge—a marvelous (there goes marvelous again! I think it has been overworked, and I will now retire it, on a pension, and use a new one) a thundering big natural bridge with all the colors its name implies, but nothing compared to the scenery that lies carelessly scattered about, as though scenery were plentiful and easy to get in wholesale lots, on the journey to and from the bridge.

Monument Valley, that someone says is called by the Indians "Valley of the Marching Rocks." A big waste lying more or less surrounded by high mountains, on the floor of which are built up the most fantastic and striking and awful and resplendent collection of grotesque, fanciful, sculptured, massive or airy buttes and mesas and pillars and towers and cathedrals and opera houses and obelisks and totem-poles and churches and observatories and sleeping lions and standing bears and spires and masts and statues and domed temples in the world—all of sandstone, all flaming with colors, somber or brilliant, and each different from all the others. Sheer out of the desert, too: they are placed like Olympian statuary in an Elysian Art gallery, and you go by them—and around them if you have a week or two to spare, with nothing else to do—one after the other, one after the other, and simply can't believe that any one can excel the last in grandeur or beauty, though that is exactly what each one does do, from beginning to end of the forty or fifty mile journey through!

Agathla's Needle, Church Rock, the Sagi Canyon—well, there's no use cataloging them. The Seven Wonders of the World surpassed and outdone and left flat, all in a space a hundred miles square! More scenery than the rest of America put together, all in two Arizona counties. And so on!

ON top of this, do not forget that, all this time, you are passing through the abiding places of as interesting and amazing an Indian tribe as any we have—the Navajos. Because of them alone the trip would be worth taking. To see and know them and to watch their customs and ceremonies, to study their habits and buy their beautiful silver and incomparable blankets and rugs and listen to their songs and observe their dances, is to be transported into another world than ours. Yet this is all thrown in for generous measure, as an added attraction to the sojourn arranged for you by Wetherill and Colville and by their compeers and fellows in the gentle art of scenery salting.

Because, after you get home, and recover your sanity and return to normal you realize, suddenly, that the whole thing has been a fake. Wetherill and Colville—and very clever, too!—found that bleak, forbidding, barren desert years ago, and decided to stay on it. With time hanging heavy on their hands they began, at first just idly, and for amusement, no doubt, to set up these rocks and build these caves and hire and train these Indians and experiment with colors and views and general scenic odds and ends. They got interested, I suppose; perhaps some guileless traveler, strayed from his road, came along and said: "By golly, that canyon of yours is a beauty!" and gave them an idea. They went to work seriously, then.

That's the whole secret, explained at last! The wonders of northern Arizona are a fraud. You thought that when you were looking on, because you didn't believe anything in art or nature could be so grand, inspiring, gorgeous, resplendent and awe-inspiring. You were right. The scenery is all salted!

A desert spring known as Seven Palms, near Palm Springs, California

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Nearly a score of missions are still standing. On the low wall of a well-spring a senorita plays her guitar, though the well has been dry these many years and the senorita sleeps under an olive tree. Caballeros with jingling spurs and seven-gallon hats come riding by. Reverend fathers in cowl and cassock pass and repass under the arches.

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long ago. True there were service departments for women in a number of banks as far back as 1906, Miss Stoermer's records show. But an out and out women's bank such as the one described here was an unknown quantity in the United States before the establishment of the present institution. Up to that time, as Miss Stoermer most aptly puts it "the woman in industry was merely the transcriber of the mental processes of the male."

It seems stranger still that this remarkable institution has grown up with scarcely a ripple on the surface of general public recognition, but that is the fact. It has been as modest as the desert flower of the Elegy in its bid for fame. It has proven that women can do astounding things in the field of finance and that they can be extremely modest in regard to their financial achievements. Again must man take off his hat to them for reasons other than mere recognition of the difference in sex.

So this institution of flowers and soft lights, smiling, efficient womankind and a family of patrons enormously big and enormously happy, seemingly apart from the world and yet in the heart of this roaring, clashing machine called Big Business, comes to make its splendid contribution to the weal of womankind and to the history of all human relations.

Eastern Capital West

dismal howls of ribald mirth and breasted on through the soft, yielding snow into the night.

The old-timer stood in the doorway of his cabin, his eyes on the slopes of Old Baldy. A touch of spring was in the air, and only occasional patches of snow remained.

The mail plane, now no longer equipped with skis, came into view, and the old-timer hastily closed the cabin door and hurried over to the landing field. Once more he pushed his way through the interested spectators and peered into the cabin. And once again he turned away in impatient disgust.

But not for a moment, during his many trips, from cabin to plane that winter, had he lost faith in the story the teller had told him. That eastern capital would come west he firmly believed, and that it was merely a question of time. And time was something the old man had long ago determined to seize by the forelock.

Shrewd in many ways, and knowing the country and its resources in which he lived, he was aware that scrub timber would never interest capital. The question of power he had also discarded, the creeks being too small for such a purpose on a large scale. Then what was left? Mining. That was it—minerals.

So the old-timer packed two sleepy-eyed burros and headed for the higher reaches of Old Baldy, without giving his cronies a hint as to his destination or purpose, prospecting the outcroppings as he went, hoping to strike something good before those eastern capitalists showed up—something to sell them.

Rounding Windy Point, the old-timer found himself facing a barricade of earth, rocks, roots and splintered timber, which

(*Continued from page 23*)

he instantly knew was the direct result of a slide. In the crevices of the debris, protected from sun and wind, was much tightly packed snow and ice.

The old-timer gazed in awe at the dread obstacle before him. He had seen slides before, both while in motion and afterward, and always felt uneasy in their presence, knowing their destructive power. But being a prospector, he also knew the one good thing about them: They often brought down from the mountains valuable float, which pointed the way to a mother lode and a rich strike.

He made camp in the lee of the tangled mass, using some of the wood for his fire that nature had so handily split and rived for him, and, after a hearty meal, began to search the slide over, chipping a piece from a rock here, a rock there, with his prospecting pick, examining and discarding, heaving and grunting in his task of removing boulders from in front of what looked like a promising specimen of ore.

AND thus, delving and prying and digging like a badger, he came upon a board in which was stapled a hasp, to which hung a heavy padlock. A blow of the pick, a quick, strong pry, and the board came away. Daylight flooded through the aperture, revealing the interior of a twisted, distorted cabin. Everything in it was as tangled and shattered as the remnants of the great slide itself.

The old-timer bent low and stepped inside. For a moment he surveyed the scene of disorder, his lips framing a soundless whistle of astonishment, until his eye caught sight of a human arm. Instantly he became active and had soon uncovered the bank teller's body.

Bending low, the old-timer looked at the face of the corpse, with its wide-staring and sightless eyes and its small, natural black mustache.

"Poor devil!" he exclaimed. "Ketched in that slide! Well, what I'd like to know is how in thunder he got past me, when I've been watchin' ev'ry airyplane this winter?"

It was food for thought, and the old-timer straightened up and began to scratch his head in deep reflection. Giving it up for a bad job, he began his search for something with which to identify the victim.

A square cracker can, with lid open and contents jamming the mouth of it, next claimed his attention. Books, eh? Well, folks generally had their names on the fly leaves of a book. But there was no name written in any of them.

The flat packages under the books came next. The old-timer ripped one of them open, and gasped. As though to dispel the mists of sleep from his eyes, he passed his hand over them, believing it all a dream. The bills he held could not possibly be real. Soon, he felt sure, he would wake up to find he had been asleep.

But examination of more packages revealed more bills in perfect condition, protected from the elements by the books the teller had carefully placed over them and by the tin receptacle in which he had stored them.

Again the old-timer scratched his head thoughtfully, but with little result. His mind became a maze of jumbled conjecture, out of which only one idea appealed to him as correct: Eastern Capital had come West.

A New Purpose in Education

One more advantage of what the writer feels to be the needed type of education remains to be given. Strange as the fact may seem, our present system is democratic only in the superficial way that it throws all grades of society together in the same class-room and stuffs them with the same information, thus fostering an equality of condition which is against nature, and not at all the same as the truly democratic principle of equality of

(*Continued from page 19*)

opportunity. As is clearly pointed out by the anonymous author of "A mother's Letters to a Schoolmaster," the conventional type of school does not duplicate natural social situations for the building of civic experience; it does not permit any great degree of self-expression; it seeks in repression a screen to cover its failure to develop habits of self-control. In other words, although the school may recognize the individual right of the child to an education, he has no right to an education as an individual.

The new purpose would change all this. It would bring about the fullest possible equality of opportunity for self-development—the only kind there is, through freer self-expression. It would create an environment that would as nearly as possible duplicate actual situations found in

the adult world, modified only enough to meet the stages of development of the children, and with all matter presented in such a way that the child would see at once its practical bearing. School would no longer be considered a prelude to life, to be followed by a "commencement". It would be recognized as a very important part of life in which the principles of living would be acquired with a minimum of hard knocks. Instead of trying to force our children, against their will, to be like us, theirs would be the happier lot of being themselves, with their individuality tempered by experience drawn from a past which they have been taught to interpret for themselves, and a present to which they have learned to adjust themselves more effectively than is the case with us.

* * *

So, then, thus briefly the writer presents what seems to him to be the "new purpose" in education. Whether or not the surface signs which have so far been visible may be considered as assurance that this new purpose will finally take hold, he does not know. That it should be the goal of every educator he is convinced. Perhaps, as so often happens, the wish that more modern methods in education may come to pass has simply fathered the thought that they will. But American parents are anything but stupid. By and large they constitute a wide awake, earnest group, a group, it may be said, which desires above all things that its children may get the best there is—and, over and above that, the best that is to be. When that group becomes solidly convinced that the "newer education", as the writer has attempted to outline it here, is the logical development of the more or less experimental educational systems with which we have so far been struggling, then the change will come, the pupil will be educated in the essential meaning of the word and such prophecies as the writer has been tempted to make in this article, will, it is to be hoped, be fulfilled—up to and very probably beyond our most enthusiastic imaginings.

The Old Maxwell Manor

After Judge Beaubien had died Maxwell set about it to get every acre of the land in his own name. This was not difficult. Part of it was already his through his wife; part of it he bought from the other heirs, and the rest they gave him outright. Before long he had it all in his name.

He began at once to make changes. One thing he did was to rename it the Maxwell Land Grant. The great thing he did was to develop it. Most of the land had remained idle through the years of unplanned work. Maxwell had a large task in making something out of all his lands, and he set to work with purpose.

Within a few years he developed one of the greatest agricultural enterprises in America. He had thousands of cattle and sheep and horses. He grew thousands of bushels of wheat and other grains. He built a grist mill, that operated by water power, to turn the wheat into flour. At that time the government was maintaining garrisons in the territory of New Mexico. From the Maxwell herds and granaries came practically all the supplies of the commissariat. This assured Maxwell a ready market for all he could produce right in his own yard, for the government established a post on the manor house grounds.

During one of the years when the Maxwell Manor was at its height, the government surveyed its lands. The work was

(*Continued from page 29*)

done by deputy surveyors who were paid so much a mile for the line they ran. When the survey was done the Maxwell Land Grant included, according to the Surveyor General's report, 1,714,674 acres of land—the largest tract then or since owned entirely by one man—and Congress granted Maxwell title to this amount. The size of this acreage is approximately 30 by 60 miles.

When Lucien Maxwell died in 1875 the great manor dissolved. There was no one who understood it as he did. His family could not manage it. Numerous lawsuits were begun against the estate. The manor house was deserted and left to ruin.

The grant was broken up into small ranches and sold, or else lost by litigation and open thievery. Maxwell's children and other heirs lost nearly everything. Some live today in New Mexico, but not in the easy opulence that their father enjoyed. The largest part of the original ranch now controlled by a foreign syndicate, is some 100,000 acres in extent.

Today when you visit Cimarron you will find little evidence of the glory that is past. The old house still stands and the old grist mill and some of the other buildings, all in ruins.

You will find a few people who knew Maxwell, and you will find them eager to talk of him. He was their friend, they will tell you, and a good man. The manor house stood in a fair state all these years until a fire three years ago finished what the years of desertion and sun and wind had started—and it is now almost unrecognizable in its ruins.

All of Maxwell's works have passed except one, and it has to stand as his only monument. This is a bank in Santa Fe; its name is the First National Bank of Santa Fe and there are still some who call it Maxwell's bank. It was, in fact, Lucien Maxwell's idea, one that he had had for years before he gave it form. There was no bank in the territory of New Mexico then; there was no bank, in fact, in the country covering what is now New Mexico, Arizona, southern Colorado, western Oklahoma and western Texas. So Maxwell called several prominent New Mexicans into conference at the manor house and they organized one.

At the first meeting the directors of the bank voted to have the "impression of the bank's president" on the stock certificates. That meant Maxwell. For the purpose he had a picture of himself made. It was typical of him—here he was, true to life, full-blooded, heavy-jowled, with a huge cigar in his mouth. The picture illustrating this article is from the vignette on the stock certificates, some of which are still in use.

Wild Camels in Arizona?

doned trail still bearing rawhide saddle bags filled with gold! Another story was to the effect that one of the wild camels had parts of a man's skeleton tied to its saddle, the rider having died aboard.

Apart from doubtful stories, there are plenty of reliable records extending over many years, of the existence of these herds of wild camels. The *Phoenix Expositor*, under date of September 26, 1879, says:

> "Those pestiferous camels are again running wild along the banks of the Gila. They are a source of much annoyance to teamsters, sometimes making their appearance on the trails and frightening the mules and horses. We understand that arrangements

(*Continued from page 32*)

> are being made to collect them and take them to Colorado, where it is thought they could be sold at a good price."

Apparently there was something in the rumor of a camel round-up, for the *Prescott Democrat* for December 30, 1881, reports:

> "A capture of wild camels has at last been made by Indians in the vicinity of Gila Bend, and last Wednesday a carload passed through on its way to the East. The carload consisted of seven large and two small camels, consigned to a circus menagerie at Kansas City. They were in charge of an Egyptian, Al Zel, who had been sent out expressly to get them. There are a large number still at large in the vicinity."

One old-timer whose name is inseparably linked with the camel incident is Joe Porterie, who still conducts a chemical and assay laboratory in Phoenix. In the early nineties Joe was prospecting the stretch of desert between the Gila River and the Harqua-Hala mountains when he stumbled upon a small herd, consisting of a bull, three or four cows and eight or nine calves.

The following season a circus was billed to visit Phoenix and an enterprising Mexican resident conceived the idea of captur

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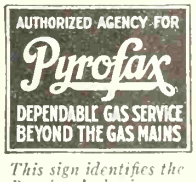

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ing a camel and selling it to the circus man. After a long chase he was successful, but on his return to Phoenix he learned that the circus date had been cancelled, so was left with the camel on his hands. Now some years before, this man had borrowed ten dollars from Porterie, the assayer, so he visited his creditor and induced him to take the camel in lieu of the debt.

Porterie's account of his brief ownership of an ancient female camel is crammed with laughter-provoking incident. It was delivered at his laboratory, but he decided that the back yard of his home offered more suitable housing, so assisted by his young son, he started to take it home. Porterie led the camel by a rope halter, the boy following with a switch. "Grandma," as the ancient one had been named, resented the switching, so removed the switcher with a hoof-tap in the chest, delivered with such lightning speed that the leg was barely seen to move. The boy described several somersaults before he came to rest—dead, most observers thought him. Examination showed, however, that he was nothing worse than badly bruised and was able to be about again, but not camel-teasing, within a few days.

At first Porterie fed his new charge hay, but found it too expensive, so rented pasturage from a neighbor named Mognette. Now Mognette had a brother operating a mule ranch in the Tonto Basin, a few miles distant. As was his custom, Mognette, the mule breeder, arrived in town unannounced one night, and not knowing of its camel occupant, turned a herd of young mules into his brother's pasture. Next morning there were no mules in the field, though parts of them were suspended on the barbed wire fences.

THE Mognette brothers heatedly requested Porterie to take his camel elsewhere. But where? An offer to give the camel to the mule owner was taken as adding insult to injury, so Porterie began to cudgel his brains to think up some person on whom he could unload his trouble making charge.

He visited "Sailor" Brown, a local character, owner of the Lucky Strike saloon and gambling house, and offered to part with Grandma for ten dollars, urging that she would be a red hot attraction for the saloon, and a valuable addition to the "museum," for the Lucky Strike, like many of the old-time desert saloons, boasted of a museum, containing specimens of rich or rare ore, snake skins, fossilized wood, part of the skeleton of an Indian, etc., etc. A live, though somewhat moth-eaten camel was in startling contrast to these other exhibits, but the sum asked was small, so Sailor, after brain-flogging reflection, remarked, "You're on," and Grandma, after an eventful life on two continents, went to work in a saloon.

A lean-to was erected with a window opening directly into the bar room. Customers in a convivial frame of mind, would include the old lady in the "round," but it seemed that no amount of Sailor's tanglefoot would make her "act up" or even remove from her countenance the sad expression, which in its dreadful fixity began to be a source of irritation. A source of surprise, too, to strangers in town, and who perchance had had a busy day visiting other saloons, and who, coming to rest in the Lucky Strike, might suddenly find themselves face to face with a camel—and refuse to believe it. Even some of the strictly sober customers made a grievance of Grandma. Superstitious miners and prospectors, flirting with the Goddess of Chance, tried in vain to read in her unresponsive eye a hint of lucky numbers. Exasperated they claimed that her sad nodding was part of a dark conspiracy with the faro dealers whereby poor miners were relieved of their hard-won dust, or, if not a definite part in a plan of cheating, at least she brought bad luck.

The saloon man, noting diminishing customers, decided that she must go. An offering revealed that there were no takers in Phoenix, so Sailor had to herd her out on the desert and shoo her off—return to her the boundless freedom of the sand and sagebrush.

On the way out of town her unexpected appearance caused the run-away of a team of mules, hauling a load of hay. The wagon and its contents were dumped into and dammed an irrigation ditch, flooding the road and adjacent crops and doing considerable damage. Further on a rancher was encountered driving hogs to market. The sight of the camel struck such terror into the hearts of the porkers that they stampeded and some of them were never recovered.

Grandma was driven beyond the last irrigated patch and told angrily to "beat it," made to understand she wasn't wanted—and that is the last positive record of the Arizona camels. For several years after, word would be brought by travelers crossing the lonely stretch of desert between Phoenix and the Colorado river, of bands of wild camels seen. Some of these stories are known to have been fictitious. None were actually confirmed. The last reported appearance was as late as 1913, a few months prior to the outbreak of the Great War. Farrish, in his "History of Arizona," relates the occurrence, but doubts its genuineness. He writes:

> "A despatch from Tucson, under date of November 28th, 1913, says: 'John Nelson, an ax man with the Ajo railroad surveying party, at the La Favorita saloon on South Mayer Street, last Monday afternoon solemnly averred that a few days before he had seen and hunted camels between the Baboquivari and Gunsight mountains. He refers the doubting Thomases to Mr. Douglas, the draughtsman now at Gila Bend for confirmation.'"

Mr. J. M. Guinn, an old-timer, writing of his experience with the camels, says:

> "He could travel sixteen miles an hour. Abstractly, that was a virtue, but when camp was struck in the evening and he was turned loose to sup off the succulent sagebrush, either to escape the noise and profanity of the camp, or to view the country, he was always seized with a desire to take a 'pasear' of twenty-five or thirty miles before supper. While this took only an hour or two of his time, it involved upon his unfortunate driver the necessity of spending half the night camel-chasing; for if he were not rounded up promptly there would assuredly be a delay of half the next day in starting the caravan. He would carry half a ton. This was a commendable virtue, but when two heavily laden camels collided on a narrow trail, and they always did when an opportunity offered, and a ton of supplies were scattered over miles of plain and the unfortunate camel pilot had to gather up the flotsam of the wreck, it is not strange that the mariners of the arid wastes anathematized the whole camel race from the beast the prophet rode, down to the smallest imp of Jefferson Davis' importation."

The most recent echo of camel days is found in a contribution to the *Arizona Republican* (Phoenix) under date of April 18, 1925. A plea from a desert old-timer, Mr. J. H. Lightfoot, now living in Lindsay, California, for some public recognition of the grave of Hi Jolly, located in the cemetery at Ahrenberg, Arizona. Ahrenberg, in the days of steamboats on the Colorado river, was a busy river town and a mining center, but is now tenantless, one of the "ghost cities" of the West. There, amid the quick-shooting pioneers of the Old West, Hi Jolly, Arab camel tender, sleeps his last sleep.

Just as the great deserts of Asia and North Africa have swallowed up whole civilizations of the past so, too, our Southwestern deserts bristle with fragments of things past and gone. Who occupied the pre-historic cliff-dwellings is left to conjecture. Who dug and used the ancient irrigation canals of Arizona and New Mexico is an unsolved puzzle. According to the archaeologists it was not the cliff dwellers. What of the seven cities of

(Continued on page 59)

A four hundred pound bear killed by Oscar Schumacher of Truckee, California, while on a hunt in the Carpenter Valley region of the Sierra Nevada Mountains

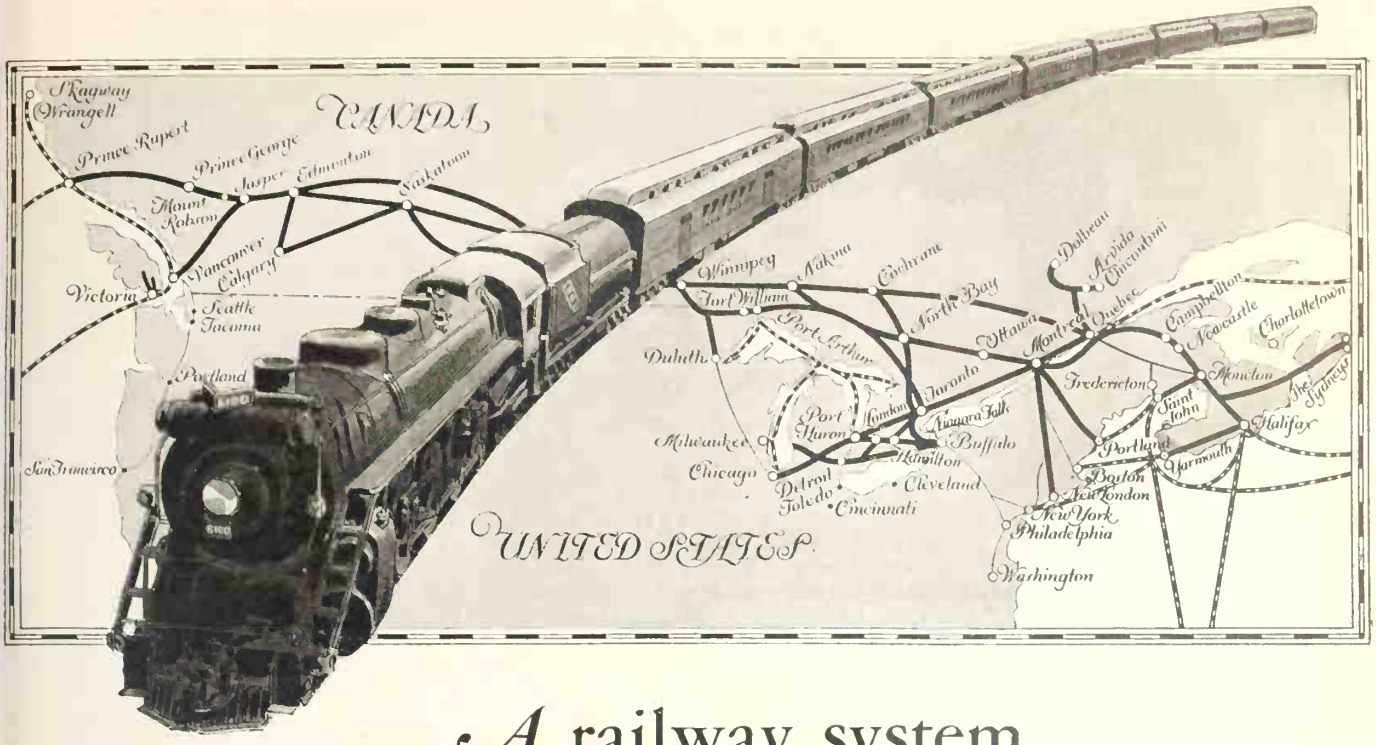

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Photo by C. A. Byers

Harry E. Werner
Architect

A Fireplace in the Patio

¶ This glimpse of the facade of the Kolb residence gives but a limited impression of its size. It occupies a corner lot, revealing in both frontages an unusual attractiveness of irregular wall alignments and broken roof lines

¶ The residence of George O. Kolb at Beverly Hills, California, is built around a very large patio faced by porches and balconies, and carpeted with the green of a lawn upon which paving-stones are conveniently spaced. Rock-work is used with nature's own effectual grouping, aided by low-growing plants. But the patio's dominating feature is a fascinating fireplace attached to one of the white stucco walls of the house, the chimney breast and flue ornamented by small rock accidentals, the opening a sturdy arch, squared above with field stones

¶ The house itself is a charming adaptation of the Spanish type, with roof of red tile, white stucco exterior and weathered gray trim. A spacious approach of lawn provides a perfect setting. Plants suitable for the base of the structure have been carefully considered

Wild Camels in Arizona?

(*Continued from page 56*)

Cibola? Who remembers the fact that the first white man in Arizona long antedated the Pilgrim fathers? Some of his works are extant; most have been covered up by the ever-moving sands. So with the deserted mining camps, gradually they are being obliterated by the wind and sand. And now the camel herd—that enthusiastic experiment that once raised men's hopes—has gone, sucked in by the hungry desert with barely a trace of its existence. Some archaeologist of future times, unearthing a camel skeleton, may say, "Camels! Whew! How come?"

The West at Washington

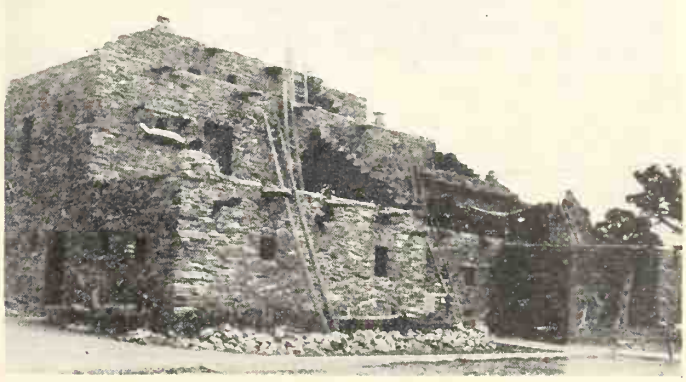
(*Continued from page 41*)

was again in Southern California, this time on the faculty of the University of California, southern branch, where he was variously professor of commerce (Get that —professor of commerce? O, Academe!) associate professor, assistant director and dean. And, also, business adviser. As business adviser Dr. Marvin at that stage was so far as practical experience went a good deal like the spinsters who tell mothers how to bring up babies, but they say he got by inheritance or intuition what other men have to get by experience. Along about this time the war came along and Marvin volunteered and was assigned to the second officers' training camp at the Presidio, San Francisco. Just before the battle was the psychological moment for marriage, but when he went to the Hall of Records to get his marriage license, he found that he had been drafted, notwithstanding that he was already in the army as a volunteer.

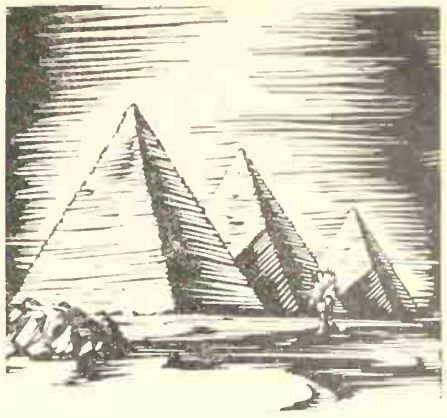
The result was that the eager warrior was posted as a deserter and he isn't sure yet that his record ever was or ever can be cleared.

Having completed his training course at the Presidio at San Francisco, Captain Marvin departed for Fort Vancouver and Portland, where he was put in charge of the production department of the Spruce Production Division of the Air Service. At the outset this division consisted of one room and three men, but soon grew to over 800 officers and men. The new captain's health failed him again in 1918 and at his own request he was transferred to Fort Vancouver and placed in charge of the Officers' Training Corps there. Returning to the paths of peace, when the War was over, Marvin served as assistant professor of commerce, associate professor and assistant director and dean at the University of California southern branch. By way of a slight diversion he was professor of business administration in Columbia University's summer sessions in 1920-21. Since the War he also finds diversion in being a lieutenant-colonel in the U. S. A. Reserves.

In 1922 our hero took an assignment that introduced him to real hostilities—that was the presidency of the University of Arizona. In that job he soon found himself constantly under fire from both the friends and enemies of Governor Hunt. It appeared that the University was looked upon by the Governor's friends as his personal political machine. Finally the job became altogether too hot for comfortable occupancy, and Doctor Marvin and Arizona parted company. About that time George Washington University was looking for an energetic president and the honor came to Marvin. So, here he is in the Nation's capital, wrestling with the ambitious job of giving Washington the sort of a university the Father of his Country dreamed of, but with his fondest interest in life still in the Far West and more particularly in the desert country. Notwithstanding the lush verdure of the natural environment of Washington, Dr. Marvin loves to spend his vacations in the arid and mountainous southwest. He finds physical adventure there, but not any more thrilling than the psychic adventure of striving to give Washington a national university of the first rank.



A replica of a Hopi pueblo



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The Western Housekeeper

Conducted by Pauline Partridge

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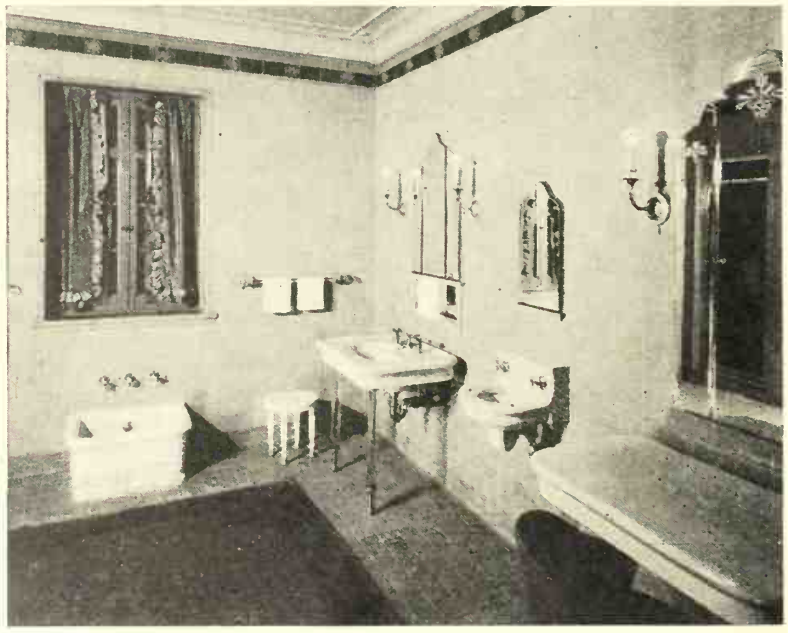
Bedroom *and* Bath

Color Has Been an Influence in Combining the Bedroom and Bath for Greater Beauty and Luxury

THE family bathroom, in a modern household, is gradually giving place to the individual units of bedroom and bath, giving greater comfort and convenience to the owner, and a far wider range in decoration. Color has invaded many strongholds that stood out against it solidly, until the beauty of the new shades broke down all barriers, and answered every objection. Color, too, has been an influence in combining the bedroom and bath for greater beauty and luxury. The white bathroom, stripped of all except the plumbing fixtures, now looks bare and cold, as compared to the gay walls, the bright hangings and the modern furnishings of the bath and dressing room combined, the latest development of the bedroom and bath. There are many arguments for this arrangement, for, after all, the bathroom is more or less of a workroom in the interests of health and beauty, while the bedroom is a room for rest and relaxation. With such an arrangement, the bedroom takes on somewhat the character of a boudoir or an upper living room, a place where one may retire for rest and relaxation, or receive an intimate friend for tea and be assured of the desired privacy so hard to obtain in a busy active household.



The bathroom is more or less a workroom in the interest of health and beauty

In the bedroom besides the bed, or twin beds if two persons are occupying the room, are perhaps a day bed, several deep chairs, shelves for books, a desk or writing table, a chest of drawers, perhaps two, one for personal belongings and one for linen for the room, two or three well placed and shaded lamps, and a few good pictures on the walls. None of the feminine clutter and confusion that usually overflows on the dressing table and shelves when these are part of the furnishings of the bedroom.

A color scheme may be chosen and maintained throughout the two rooms, with a lightening in tone, perhaps, in the bathroom. Carpets for the floors are growing in favor. These are now chosen in plain colors, and stretch from wall to wall, leaving no portion of the floor uncovered. A velvet carpet, well padded, certainly gives a delicious sense of comfort especially on a chill morning, and with modern methods of cleaning all the old objections fall away. The carpet, the walls, the bed covers, and pillows on the day bed use the same color, or perhaps there are two contrasting colors to give relief from monotony. And when the beds are turned back for the night, there are fine sheets of—no, not white at all, but color again, perhaps a warm pale yellow, or a soft green, or mauve or pink, or even a deep rose. Whatever color or shade combines best with the entire color plan.

In the bathroom opening off from such a bedroom there should be more than the usual amount of space if that is at all possible, for this is a bath and dressing room. Here is found the dressing table with a glass top, looking more business like than it could in the bedroom, although it may have a valance made from a material sufficiently waterproofed to maintain its crispness in the moisture of the bathroom. The toilet may be set in an alcove, or, perhaps it may be enclosed behind swinging doors to give the room a greater freedom and charm. Or, as in many houses, the toilet may be in an entirely separate room from the bathroom.

The floor of the bathroom is probably covered with rubber tiling in black and white, or in colors. The black and white is very attractive, and allows a greater selection of color in walls and decorations. The walls may be painted or papered with a paper that is moisture proof, or treated in various other ways that meet the conditions of a bathroom. Probably painting is most popular, although some of the new papers that picture water scenes are interesting and unique.

And do not think for a moment that the sunken tub, standing in the alcove, is white! Not at all. It may come in one of many tints that harmonize with the chosen color scheme, in deliciously soft shades that seem to add color and warmth and perfume to the bath. The wash stand, of course, should match in color and material.

The curtains and the shower curtains are also in color, and of a properly waterproofed material. This may resemble taffeta or moire, or cretonne. Deep shelves hold towels for the bath bordered and striped with the same color, while the small hand towels or guest towels come in colored linens. All of these may be monogrammed, the larger bathtowels taking a monogram of a larger size, while the smaller hand towels are marked with smaller letters.

OPEN shelves of glass contain the cold cream and powder jars, bottles of lotions and liquids, and all the accessories of the toilet. Even here color has its place and falls into step with the general scheme. Rose bathsalts, talcum powder in a rose colored box of generous proportions, a delicately scented cake of rose colored soap in bath size, giving you the feeling of lavish extravagance with its well rounded shape, all fit agreeably into a bathroom that has a touch of pink or rose in its decorations. The vivid greens of verbena, the lavender of violet and of

old-fashioned lavender itself follow the natural colors. In addition, there are many synthetic perfumes that have chosen such tints as blue, yellow, peach and mauve, so that all the toilet luxuries may follow the general plan.

Bathmats are gay, vivid bits of color, the newest and most delightful from many standpoints being those of a cotton fibre looking like silk with a long nap, woven so that there is a soft depth for the feet to sink into. These improve with each trip to the laundry, and are most satisfactory as a decoration as well as a practical article.

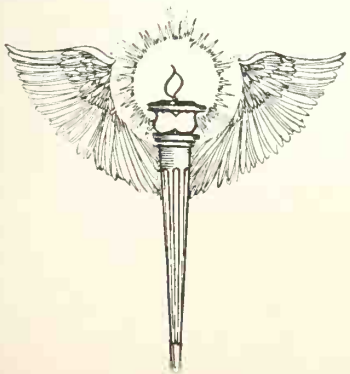
Bottles and jars of glass, either clear or frosted, in white or in colors come with labels, "Toilet Water," "Witch Hazel," "Astringent," and are decorative as well as useful. Round and square boxes of the same material are an indispensable adjunct of the toilet table.

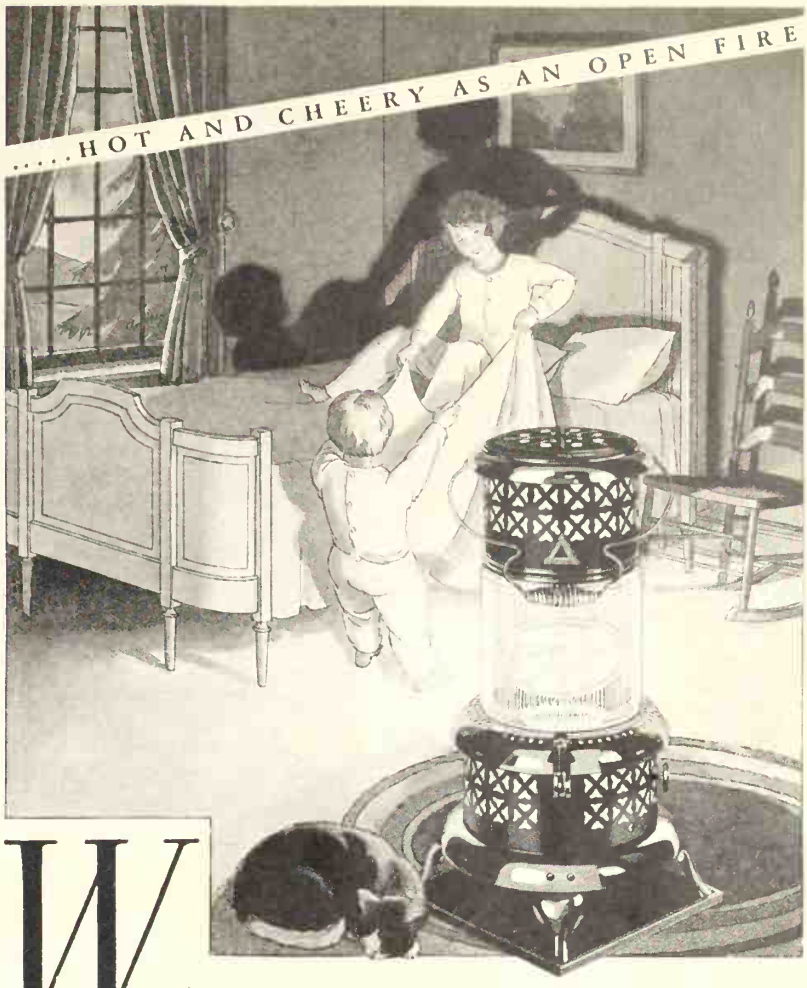
BE sure that the bathroom is well and clearly lighted. Although the bedroom may have softly shaded lamps that are deceptively becoming, let the bathroom light, whether natural or artificial, tell you the truth. Then, when all the shields are down and you are exposed to the hard uncompromising daylight add the last bit of make-up, and you will know just how you look to the world. If you are able to meet this test well, you need have no fear of meeting the most critical gathering, knowing that they will see no more than you saw when you faced yourself in your bathroom mirror.

And no bathroom is completely furnished without scales for that daily check-up on the pounds that creep on when you are thinking least about them. These scales come in many styles and sizes, but their accuracy is their most necessary quality. After this, the less space they occupy, the better.

A bathroom accessory that will be appreciated is some receptacle that will hold soiled linen and towels. A small bin or chute that swings out from the wall is most convenient and takes up no room when not in use.

The movable furniture in a bathroom amounts to little, as most of the furniture is implicit with the room. A low stool, perhaps, to be used in dressing, a chair or bench at the dressing table, and perhaps a small extra table preferably of glass, is all that is needed. Open shelves will accommodate the bottles, jars and supplies necessary to the toilet. Shelves that hold the towels and linen should be enclosed to keep out dust and dampness. Plenty of rods for towels should be placed at convenient intervals, where they can be easily reached from the wash stand or the tub. A rubber cap to wear under the shower may match the color of the furniture.





Wake up..it's warm!

New heater brings fireside cheer

IMAGINE YOURSELF or your children getting up willingly on cold, frosty mornings! And, yet, when you have one of the new Firelight heaters, this actually happens. With its generous warmth spreading all over the room, and its cheery light to dress by, you leave the warm blankets without a shiver!

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Rice with Variations

RICE is one of those rare products that adapt themselves to any number of uses, and so many occasions that scarcely a menu, or a day is complete without using it in one of its many forms.

In addition to the suggestions in this article, rice often appears in soup, forms the basis for salads with a highly seasoned mayonnaise, Thousand Island or Russian dressing, frequently is served as a starchy vegetable in place of potato, and is cooked with meat in many dishes prepared in the casserole, or in the fireless cooker. A curry of rice is suitable with any kind of meat dish that has been prepared with a sauce.

Rice is also often an ingredient of hot breads and griddle cakes and adds flavor and delicacy as well as a novelty that is delicious.

When rice is served as a vegetable every grain should be separate and distinct. It should be washed thoroughly, until all traces of a cloudiness in the water has disappeared. This is sometimes due to a coating of talc used to protect the rice. When the kernels are soft if pressed between the thumb and finger, place in a colander, saving the water in which the rice has been cooked, for soup. Pour boiling water over the rice to remove the loose starch, and separate the grains. Drain and place in the oven with the door open for a few moments to allow the cereal to dry out.

Rice cases for serving filled with creamed fish or chicken make a delicious entree, and are simple to make. Cook a cup of well washed rice in stock instead of water. Drain well, and mix with a thick white sauce. Spread two inches thick in a well greased pan, cover with oiled paper, and place weights on top so that the mixture will be firm when cold. When thoroughly compact cut in circles, hollow out the center of each, dip the case in fine crumbs, then in egg and again in crumbs and fry in deep hot fat.

A rice border is decorative as well as delicious when filled with a meat prepared in a sauce. Cook rice in white stock instead of water, add a little butter and salt, two egg yolks and two or three tablespoons of cream. Pack firmly in a well greased border mold, let stand for a few minutes in a warm place and turn out on a hot platter.

Rice Curry

1 cup rice
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon chopped onion
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons curry powder
2 teaspoons salt
2½ cups boiling water

Wash rice well and allow to drain. Place butter and onion in a saucepan and cook onion until yellow, add rice and stir the whole over the fire for five minutes. Draw pan away from heat, season with curry powder, salt and pepper, stir well and pour in the boiling water. Cover saucepan and boil rapidly for ten minutes, then cook in a very slow heat for forty minutes.

Rice Creole

1 cup chopped cooked ham
1 onion
1 cup boiled rice
1 can tomatoes
2 cups fine soft crumbs
2 tablespoons butter
Celery salt
Pepper and salt

Mix ingredients in the order given. Bake in a greased casserole for thirty minutes. This makes a delicious one-dish meal.

Spanish Rice

¾ cup rice
2 tablespoons fat
5 cups water
2 onions
2 cups tomatoes
½ cup chopped green pepper
Salt
Pepper
Paprika

Fry the rice in the fat until brown, then add water and boil until soft. Drain. Saute the onions in a little fat, mix with the tomatoes and chopped peppers and add to the rice. Add seasoning, and place in a greased casserole. Bake for thirty minutes.

Rice Casserole

2 cups chopped cold meat
3 eggs
⅓ cup milk
2 cups cooked rice
Celery salt
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons tomato catchup
Salt

Season the meat and pile it in the center of a well greased casserole. Mix the eggs, milk, rice, butter and seasonings. Pour over the meat, cover, and bake for twenty minutes.

Scalloped Rice and Codfish

¾ cup rice
1½ cups codfish
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
½ cup buttered bread crumbs

Cook rice in boiling water, salted, until tender and drain. Soak the codfish over night, or put in cold water and bring to the boiling point. Drain and flake codfish. Make white sauce of fat, flour and milk. Spread rice, codfish and white sauce in layers in a buttered baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs and bake about twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

Baked Rice and Cheese

3 cups cooked rice
2 cups cheese
½ teaspoon salt
Paprika
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons butter
Crumbs

Put a layer of cooked rice in a greased baking dish, cover with a layer of grated cheese, season with salt and paprika. Continue adding layers until the dish is almost full. Add enough milk to come half-way to the top of the rice. Cover with crumbs, dot with butter and bake in a moderate oven until the crumbs are brown.

Rice and Liver en Casserole

1 cup rice
4 cups water
2 tablespoons butter
1 pound calf's liver
2 cups stock
1 teaspoon caramel
2 tablespoons browned flour
2 tablespoons fat
Crumbs
Salt and pepper

Boil the rice in the water and mash smooth with the butter. Salt and pepper

› taste. Line a well-greased casserole ith the mixture, pressing the paste rmly against bottom and sides, and aving a large hollow in the center. Set in cold place until firm. Meanwhile boil ver, drain, chop fine and season with lt. Heat stock, season with caramel. lake a brown sauce with fat, browned our and soup stock, and add minced ver. Fill the hollow in the center with ie liver mixture, sprinkle with crumbs nd brown in the oven.

Chicken and Rice in Fireless Cooker

medium sized fowl
tablespoon fat
tablespoons
chopped onion
½ cup chopped sweet pepper
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups tomato
2 cups rice
1½ cups boiling water

Dress the fowl and cut into joints. Ielt the fat, add onion and pepper. Cook ›r a few minutes to develop flavor. Then dd salt and tomato and simmer for ten ıinutes. Place layers of the chicken, egetable mixture, and rice in cooking essel, until all is used. Pour boiling ater over this. Simmer for a half-hour nd put in fireless cooker for three hours n a heated radiator. Additional season- ıg of parsley and bayleaf may be used.

Rice Pilaf

cup rice
slices onion
tablespoons butter
cup tomato juice
tablespoon chopped green pepper
2 cups stock
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sugar

Look over and wash rice. Chop onion ery fine and cook in fat until yellow. ıdd boiling tomato juice and stock, and dd rice gradually so as not to stop boil- ıg. Add seasonings. Boil five minutes nd place in the cooker for one hour. Stir ith a fork to mix evenly. Pilaf is injured y over-cooking.

Rice Stuffing for Fowl

cup milk
cup soft bread crumbs
onion, chopped
tablespoon butter
alt and pepper
4 cups cold boiled rice
½ pound sausage
Sage
Parsley
Sweet herbs

Pour the milk over the crumbs. Cook he onion in the fat until brown, then add he rice, the soaked crumbs, the sausage nd seasonings to taste.

Rice Griddle Cakes

cup boiled rice
cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
tablespoon sugar
½ cups flour
1 tablespoon butter
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 egg

Put the cooked rice to soak with one up of milk, and in the morning add the alt, sugar, butter, flour and baking pow- ler. Beat the mixture well, add the well- eaten egg and the remaining cup of milk. Bake on a hot greased griddle.

Cream Rice Pudding

tablespoons rice
tablespoon sugar
quart milk
½ cup raisins
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon

Wash rice thoroughly, add the other in- gredients and pour into a greased baking lish. Bake for three hours in a slow oven, tirring several times during the first hour. The mixture should not boil. Serve either ıot or cold. This is the old-fashioned reamy pudding which has such a de- icious flavor because of the long slow ooking.

whenever the twain shall meet

NEWCOMERS to the West should make a particular point of writing at once for the famous "Sweet Sixteen" Packet of Recipes . . . a remarkable group of smart new ways to use chocolate. • • Mothers especially should secure these recipes at once . . . for they afford numerous ways of varying children's diet, and of introducing the milk quota in a way that children love. • The "Sweet Sixteen" Recipe Packet is *free*... all you need to do is ask for it. Write to D. Ghirardelli Co., 910 North Point Street, San Francisco. • • The recipes are *all* prize winners . . . the pick of everyone's pick. And they are in a novel and convenient form .... on cards for your recipe file or to paste into your cook-book. Write for your set today... it's free. • Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate is chocolate in its most convenient form ..... balanced for health and flavor. Buy a tin today at your grocer's!

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Conducted by Marise de Fleur

Beauty *for* Blondes

IT has been said, and is usually accepted as true, that blondes are more aggressive and more successful than brunettes, that they have the ability to persist, to sustain a long campaign with a confidence in their power to win, and that in the end they generally get what they want. They simply don't see the matter any other way. And all because in their childhood, while their young minds were still plastic and impressionable, they had read in their books of fairy tales, and been told by their elders that the princess who finally married the prince and lived in the turreted castle, and had all her wishes granted, had golden hair. Each and every blonde is a golden haired princess in her own right, and if she doesn't possess a prince and a turreted castle of her own she will do her best to find one! And no doubt she will succeed.

Of course, there is also much to be said for the brunette. She is gentle and docile, a sweet and loving companion, more obedient, more romantic than her light haired sister.

There are gentlemen, even now, let us hasten to add, who prefer brunettes. So each to her laurels, to crown golden locks or shadowy tresses. But in either case these must be well cared for, thick, soft, and shining, whether long or short.

A true blonde is growing to be rare. There is a theory that the blue eyed are passing from the earth. At any rate, whether this extreme view is true or not, the golden hair of the princess no longer grows on many heads so that when it does appear in all its glory it is a crown in itself. And there are problems for the blonde that never trouble the brunette. To begin with, light hair shows soil and must be kept thoroughly clean to be at its best. If the scalp does not react as it should to frequent washing the hair must be cleaned in some other fashion to keep it bright and soft, with all its gold gleaming. Then, too, as the blonde grows older and the hair becomes dull and loses its youthful tint, there are ways to bring this back that are known to the skillful operator.

For a further consideration, blonde hair is usually more becoming if waved, while straight dark locks are a mark of beauty. The golden hair of the princess must be inclined to break into curls if allowed to escape into the silky strands that entangle the prince in disguise.

Now, while Nature no doubt has a hand in the matter of dividing the blondes from the brunettes, still where Nature ends, proper care and treatment begins, and should continue while there is one golden lock left to be washed and brushed and waved into beauty. Otherwise, the blonde gradually loses the sunshine captured in her hair, and becomes drab and colorless.

ONCE in two weeks should be often enough to wash the hair, in order to keep it bright and soft, and the scalp clean. If the hair becomes oily sooner than that, do not increase the shampooing, but ascertain the cause for the oily condition and try to remove it. An oily scalp arises usually from the over-activity of the tiny glands that secrete the oil, sometimes due to over-frequent washing. You may be causing the very thing you wish to prevent, by shampooing too often. Try cleansing the hair and scalp by some other method. Separate the hair and apply a good tonic directly to the scalp. When the

hole head has been well covered with
is, massage gently, with a rotary motion
iat will loosen the scalp and stimulate
rculation. Continue until the hair feels
ive in the fingers and the blood is circu-
ting freely and warmly. Then brush
ith a stiff brush, dividing the hair in the
me way as you did when applying the
nic, and brushing out from the head to
ie ends of the hair.

A LIGHT, pure soap should be used for shampooing, or one of ie many excellent liquid shampoos now i the market. Do not be satisfied with ie thorough soaping, but after rinsing ice, apply the soap or the shampoo again id you will notice how much more adily and freely the suds form the cond time than they did the first. When solutely clean rinse thoroughly. Do not satisfied until the rinsing water is clean id clear. Then dry the hair thoroughly. 'hen shampooing at home many women y the hair over a radiator, or sit near an en gas oven. If the hair is inclined to be ly this heat will often cause the oil ands to become active at once. Under ch a condition it is wiser to dry the hair hand, even if the process is a slower ie. Rub the head thoroughly with a arm dry bath towel, drying the scalp as ell as the hair. If you have a sunny win-w sit where the sun will aid in the dry-g process. When it begins to dry, brush well until it is completely so, shaping it the head so that it will not be unruly hen you wish to arrange it.

For blondes, a camomile rinse is excel-nt. It does not change the color of the ir, but keeps it bright and soft. Steep ie herbs in hot water, and dilute the rained liquid in the last rinsing water. ny of these rinses made from herbs are cellent tonics for hair and scalp, as well a distinct aid to beauty. A lemon rinse also good, and makes the hair fluffy and little dry, so that this is especially commended where the hair is oily. The ice from one lemon in a washbowl of ear water for rinsing is the correct pro-rtion.

A vinegar rinse has very much the me effect if lemons are not available. bout a quarter of a cup of vinegar in a wl well filled with water gives the right oportion. A henna rinse is equally good carefully used, as this is also an herb ise and beneficial to the hair. But henna ed by any but the practised hand is apt result in a change of color that is ither desirable nor becoming, and is also mistakable, with its reddish tinge to the ir. Unless the hair has this tone natu-lly it is well to avoid the use of henna, cept where it is applied by the careful erator.

Generally speaking, the blonde type has face that is broad through the cheek nes, the heart shaped face, rather than e long oval, a characteristic of the bru-tte. The face with breadth through the es is usually adapted to the side parting the hair, rather than the center part. the bang that partly or entirely con-als the forehead is often becoming. If e features are small and piquant, even ough not conforming to all the laws of auty, short hair is usually extremely at-active, and if this is not desired, a bbed effect may be chosen for the ar-ngement of longer hair.

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Are you Satisfied *with* *Your Garden?*

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After asking yourself this question, read what the well known Landscape Architect, Arthur H. Carhart, has to say on the subject of garden planning in the February issue of Sunset

Out January, 15th

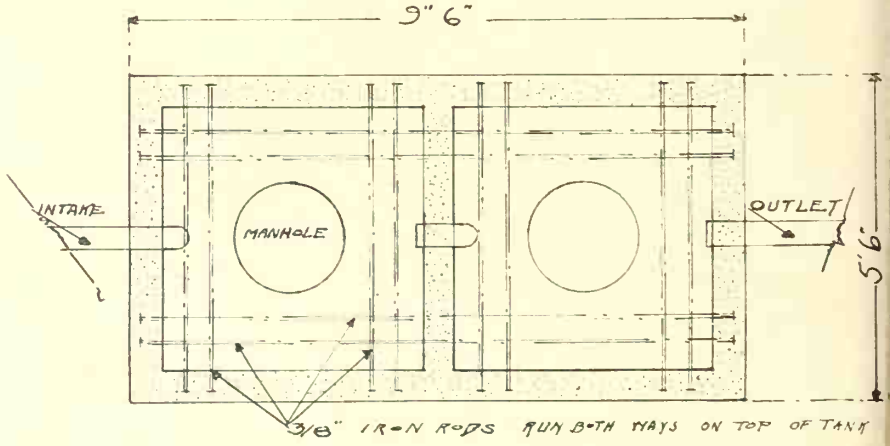
Solving the Country Bathroom Problem

(Continued from page 45)

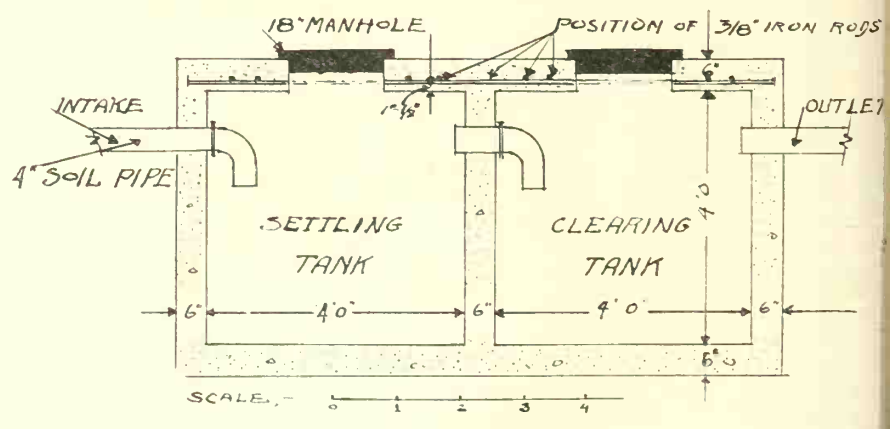
underground. More than thirty feet is desirable, as it distributes the water more evenly. If the space is small, the thirty feet can be laid in branches. This drainage pipe should be laid with loose joints in a bed of crushed rock or stones and with a gradual drop so that the now harmless and deodorized water can flow slowly and seep through the joints on its way. The connection with the house and the interior plumbing should be with sealed joints as is used in all good plumbing.

The iron rods in the top of the tank give the necessary elasticity to the concrete so that it will not break under any load that may reasonably come on it. They are placed near the inside of the tank for strength, but 1½" of concrete must protect the rods from rusting. After the tank is built the inside should be painted with a good concrete waterproofing tar paint in order to make the concrete watertight. Do not be persuaded to put a vent pipe in the tank. If you consult a plumber he will tell you this is necessary, because all plumbing fixtures are vented, but if you consult a bacteriologist he will assure you that the experiments in test tubes are always sealed. And a septic tank is a problem in bacteriology. And remember, before using the tank, to be sure and let enough water run from the fixtures to fill both chambers so as to close the traps.

There is no reason why any man with a mechanical turn should not build this septic tank and save the cost of labor. The one I built for $25 included this important item. Sometimes it seems unnecessary to follow such simple rules, but if any of the elements are omitted disaster is sure to result. That is why in certain districts small septic tanks have a bad name, but if the principle of two sealed compartments is followed, the bacteria multiply with marvelous rapidity and the work of fermenration and purificatio follows. This septic tank will give many years of sanitary service. It allows every one in the country to have the luxury of bathroom.



Plan of septic tank



Section view of septic tank

Mixture for the concrete:

1 part of good Portland cement,
3 parts clean sand,
5 parts clean, sharp, crushed rock.

Enough water to make a soft mush consistency, and use at once.

Wet the concrete thoroughly every d for four or five days.

HERBERT GWYNNE.

SUNSET'S TRAVEL SERVICE

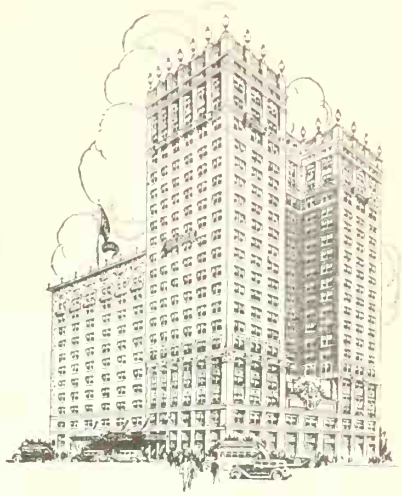
(*Continued from page 7*)

McKENZIE RIVER (mack-KEN-zy)—Named from an old Hudson's Bay Company trapper.
McLOUGHLIN, MT. (mack-LOFF-lin)—Named from the Hudson's Bay Company factor at Vancouver for many years. Also known as Mt. Pitt.
McMINNVILLE (mack-MINN-ville)—Named after town in Tennessee.
MEDFORD (MED-ford)—Named for Medford, Mass., after toss of a coin.
MONMOUTH (MAHN-muth)—Named for Monmouth, Ill.
MONROE (mun-ROH)—Named from President James Monroe.
MULTNOMAH (mult-NOH-mah)—Indian chief or village where Portland stands. Originally given by Lewis and Clark to the Willamette River on their map. Now borne by the county in which Portland lies, also a town in same county and the most beautiful falls in the Columbia Gorge. Said to mean "down river" or possibly "roses on the water."
MYRTLE CREEK (MUHR-tell)—First applied to a stream in Southern Oregon because of myrtle trees, and then to town on the stream.
NEHALEM (ne-HAY-lem)—Indian name applied to valley and river. Means "place where people live."
OAKLAND (OKE-land)—Named from abundance of oak trees in vicinity.
ONEONTA (oh-nee-ON-tah)—Indian name. Applied to both a striking gorge in Columbia Gorge and beautiful falls in the gorge.
OREGON (OR-e-gun)—Meaning of name unknown. First found in book by Captain Jonathan Carver, who went as far west as the Rocky Mountains in 1765 and applied it to a river the Indians told him flowed from those mountains to the "Big Water." Oregon City, at the Falls of the Willamette, originally location of saw mill by Hudson's Bay Company and later first territorial capital of Oregon. Named by McLoughlin in 1842. (Other explanations for the name Oregon are: Origanum, a wild sage found on the coast; Orejon, a Spanish name for big-eared Indians, and Wan-re-gan, an Indian word for "beautiful water.")
PITT, MT.—Named for the great English prime minister. Also called Mt. McLoughlin.
POLK COUNTY—Named for President James K. Polk, in whose administration Oregon became United States territory.
PORTLAND (PORT-land)—Name decided by the flip of a coin between Portland, Me., and Boston, Mass.
RICKREALL (RICK-ree-all)—Indian name, meaning "running water." Also said to be a corruption of La Creole, given by trappers.
ROGUE RIVER—Said to have been called Rouge River by French Canadian trappers and corrupted to Rogue. Also said to be named because trappers found the Indians were rogues.
ROSEBURG (ROSE-burg)—Named for Aaron Rose.
SALEM (SAY-lem)—Named after Salem, Mass.
SAUVIES ISLAND (SOH-vees)—Named from an old trapper pioneer.
SCAPPOOSE (skap-POOCE)—Indian name.
SEASIDE—Popular beach south of mouth of Columbia River.
SHEDD (SHED)—Named for a pioneer.
SILETZ (CY-letz)—Indian name of river and an Indian reservation.
SISKIYOU (siss-ki-YOO)—See California glossary.
SIUSLAW (cy-USE-law)—Indian.
SKIPANON (SKIP-pay-non)—Indian. Said to mean "winding, snaillike."
SMITH RIVER—Named from Jeddediah Smith, early American trapper.
ST. HELENS—Name originally applied by Vancouver in 1792 to snow peak north of Columbia River, and given later to town in Oregon on South bank of river.
TANGENT (TAN-gent)—Named because of its angle to the railroad and highway.
THE DALLES (DALLZ)—Name given rapids in Columbia River by French Canadian trappers and later given the city just below them.
THIELSEN, MT. (THEEL-sen)—Mountain near Crater Lake. Named from a railroad engineer.
THREE SISTERS—Three snow peaks south of Mt. Jefferson.
TIGARD (TY-gard)—Named from William Tigard, a pioneer.
TILLAMOOK (till-la-MOOK)—Indian. Name of bay town, promontory and lighthouse. Chinook word meaning "People of Nehalem."
UALATIN (too-AL-a-tin)—Indian. Name of valley and river. Means "sluggish" or "restful."
UMPQUA (UMP-quaw)—Indian tribe. Name of river and mountains in Southern Oregon. Said to mean "water of peace."
WOLF CREEK—Southern Oregon. Named from wolves.
WA-KE-NA FALLS (wah-KEEN-ah)—Falls in Columbia Gorge. Indian name, said to mean "most beautiful."
WASHINGTON, MT.—Snow peak south of Mt. Hood. Three peaks bear presidential names, Washington, Jefferson and Adams.
WILLAMETTE (will-LAMB-et)—Original Indian name of river was wah-LAMB-et. Given French twist by French Canadian trappers. Same name for the great valley.
WOODBURN (WOOD-burn).
YAMHILL COUNTY (yam-HILL)—Indian. Means "A good place to live." Literally "who dwell in houses on Yellow River."
YAQUINA BAY (yah-QUINN-nah)—Indian. Name of a female chief.
YONCALLA (yon-CAL-lah)—Indian name meaning "home of eagle."

WASHINGTON

AMERICAN LAKE—Near Tacoma. Army training ground.
ANACORTES (ANN-a-courts)—Named from Anna Curtis, pioneer settler.
ARLINGTON (AHR-ling-ton)—Named from Lord Henry Arlington. First named Haller City.
BAKER, MT. (BAY-ker)—Named in 1792 by Captain George Vancouver, English explorer, after British naval officer, Joseph Baker. Elevation 10,750 feet. Indian name is Kelshan, "Great White Watcher."
BELLINGHAM (BELL-ling-ham)—Fairhaven, Sehome and Whatcom combined in 1903 under name of Bellingham, given in 1792 to the bay by Captain George Vancouver.
BLAINE (blayne)—Named from Senator James G. Blaine, of Maine.
BOTHELL (BOTH-ell)—Named from a pioneer.
BREMERTON (BREM-er-ton)—United States naval station opposite Seattle. Named from William Bremer.
BURLINGTON (BURR-ling-ton)—Named by William McKay in 1891.
CAMP LEWIS (LEW-is) — Military reserve on American Lake. The name is that of one of the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1804-5.
CASTLE ROCK—Named for a huge rock by William Huntington in 1853.
CENTRALIA (cent-TRAYL-yah)—Centrally located. First named Centerville.
CHEHALIS (che-HAY-lis)—Indian, meaning "sand." First applied to Indian village near Gray's Harbor. First name of Chehalis was Saundersville, after a pioneer.
CLARKE COUNTY—Named from William Clark, of the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1804-5.
CLE-ELUM (klee-ELL-um)—Indian word. "Swift waters."
COWLITZ (COW-litz)—Name of Indian tribe on river.
EVERETT (EV-er-et)—Named from Everett Colby, son of one of the founders. First called Garden City.
FERNDALE—Named from log school house among the ferns. Settled in 1872.
GRAY'S HARBOR—After Captain Robert Gray, discoverer of Columbia River.
HOOD'S CANAL—Branch of Puget Sound, named for Lord Hood, of the British Admiralty, by Captain George Vancouver, in 1792.
HOQUIAM (HOH-kwam)—Indian. "Hungry for wood."
JUAN DE FUCA STRAITS (WAHN-de-FOO-kah)—Straits between Washington and Vancouver Island, B. C., connecting the ocean with Puget Sound. Named in 1792 because of a story of a mythical voyage two centuries before contained such a name for a supposed passage between the Atlantic and Pacific.
KALAMA (kah-LAH-mah)—Named by General J. W. Sprague, of the N. P. R. R. in 1871.
KELSO (KELL-so)—Named for Kelso, Scotland, by Peter W. Crawford.
KLICKITAT (KLICK-i-tat)—Indian. "Robber."
LA CAMAS (lah-KAM-ass)—French Canadian from the camas root.
LEWIS (LOO-iss)—Both river and county. Named from Captain Meriweather Lewis, head of the Lewis and Clark overland expedition of 1804-5.
LAKEVIEW (lake-VUE)—Named because of nearness to a small lake by Mr. Prosch.
LONGVIEW (long-VUE)—Named in honor of R. A. Long, founder of Long-Bell Lumber Company.
MARYSVILLE (MAY-riz-vill)—Named from Marysville, Cal., by J. P. Comerford in 1877.
MT. VERNON (VEHR-non)—Named in honor of George Washington, by Harrison Clothier and E. C. Englisb in 1877.
NESQUALLY (nez-QUAWL-lee)—Combination of French "nes" and Indian "squally," meaning "people of the grass country."
OLYMPIA (oh-LYMP-e-ah)—Mt. Olympus named by Captain George Vancouver, British explorer, in 1792. Later mountains named Olympic Range, and later name given territorial capital.
PORT ANGELES (AHN-gee-lees)—Named in 1791 by Captain Francisco Eliza, Spanish explorer, meaning Port of the Angels.
PORT TOWNSEND (TOWN-zend)—Named by Captain George Vancouver in 1792.
PUGET SOUND (PUE-get)—Named in 1792 by captain George Vancouver, British explorer, after Peter Puget, an officer of his fleet.
PUYALLUP (pew-AL-lup)—Indian. Applied to valley, town and river and to a glacier on Mt. Rainier. Means "dark place."
RAINIER (ray-NEER)—Named by Captain George Vancouver, British explorer, in 1792, after Rear Admiral Peter Rainier, of the British navy. See "Tacoma." Elevation 14,408 feet.
SAN JUAN ISLANDS (san-WAHN)—Named in 1791 by Captain Francisco Eliza, Spanish explorer. Means St. John.
SEATTLE (see-AT-el)—Named from Chief Seattle, famous Indian of early days. First settlement was at Alki Point. The city is on Elliott Bay, named by Vancouver.
SHUKSHAN, MT. (SHUCK-shan)—Indian name for snow peak near Mt. Baker. "Steep, rocky mountain."
SKAGIT (SKAG-it—a as in seat and soft g)—Indian. River and county.

Look for the large green sign on the roof!



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SONHOMISH (snoh-HOH-mish)—Indian. "People of the fresh water."
SNOQUALMIE (snoh-QUAHL-mee)—Indian. Name of River and falls. "Ferocious people."
STANWOOD (STAN-wood)—Settled by Robert Fulton in 1866. Named for wife of first postmaster.
ST. HELENS, MT. (saint-HELL-enz)—Snow peak named by Captain George Vancouver, in 1792, in honor of British ambassador to Spain.
STEILACOOM (STEEL-a-cum)—Indian. "Place where the wild pink grows."
STILAGUAMISH (still-a-GWAY-mish) — Indian name of river, lake and peak. "Quiet, water people."
TACOMA (tah-COH-mah)—Indian name for great snow peak named Rainier by Captain Vancouver. Originally T'Komma. First published in Theodore Winthrop's "The Canoe and the Saddle," who visited this region in 1853. Name given to present city when it was laid out in 1869.
TENINO (tee-NIGH-noh)—Chinook jargon word for "junction."
TOLEDO (toh-LEE-doh)—After boat operated on Cowlitz river in 1879.
TUMWATER (TUM-wah-ter)—Indian. Oldest American settlement on Puget Sound. Tum tum means "heart beat."
VANCOUVER (van-KOO-ver)—Captain George Vancouver, in command of British naval vessels, explored Columbia River up to this point in 1792. Hudson's Bay Company trading post established here in 1823. Oldest settlement in Washington.
WAHKIAKUM (wah-kee-ACK-um)—Indian. Name of county and river. Means "tall trees."
WASHOUGAL (wash-OO-gal)—Indian. "Rushing water."
WHATCOM (WHAT-cum)—Indian. Name of county, lake and creek. "Noisy water."
WOODLAND (WOOD-land)—Named from good forests around it.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

ALBERNI (al-BER-ni)—Named after Don Pedro Alberni, in charge of soldiers of Spanish expedition in 1791.
ARROWSMITH, MT. (AR-oh-smith)—5,976 feet height, named after the famous English Cartographer.
BURRARD INLET (burr-ARD)—Named by Captain Vancouver, June, 1792, after Sir Harry Burrard, Royal Navy.
CHEMAINUS (che-MAY-nus)—Named after the Indian tribe that lived there.
CHILLIWACK (CHILLI-wack)—Indian name. On Fraser Canyon Highway.
COLWOOD (COL-wood)—One of the first Hudson Bay farms on Vancouver Island, 1851-1853, named after small property in Sussex, England.
COMOX (CO-mox)—Indian word meaning happy, smiling land.
CORDOVA (KOR-do-va)—Named in 1790 by Sub-Lieutenant Quimper, Spanish explorer, after town of Cordova, Spain.
COWICHAN LAKE (COW-i-chan)—Named after the powerful Indian tribe that lived there.
DUNCAN (DUN-can)—Named after Hudson Bay official and founder.
ESQUIMALT (ess-QWY-malt)—Indian, meaning place gradually shoaling. Discovered by Sub-Lieutenant Quimper and called Puerto de Cordova, after Cordova, Spain. Renamed by the Hudson's Bay Company.
FRASER RIVER (FRAY-ser)—Named after Simon Fraser, who first navigated the river in 1808. Early trapper explorer of Northwest Fur Company of Montreal.
GABRIOLA (ga-bree-OH-la)—From Spanish Gabriola. Named by Jose Maria Navarez, Spanish explorer, 1791.
GEORGIA, GULF OF (JOR-gee-ah)—Named by Captain George Vancouver, British explorer, in 1792, in honor of George III.
LADYSMITH (LAY-de-smith)—Named in honor of the Siege of Ladysmith in South Africa during the South African War.
MALAHAT (MALL-a-hat)—Name of an Indian tribe.
NANAIMO (na-NY-mo)—Indian, meaning big strong tribe.
NEW WESTMINSTER (WEST-min-ster)—Named after Westminster, England (London), by Queen Victoria, July 20, 1859.
OAK BAY—Suburb of Victoria, so called owing to the large number of famous Garry oaks growing there.
SAANICH (SA-nitch)—Name of a tribe of Indians
SALT SPRING—So called by Hudson Bay officials because of the salt pans in the center of the island.
SHAWNIGAN LAKE (SHOR-ni-gan)—Named after Indian tribe.
SOOKE LAKE (sooke)—Named in 1846 after Sooke tribe of Indians who lived there.
VALDES ISLAND (VALL-dez)—Named in 1792 by Bodega y Quadra, Spanish explorer.
VANCOUVER (van-Koo-ver)—Name of famous island on which Victoria is situated, also name of city on Burrard Inlet on the mainland of British Columbia. Originally jointly named the Island of Vancouver and Quadra, Quadra being the Spanish explorer and Vancouver the English explorer. Taken over from Spain by Captain George Vancouver of the British Navy in 1792 and Spanish name dropped.
VICTORIA—Named after Queen Victoria; capital of the Province of British Columbia; founded March 15, 1803, by Sir James Douglas, representative of the Hudson's Bay Company.

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Spice Cake with Caramel Frosting
Coffee and Candies

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NOTE • For baking use Wesson Oil whenever the recipe calls for shortening . . Add a pinch of salt, for there is no salt in Wesson Oil.

Here's an attractive recipe for a plain cake made with Wesson Oil. Or, if you like, you can use your own recipe. That's one advantage of using Wesson Oil—it's a new method which you can adapt easily to your favorite recipes.

PLAIN CAKE

¾ Cup Wesson Oil • 1½ Cups Sugar
1 Teaspoon Vanilla • ½ Teaspoon Salt
¾ Cup Milk (or Water if desired) • 4 Eggs
3 Teaspoons Baking Powder
3 Cups Flour

Beat egg yolks until light, add milk and vanilla and then the sugar. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, and add to the first mixture. Pour in the Wesson Oil, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and transfer to a loaf cake pan lightly rubbed with Wesson Oil. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for about forty minutes.

ALMOND ICING

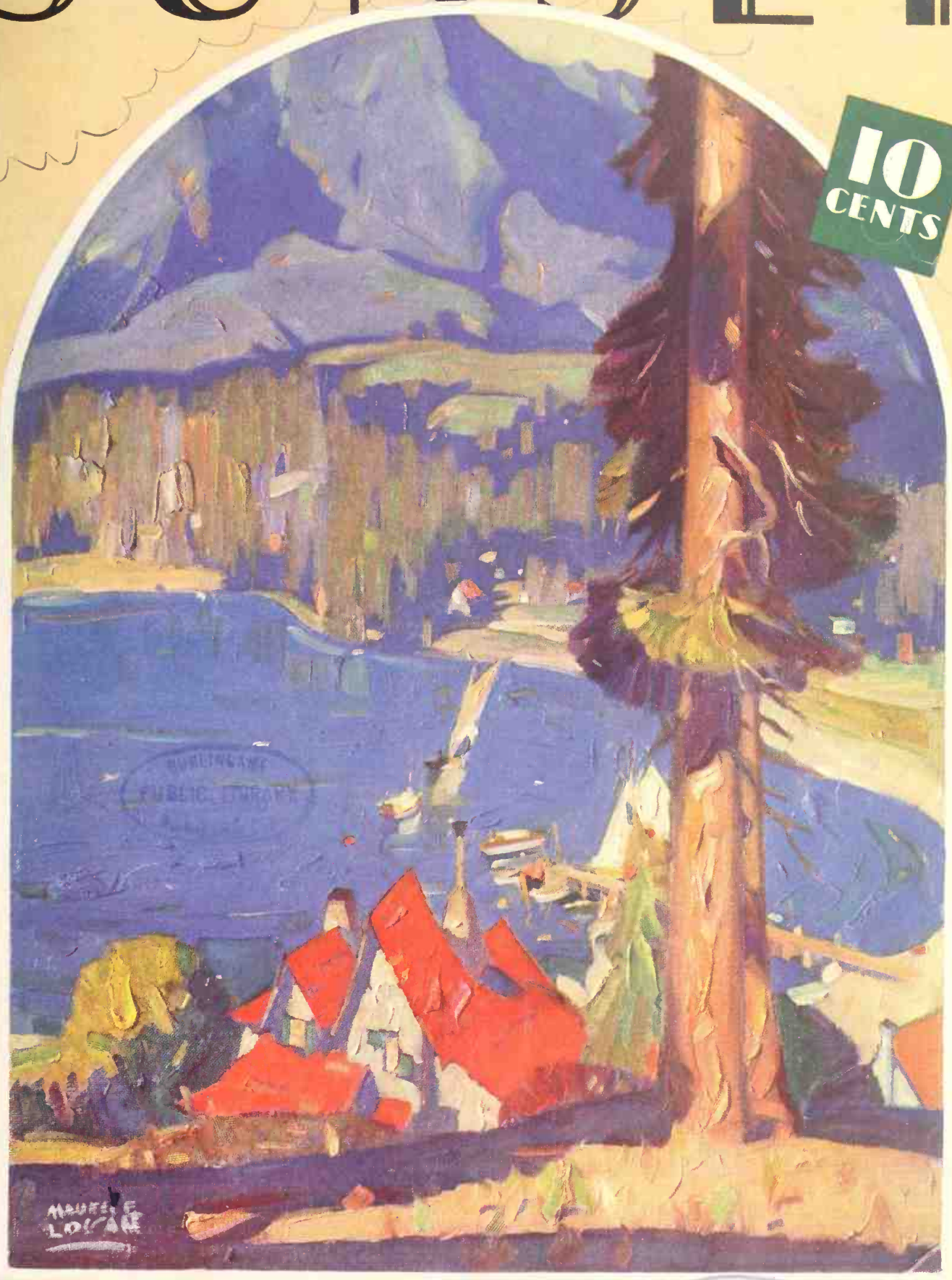
2 Tablespoons Wesson Oil
2 Cups XXXX Sugar • 1 Tablespoon Water
1 Tablespoon Almond Extract • 1 Egg White
1 Teaspoon Lemon Extract
¼ Teaspoon Salt

Beat the egg white slightly and add the Wesson Oil. Beat until fluffy and then add sugar, salt, flavoring and water.

FEBRUARY 1929

SUNSET

10 CENTS



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There is no standing still . . .

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DURING the past two years 6000 switchboards have been reconstructed in the larger cities served by the Bell System to enable the operators to give a more direct and faster service.

Previously in towns where there were more than one central office, your operator would hold you on the line while she got the operator at the other central office on an auxiliary pair of wires. Now she connects directly with the other central office and repeats the number you want to the other operator. You hear her do this so that you can correct her if there is any mistake.

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It is one of the many improvements in methods and appliances which are constantly being introduced to give direct, high-speed telephone service.

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SUNSET MAGAZINE

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

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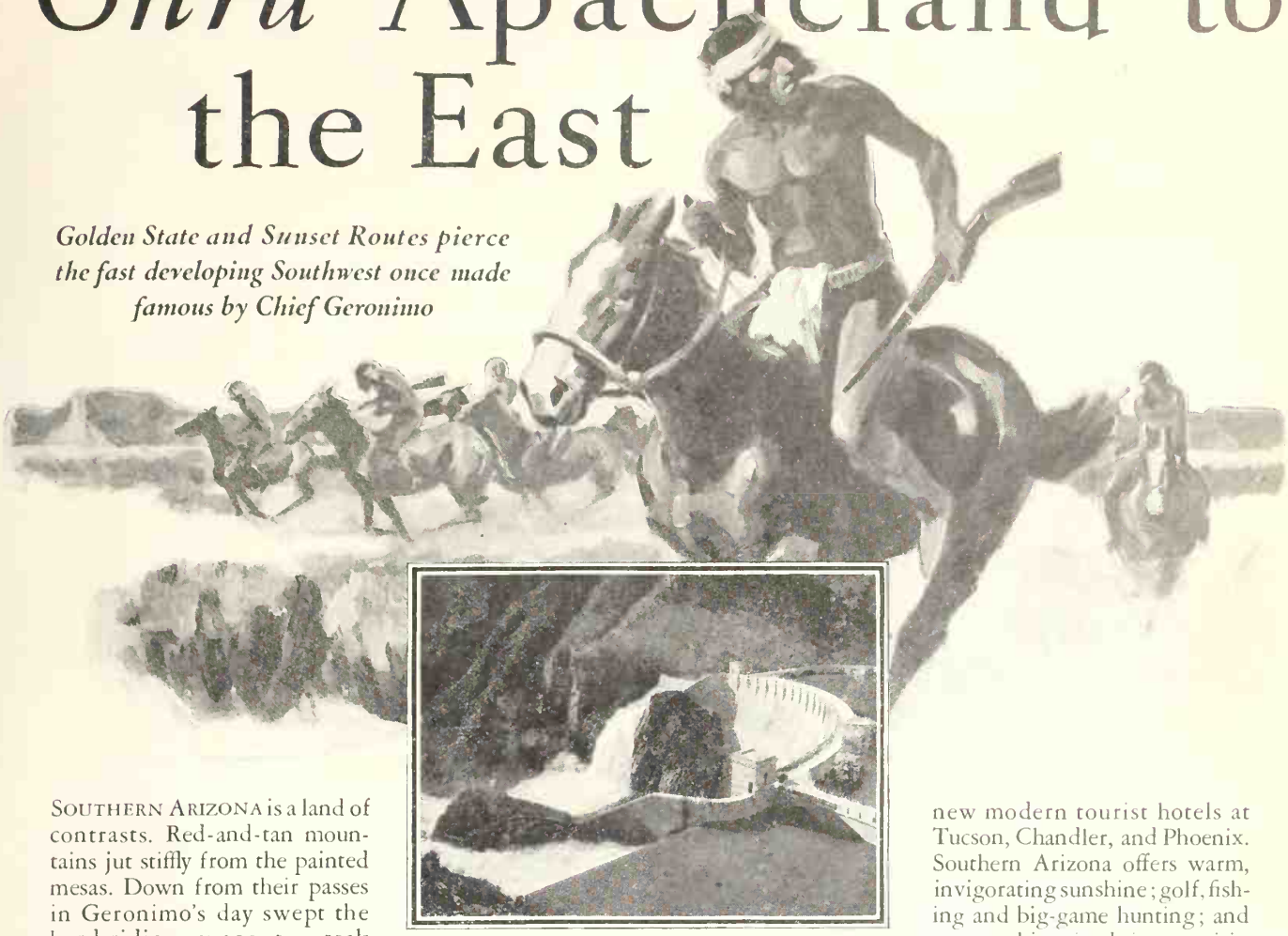
Vol. 2 — February, 1929 — No. 62

Thru Apacheland to the East

Golden State and Sunset Routes pierce the fast developing Southwest once made famous by Chief Geronimo



The mighty Roosevelt Dam, on the Apache Trail, stores life and wealth for the desert

SOUTHERN ARIZONA is a land of contrasts. Red-and-tan mountains jut stiffly from the painted mesas. Down from their passes in Geronimo's day swept the hard-riding savages to wreak ruin and torture upon the settlers beneath. When finally overwhelmed by white men's armies, fifty years ago, they asked only to be allowed to go back into the mountains they loved—to those peaks that look so relentless, yet cast such a spell upon all who come their way.

And the land of the Apaches has nourished two other civilizations—one very old and the other very new. Once it cradled a people who dwelt in cliff houses—and who vanished, for no known reason, perhaps a thousand years before Coronado's mailed Spaniards rode by. You can see their dwellings still, as you travel through Apacheland.

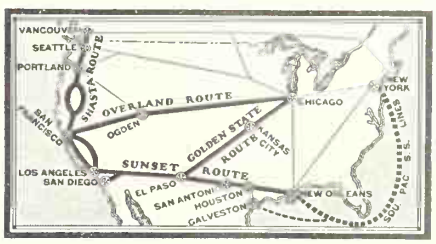
Today huge copper mines, the mighty Roosevelt Dam and Lake, and the astonishing green agriculture of the Salt River Valley about Phoenix give vitality and wealth to this countryside where once the settler dwelt in grim hardship, his rifle ever at his saddle-bow.

See southern Arizona! It is one of the most fascinating lands on earth. From October to June it is at its best, with picturesque guest ranches open to the visitor, and delightful new modern tourist hotels at Tucson, Chandler, and Phoenix. Southern Arizona offers warm, invigorating sunshine; golf, fishing and big-game hunting; and many a historic shrine to visit.

Southern Pacific's GOLDEN STATE and SUNSET ROUTES serve this spirited region. Five trains daily to and from California pass right through the heart of the old Apache and modern guest-ranch country, and the winter desert resorts of southern California. Visit it on your way to the East. You can stop over at El Paso, too, and see a bit of Old Mexico at Juarez, only five minutes distant. Be sure to tour the Apache Trail highway, a one-day side-trip by comfortable motor stage.

Through Pullmans on both SUNSET and GOLDEN STATE ROUTES for Apache Trail passengers.

Go east one way, return another, by means of Southern Pacific's four routes. Stop over anywhere on roundtrip ticket.



Southern Pacific

Four Great Routes

Two very interesting, illustrated books in colors have been prepared for you. They are free. Send your name and address at once to F. S. McGinnis, 65 Market Street, San Francisco, for *"Southern Arizona" and "How Best to See the Pacific Coast."*

SUNSET GOLD

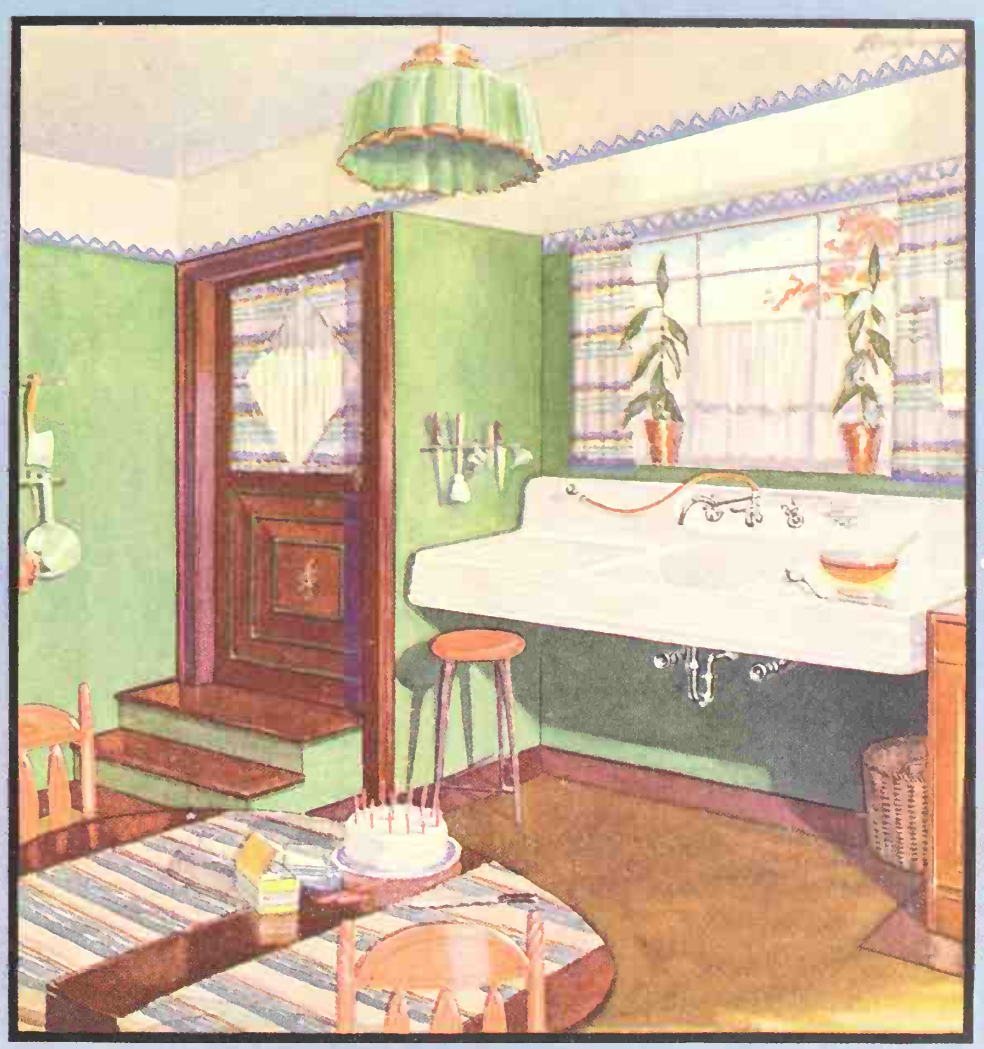
A FEBRUARY sunset deepens quickly into dusk as a pale orange sun slips down into the Pacific, and little lights flash out from office buildings. One tall, delicately slender tower glows like a belated Christmas tree with red and green lights. It belongs to an elevator shaft, no doubt, but it is the very seed of poetry against the soft blue twilight.

Down along the highway scurry hundreds and more hundreds of cars. In the valley below an express train whistles for a station; a local follows, and another. Porch lights flash on along the street in gentle but eager welcome. Here against a window pane are flattened the tiny noses of a kindergartner and his little sister, just graduated into staying-up-for-dinner. First and second graders, sturdy privates of the Home Guard, station themselves at front gates, while a few hardy cavalry-men, appropriately mounted on last-Christmas tricycles, patrol front walks, ready to escort an exalted homecomer to each front door in proper manner.

Why all this scurry of cars along the highway? Why the good-natured rush of tired but quietly jubilant men and women in ferries and trolleys and trains? No big parade is responsible, no concert, no public event of any sort. The simple call of home, when the sun goes down, sends everyone hurrying toward his own home as no entertainment in the world could cause people to hurry. And this is a daily scene.

Sunset hour is the high spot in each day's activities. It is the curtain between work and rest; between anxiety and peace; between ambition and contentment. All our effort and thought during the busy hours of office work or housework are, whether we are conscious of the fact or not, a preparation for the evening hours when we are all at home together again.

Sunset is a glorious time, and a glorious word, for "sunset" means "home."



ONLY in a rambling old house remodeled could a kitchen like this be found, full of memories of ourselves asking for tastes while mother prepared a holiday dinner. Now without sacrificing, indeed greatly enhancing, its heart-warming friendliness has been added the color and convenience of today. In the roomy *Corwith* sink, placed just the right height from the floor, its chromium-plated fittings readily at hand yet out of the way in a recess, is summed up the latest ideas in kitchen plumbing. For other plumbing and decorative suggestions, write for *New Ideas for Bathrooms*. Too, when you remodel or build, visit nearby Crane Exhibit Rooms. A responsible contractor will tell you why Crane beauty and quality costs no more.

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DIVING BOYS PLUNGE from the rail of your ship . . . Lei-girls greet you with flowers . . .

As you step ashore, you feel that you are the discoverer of a new world where it is never winter or summer, but always June! There are new fragrances of ginger-flowers, *lehua*, plumeria. New jewel colors in the water that caresses the coral sands. A new sense of remoteness . . . .

Tonight the lilting cadence of a low-voiced Hawaiian song may drift to the *lanai* of your smart hotel, on a breeze that is just as soft in winter as in summer. The torches of native fishermen will sparkle to you from a distant coral reef as you sit chatting with old chance-met acquaintances of the Riviera. How *different* it all is—and yet you found Hawaii in less time than it takes to cross the Atlantic!

Golf courses everywhere—along the sea, up in rainbow-festooned valleys, even one where the steam from awesome Kilauea Volcano drifts across the greens.

Every day you go swimming, surfboarding or outrigger-canoeing; motor to colorful beaches, stupendous canyons, and volcanic wonderlands. You enjoy deepsea game fishing; the native *luaus* and ancient *hulas*; the Oriental bazaars; the little cruises among the islands of Kauai, Oahu, Hawaii and Maui. And best of all, perhaps, the long days and evenings of dreamy, delicious laziness among all the luxuries of the world-famed hotels.

Stay long enough to see it all! Hawaii is only 2000 miles (four to six days' delightful voyage) from the Pacific Coast; and all-inclusive tours range upward from $400 or $500 including all steamer fares, and hotels and sightseeing for two or three weeks ashore. De luxe accommodations, also, that are equal to those of Europe's most renowned resorts.

Hawaii is a U. S. Territory, and travel agents everywhere can book you direct from home, without formalities, via Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle or Vancouver, B. C. Ask your local agent for more information today.

HAWAII

The WORLD'S Enchanted Island Playground

MATSON LINE FROM *San Francisco*

Sailings every Wednesday and every other Saturday over smooth seas on fast de luxe liners; also popular one-class steamers. Novel entertainment features—glorious fun. Matson All-Expense Tours include transportation, hotels and sightseeing. See your travel agency or Matson Line; 215 Market Street, San Francisco; 535 Fifth Avenue, New York; 140 So. Dearborn, Chicago; 1805 Elm Street, Dallas; 510 W. Sixth Street, Los Angeles; 1319 Fourth Avenue, Seattle; 82½ Fourth Street, Portland, Ore.

LASSCO LINE FROM *Los Angeles*

Sailings every Saturday over the delightful Southern route on Lassco luxury liners and popular cabin cruisers. De luxe accommodations; also economy tours on all-expense tickets. Ask at any authorized travel agency or at Los Angeles Steamship Company offices; 730 South Broadway, Los Angeles; 505 Fifth Ave., New York; 140 South Dearborn, Chicago; 1329 Kirby Bldg., Dallas; 685 Market St., San Francisco; 119 W. Ocean Ave., Long Beach, Calif.; 217 East Broadway, San Diego, Calif.

For beautiful illustrated booklet in colors and copy of "Tourfax" travel guide, mail this coupon today to . . .

HAWAII *Tourist* BUREAU

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P. O. Box 375, Los Angeles; or
P. O. Box 2120, Honolulu, Hawaii

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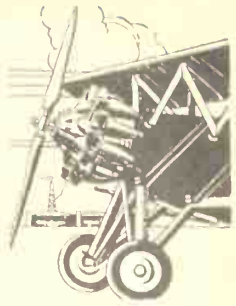
SUNSET *Travel Service*



If you are going East, West, around the world, or on a short vacation trip, write us for information. Tell us just what your problems are and we will do all we can to help you. Address Sunset Magazine, 1045 Sansome Street, San Francisco

My mother and father live in Portland, Oregon, and once every year since I've been married my husband and I go back home to stay two or three weeks with the old folks. This year we want to go by motor-bus. Can you tell us something about what route to take as we want to make the trip a vacation tour as well as "just covering the necessary ground." —Mrs. E. C. K., San Diego, California.

That's a good idea! The trip you have in mind will, we are sure, prove a delight to both of you.

From San Diego you will follow the coast through Los Angeles and Santa Barbara and on to San Francisco via San Jose. From San Francisco you have the choice of two excellent routes. The Pacific Highway, via the Mt. Shasta route, pierces the most beautiful sections of California and Oregon. Leaving San Francisco, motor coaches are ferried across the bay to Oakland. From Oakland, your road takes you through the Sacramento Valley and on up to Red Bluff and Redding. From Yreka you travel up through the Siskiyou Mountains and crossing the Klamath River you descend to Ashland and Medford, following the beautiful Rogue River. Then come the Oregon cities of Grant's Pass, Roseburg, Eugene, and Salem, the state capital. The Willamette River is bordered by the highway, affording a view of the famous Willamette Falls, and then you are at home in Portland.

The other route we would like to suggest to you is over the Redwood Highway. Stretching north from San Francisco along the coast to Eureka and Crescent City, this highway pierces for more than a hundred miles the most remarkable forest of giant redwoods in existence.

The route followed is interesting from the start. From San Francisco you are ferried across the bay to Sausalito and from there you go on through Petaluma and Santa Rosa. The redwoods and the Eel River gorge are encountered after passing through Willits. On up the coast, you go through Dyersville to Eureka, the metropolis of the Redwood Highway. A little beyond is Trinidad, a picturesque whaling station, and near the Oregon border is Crescent City. There are direct connections at Crescent City for Grant's Pass which is the junction for through service to Portland.

HALF the fun of traveling comes in planning your trip, mapping routes, studying guide books, talking the trip over with your friends, not to mention buying necessary paraphernalia and unnecessary doodads. The other half comes from traveling for its own sake—traveling intelligently, comfortably, conveniently.

Sunset Travel Service in the past has assisted hundreds of readers in both phases of this travel fun. Inspired by the success of the old department, the editors of the new SUNSET are now expanding Sunset Travel Service to render even greater aid to those who, for one reason or another, wish to or must travel away from home.

The letters in this page illustrate the type of questions we are constantly called upon to answer. From month to month SUNSET will publish a few that are of general interest in the belief that they will be helpful to those who enjoy travel and like to read about it.

In writing Sunset Travel Department the more explicit you make your queries the better. We shall be glad to hear from you and what is more, delighted to assist you in any way we can.

We are planning to drive from Montana to New York in June. From there we are sailing to Europe. Would it be feasible to ship our car along so that we could use it on our meanderings over the Continent?—J. E. H., Montana.

Indeed it would be feasible! We are writing you the details in a letter. The arrangements for taking your car to Europe are no more complicated than signing your annual application for its registration. The physical effort required to check it for the ocean voyage is no greater than checking your hand baggage.

The cost of transportation is based on the weight and type of car and ranges from $150 to $230. Round trips range from $285 to $385. Included in this charge for car transportation are all required documents, registration of car abroad, driving license and foreign club membership.

There is a convenient service available which sweeps aside every impediment to care-free motoring in Europe. Arrangements for the trips made in advance make it as easy as a week-end run over your favorite roads at home. This service takes care of customs annoyances leaving every road in Europe open to you.

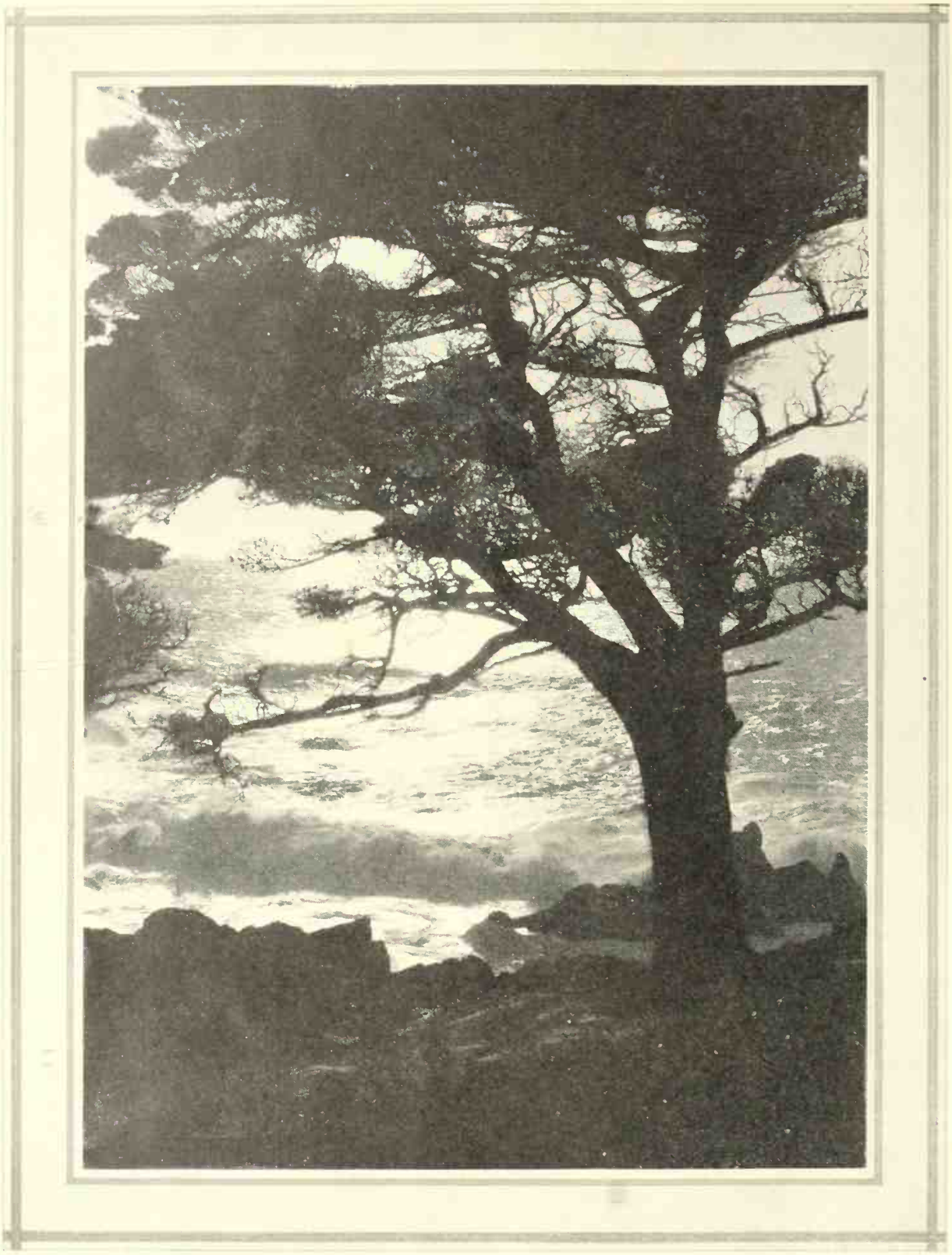
It is most pleasant to have your own car in Europe and we advise you to take it by all means.

For one reason or another I've seen every state capitol in the United States with the exception of California's. This spring I expect to be in San Francisco on business and while I am there I want to see your state capitol at Sacramento. What is the best way to go, what are the rates, and what may I expect to see after I get there?—E. H. D., New York.

There are as many *best* ways from San Francisco to Sacramento as there are means of travel. It all depends upon the point of view. Still we shall be very happy to suggest some of the routes so that you may choose for yourself.

Sacramento, as you know from your map, lies approximately 90 miles up the Sacramento River which connects directly with the San Francisco bay.

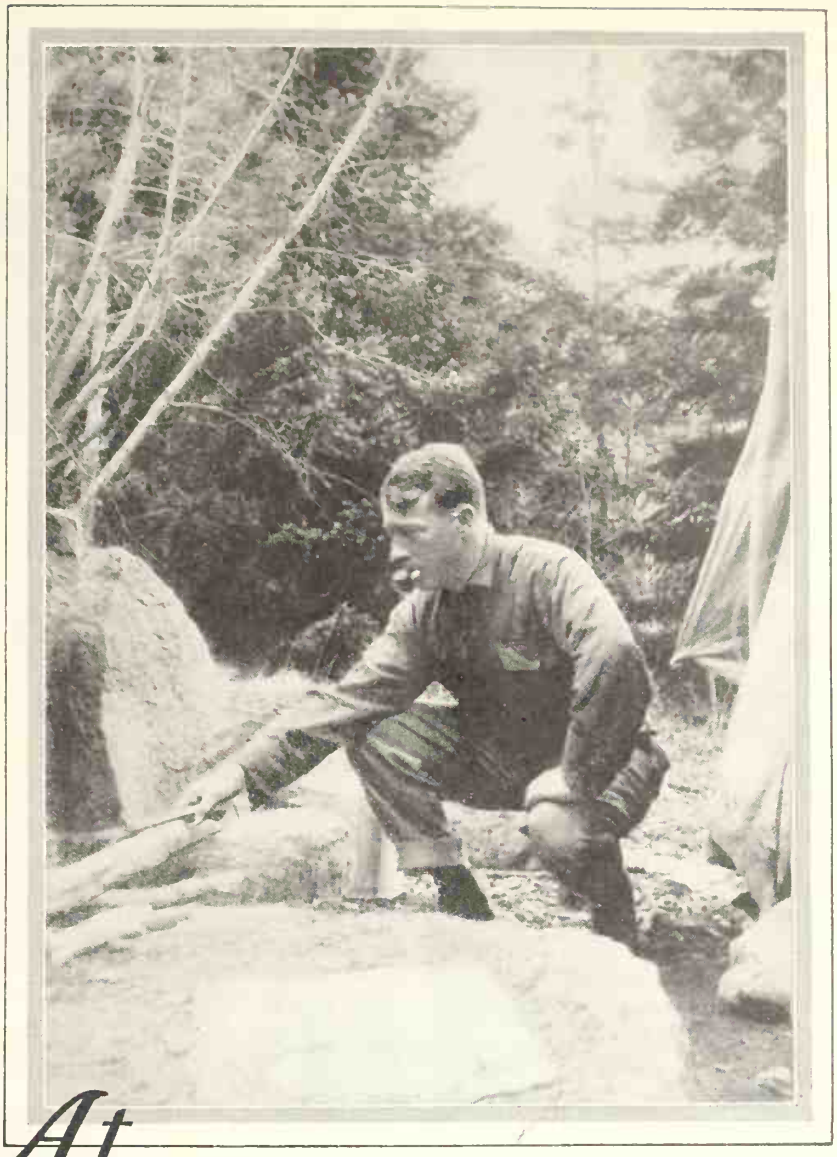
A comfortable and interesting trip may be made on any of the night boats which make the round trip regularly every 24 hours. You leave San Francisco in the early evening and reach Sacramento in the morning. The fare is $1.80 one way—$3.00 round trip, not including berth or staterooms and meals. *(Continued on page 68*



On the Coast of Monterey

A tracery of leaves etched against a background of the sea is typical of the out-of-doors near Del Monte, California, beckoning to those who would live in the open

Tod Powell *Tells How to Be*



Three odors have the power to make man shuck this skin of civilization and return to the primitive — wood smoke, coffee boiling outdoors, and meat on the fire

At Home *in the* Open

THE last rays of the sun, shooting under green-needled branches of tall spruces, flickered on the worn canvas of the tent, painted the tree-trunks red and gold, made the smoke above the little campfire a hazy veil of yellow tissue. The breeze, as though wearied by the hard work of blowing all day, rustled the spruce-boughs softly. Borne by this softly moving air, the magic perfume of a camp, a blend of woodsy odors and the scent of coffee, spruce gum and the aroma of bacon in the pan, drifted down the forest aisles.

Brother, if you haven't smelled that smell you ain't never smelt nothin' yet! Three odors have the power to make man shuck this skin of civilization and return to the primitive — wood smoke, coffee boiling outdoors, and meat on the fire. Mix 'em and there isn't a man alive, not with a drop of real blood in his veins, that they won't toll back a few hundred generations with subconscious memories of firelight flashing on cave-walls, warm meat torn from the kill, winter blast, furs and the ever-present *they* who lingered just beyond the circle of the firelight.

We are nothing but descendants of the primitive, friends and fellow voters, for all our carefully arranged conventions, our charter amendments and our radios. It doesn't take a great deal to tempt us back to that primitive and oh, brethren, how we love to be tempted! Here in the west especially, where we have what is probably the finest outdoor playground the world has ever known, we delight to turn back the generations and get outdoors for a time. With most folk of the city, a week-end at the gypsy game around a campfire will satisfy that drop or two of blood which is all we own of Argh the Hunter, mighty man of There-Where-The-Bears-Live. Others require a week. Some need a month of it and quite a few—owners, perhaps, of a few corpuscles from some Indian forebear—demand several months every year. But one and all, when the tawny gods summon us and we stride once more the forest glades, we show considerable evidence of our throw-back.

UNDER the spell of dawn in the mountains, lulled by the song of the wind in the pine trees or drunken with the riotous colors of a sunset beside the sea, we relax our tensed nerves and come to life again as natural creatures. How we love it! And what a lot of good it does us! Only in the west are people so encouraged to make the most of their outdoor heritage; here we have not only

B. W. HUNTOON PHOTO

Lulled by the song of the wind in the pine trees

opportunity to go but the necessary objectives in the way of splendid scenery, fine fishing streams, and good hunting grounds.

Yet there are thousands of westerners who know little of all this. We who dwell beyond the Rockies no longer are strictly a rural people. We have our cities now and many a resident thereof knows little more of mountain canyon and forest park than do our friends back east. They are foregoing their inheritance. Here where the roads run everywhere, here where every family has an automobile, it is easy to get into the open, if for no more than a mere week-end.

IN truthfulness I must say here, I'm not so sure that week-ending in the absolute open isn't a hard lot of fun. It takes a little time to adjust one's self to camp life. Some accomplish it in a day, some in several days and some in a week. No matter how much you've camped, I cannot quite see the sport in going out for merely an overnight stay. You spend most of your time getting settled and establishing camp, if you're a real camper, or else your day consists of equal parts of "making the best of it" and "putting up with it" because it won't be long now until it's time to load the duffle back in the car, or the boat, or on the horses, and start home. To me, the principal object in camping is comfort. If you cannot be comfortable, don't go. And if it takes you a few days to get accustomed to camp routine, then by all means, for your week-end trips, make use of some of the splendid resorts, the wonderful woodland and mountain lodges, the national park camps and hotels where you can shed the cares of mere food and lodging onto other shoulders and leave yourself free for enjoyment of what nature has to offer. The longer the time you have for vacationing, of course, the greater the choice as to how and where to spend it.

Where do we go, and how? And how! If there are greater playgrounds or finer or more extensive highways over which to reach them than are to be found in the Pacific coastal states, and on back to the Rockies, then all I've got to say is, lay out your maps and show 'em to me! Fellow sojourners amid the blue, it cannot be done. From Vancouver island around Puget Sound, on

down south to San Diego bay, the pines, spruce, redwoods and live-oaks, the snow-capped peaks of the Olympics, Cascades, Siskiyous, Sierra; the streams, the two thousand miles of seashore and the thousands of lakes that lie winking up at the sky as the spring winds ripple across them—brother, they offer you never-ending miles of enchantment. You can fish, you can hunt, you can climb mountains and swim more places with less effort and in a less amount of time here than anybody else can anywhere. Verily this is the place and here when man steppeth on the starter the wanderlust may take its sway of him and rule him, so that his nerves do stretch away and tingle, yea, even unto the uttermost ends of his fingers and toes.

Here the benevolent old Japanese current plows silently along our shores, tempering the climate with somewhat the equanimity of those flowery isles across the sea, so that, come summer, come winter, we don't have to wait for the weather to moderate so we can go places and see things.

SO much for the where. Now, fellows of the trail and those that should be, let us consider the how.

Paste this in your hat—or on the mirror of your compact, if so be that you are of the feminine persuasion: half the fun is in getting ready. Anticipation, you know, is greater than realization. It has to be or we would all become cynics. So to drink all the cup of romance provided by the nomad life, you must be keen on preparation. You have to know your stuff, for lack of foresight will cause your trail to be encumbered with hardships.

You can make a camping trip either a sad and tearful succession of discomforts or a real and joyous reversion to the primitive. The lap of old Dame Nature is a comfortable enough place if you know how to make it so. If you don't, oh ye tall hills and broad forests, how you will suffer! It all depends, as the popular melody declaims, on you.

Regardless of your experience, it is certain that some difficulties will arise which have not been foreseen and provided against. If you tackle them cheerfully, knowing that necessity will teach you the how of their conquest, then you can rest with the satisfaction that the corpuscles inherited from Old Man Argh are doing their stuff still.

But there isn't any reason to make things hard for yourself. Remembering that simplicity is the road to camping comfort, take along everything you will need—nothing more.

If possible, when buying equipment, do not pass final judgment on

the items through merely gleaning the entertaining pages of a catalog; go and see the camp duffle in a store. The jolly old catalog is all right as far as it goes; much may be learned from it and you may even have a grand indoor outing through the pages of many of them—but even in the best of illustrations, you can never feel the texture of the tent or know just exactly whether the aluminum in that beautiful shiny coffee pot is thick or thin, hard or soft.

The catalog may tell you that this particular outdoor canvas home will shed a cloudburst, withstand a hurricane, exclude mosquitoes and can be pitched, ready for the tenants to move in, while your wrist-watch ticks off two circuits of the second hand—but, very often, it won't, and can't.

THE catalog's listed duffle may be 100 per cent wool and a full 36 inches wide—but, roamers of the forest, mountain and beach, if you haven't quite a lot of first-hand information, don't trust to the pictures or to luck. Get next to somebody who has learned from Schoolmarm Experience and take his advice. It will pay you to travel far and spend valuable time in going to a reputable sport shop and making friends with some clerk who knows and has "been there."

What to Take

A good tent with floor, awning and bobinet-screened windows.
A reliable camp stove with a small oven.
A well selected nested cooking outfit.
An axe, a shovel, a coil of rope and nails.
Comfortable camp beds or cots, or air mattresses.
All-wool blankets.
A folding table and some camp chairs.
Warm, comfortable clothing, woolens preferred.
Plenty of provisions.
A good disposition.

THEN have the tent, the bed, the stove and all the rest of your outfit set up; have the proper functioning of each bit of duffle explained. And if the salesman is a keen one, weigh carefully the worth of the novel gadgets he'll surely try to add to your list. The curse of the novice camper is the big box or bag full of perfectly useless and most annoying jimcracks, 99.9 per cent of which will only displace sorely needed car space.

You've seen these motor nomads who travel the country highways with their car-springs sagged from overloads? The fellows with duffle on top, on the running board, the fenders, the bumpers and the spare tire? You know, the boys that leave the old square piano at home only because they haven't a derrick to hoist it onto the car; you've seen them? Well, don't be like that.

Don't take too much; a list of everything necessary is appended hereto and made a part hereof, the same as if the parties in interest had attached their signatures thereon and so forth till the lawyers run out of talk. Well, you look that list over; it's the result of a good many years' experience. If you are a regular fellow you can get along with that much and if you aren't, you would not be comfortable on a brass bedstead with a forty pound mattress.

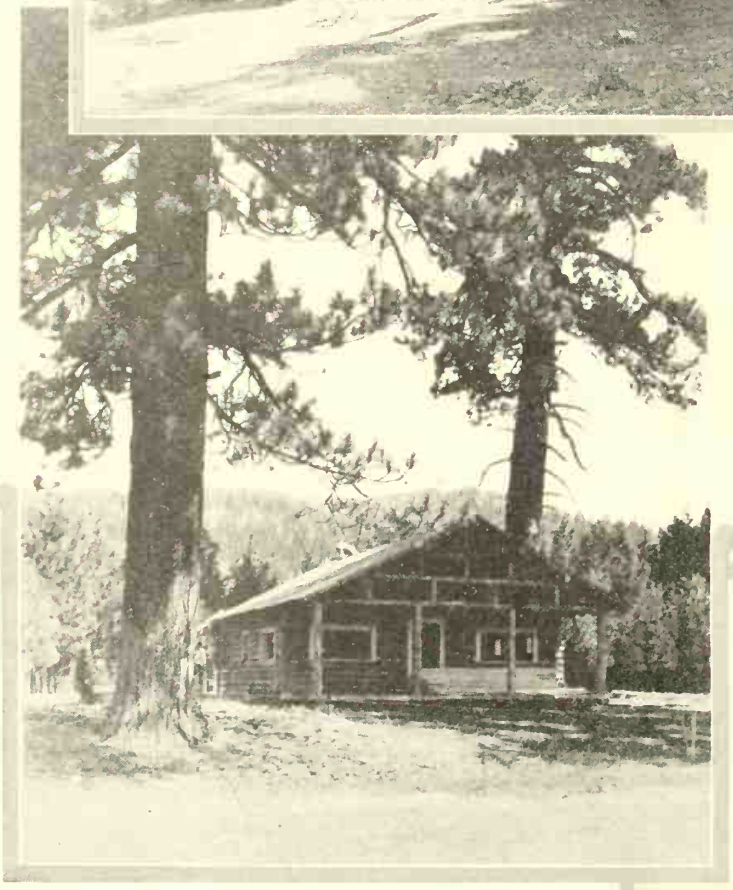
WEAR wool, summer or winter. You'll be cooler or warmer than in any other garb, and you'll be healthier. Don't try to change your diet too much; just moving a few miles into the country won't make your stomach able to digest extra quantities of unaccustomed food. Boil or bake; don't fry. Eat vegetables; you can take 'em in cans or buy 'em within easy distance almost anywhere.

Pack your stuff in small, neat packages, easy to carry and easy to stow on your car. And *be careful with fire*, because you, or someone else, might want to go back to your campground in the woods some other time.

On the trail of adventure one can always find a place which fits his moods

Three Cabins

MORTON AND CO PHOTOS



In Next Month's Sunset You Will Find the Picture and Floor Plan of Your Own Log Cabin of Dreams

When Tod Powell suggested that one-night camping is likely to be unsatisfactory, he was not thinking of camping de luxe—week-ending in a cozy cabin where one experiences all the fun of roughing it, but none of the discomforts

Which will you have: the simple little cabin at the top of the page, the rustic, more roomy bungalow in the center, or the two-story log house at right? Each is a combination of camp charm and comfort

A Gray-Shingled Home in the West

By

Naomi Swett-Sommers

In This Article the Author Takes Us on a Tour of Inspection Through the Country Home of the Aaron Frank Family near Portland

SATURDAY Night. Fifteen minutes from the prismatic glare of Portland's theatre-lined Broadway, a happy family tumbles out of a panting blue motor car at a low, rambling, country cottage where warm, rosy lights checker the numerous windows invitingly.

Dicky is first, sunbrowned, husky, eleven-years-old-going-on-twelve; next starry eyed Jerry, just five, rosy cheeked and kissable mouthed; then Mr. Frank, youthful, eager, proud and contented; and last Mrs. Frank, a dainty, graceful wisp of a girl with jet black hair and laughing, twinkling eyes. And even before Jerry has scraped his chubby little feet on the accommodating back of the iron dog scraper, Caroline, the housekeeper, swings wide the quaint Dutch door, smiling the announcement, "Dinner is ready!"

And what a night! Corn popping on the hearth; guests bursting in, laughing, singing, playing, dancing; next day, Sunday, a continuous open house, traditional of the patriotically inspired heritage of this simple English-Colonial dwelling.

"Horses" are the reason that the popular sportsman, Aaron Frank, built for his family this inviting country home just fifteen minutes from Broadway and their somewhat more sedate city residence. For within a few hundred steps of, and in full view of the cottage, are the famous Frank stables, renowned as among the most magnificent in the West.

Shingled in soft, weathered gray, hand-split shakes, and with rough red brick occasionally showing through the white paint of the two big chimneys, the house is built in the form of a wide-stretched "U," with a picturesque entrance court in the center. There is the main body, or living room, with ridgeline in a high distinctive sweep

Tall native trees frame the low rambling cottage

above the many well-proportioned lower gables; the sleeping room wing to the right, and to the left the wing that houses entrance hall and coat closet, kitchen, pantry and maid's quarters.

The entrance hall is charmingly simple

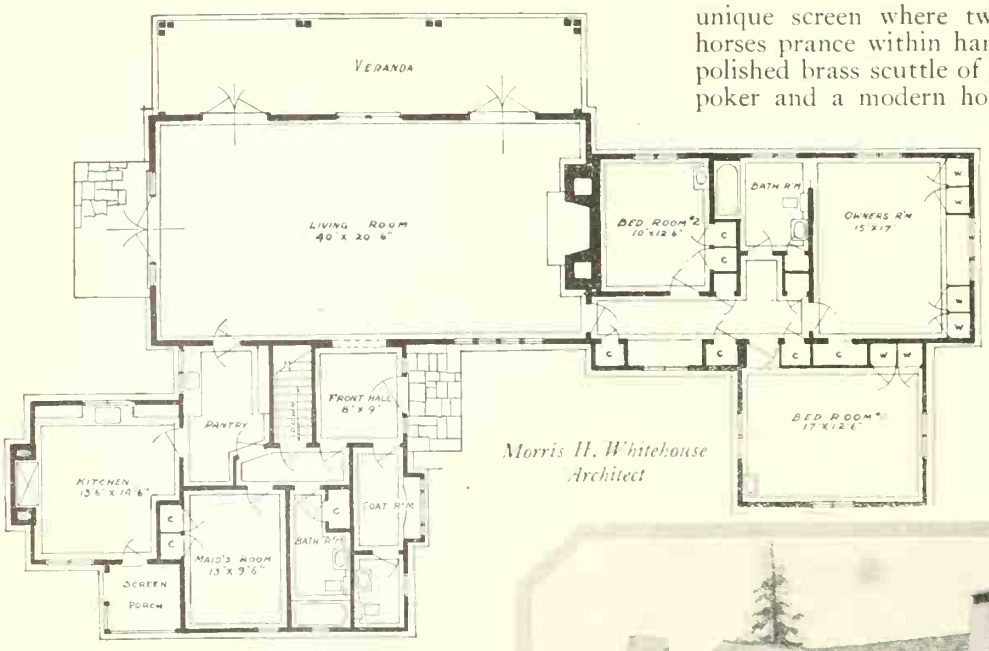
QUAINT in design and furnishings, but modern indeed by way of conveniences and color effects, perhaps the greatest charm of the Frank country home, next to its beautiful, happy domesticity, is the accented Oregon nativity, evident in the wire brushed Oregon fir board and baton woodwork in hall, coatroom, corridors and sleeping rooms.

With subtle artistry the spirit of modern art blends into true early American stylism of furnishings, resulting in an achievement of tasteful distinction. The leaded glass, diamond-paned windows of the entrance door are uncurtained, and the sole furnishings of the almost square little hall are an original Eighteenth Century clock revered for its Revolutionary War bullet holes, a little antique octagon-shaped sewing stand, and a rare old Italian star lamp above an equally rare old red and brown hooked rug.

The first impression of the forty foot long and twenty foot wide living room visible through the broad opening at the right of the hall is one of airiness and warmth, a ruddy glow that comes as much from the prevailing brick red decorative scheme as it does from the crackling hearth and the sunshine that streams through four pairs of French doors. High, high is the double trussed, board and baton ceiling from which hang three rust-gray, wrought iron, tiered hoop chandeliers with quaint candle cup lights, and extending clear into its ridgeline is the plastered chimney breast of the ample fireplace, with trimming and hearth of the same split buff brick as its lining. This end of the room is wainscoted in fir board and batons, providing a rail for old pewter plates. To the left of the fireplace is a niche of bookshelves, and to the right a doorway leading to the bedroom wing.

And what a fireplace! Wide enough for five-foot logs to rest on immense handwrought andirons, behind a unique screen where two beautifully modeled bronze horses prance within hammered iron frames. An old, polished brass scuttle of pine burrs, a long-handled fork poker and a modern holder of foot-long matches contribute additional color.

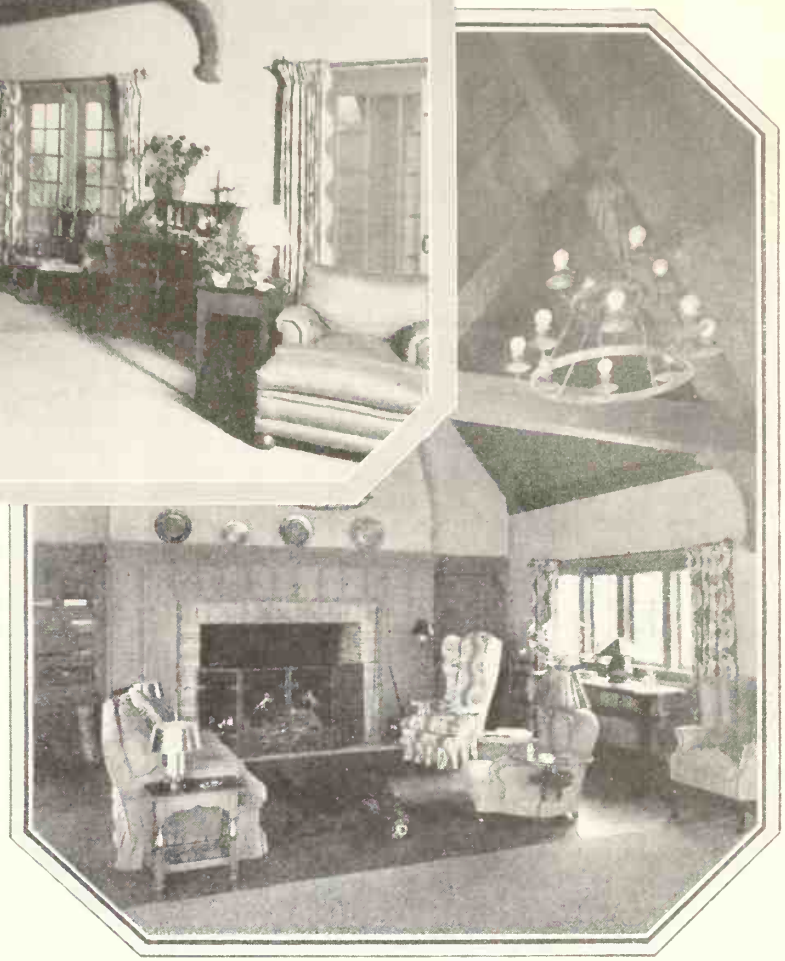
The furniture grouped about the fireplace is comfortable and in decorative harmony accents the brick and jade tints of the hangings. The wide-planked, pegged-down oak floor is uncovered, except for a huge, glossy black bear rug sprawling between the comfortable seats. A tall, narrow, wing-backed chair is



Walking mentally from room to room in this floor plan one senses the feeling of spaciousness which is at once evident in the Frank home

The rear view of the house, showing the semi-enclosed garden where young Jerry spends most of his hours in play

Can you imagine this forty-foot living and dining room, spacious, home-like and charming in every detail?



upholstered in the same cheery red as that in the brick and jade linen which drapes the windows, and the jade green is repeated in the linen upholstery of the downy davenport.

A commodious barrel chair, a little low-backed arm chair, and a pair of inimitably charming little low seated maple chairs complete the group.

LOOKING towards the tall, wide French doors at the end of the living room is the dining furniture group, its central unit a large, exquisitely polished maple gateleg table, across which an antique handwoven brick red Bagdad scarf is thrown, and around which are numerous ladder back and Windsor chairs. A corner cupboard to the right, and a quaint little upright cupboard to the left, a modern teawagon bearing a few pieces of gingham pattern Spode dinnerware, an original Governor Winthrop desk, a reproduced maple settee upholstered in red chintz, towards the fireplace a huge, downy chair and footstool covered with ruddy red linen, a crude little plain fir table and all but the fireplace end of the room carpeted in hand-woven reversible unit carpeting, combine the prevailing colors of the decorative scheme.

A corridor carpeted in heather, like the living room, from which extend the bedrooms and bathroom, conceals closets aplenty behind its simple fir board and baton walls.

Not one bit of sophistication appears in the parents' room, which has cleverly adapted its color scheme from the yellow and blue and orchid chintz hangings and drapes, and which like all the other bedrooms has tie-back glass curtains of white cross bar dimity with plain muslin ruffles. The chintz upholstered window seat has self covered quilted cushions with two small

Hungry youngsters like to linger around the huge brick chimney into which is recessed a modern range. Here the gifted Caroline daily performs her mysterious culinary rites

Within a few hundred steps of, and in full view of the house, are the famous Frank stables which Mr. Frank himself designed for his horses

contrasting cushions, one orchid, and one blue. The candlewick bedspreads are dyed yellow; the top of the dressing table is blue striped linen under plate glass, with knife plaited chintz skirt banded in blue; the little chintz covered oval stool with short plaited ruffle is piped in blue, which color has again been chosen for the upholstery of a low, downy arm chair and footstool. Two differently designed maple chairs, a pair of night tables at the maple poster beds, on each of them a blue glass lamp and shade of plaited chintz and telephone, a diminutive drop leaf end table, a unit rug of the same harmonizing weave of the favored yellow, blue and orchid—these are the simple additional appointments of this bedroom.

THE boys' room is done mainly in bright red—red inspired by the cross-stitch design of the Sardinian print window draperies and valances, which material is also used for the quilted pillow covers and the trimming bands of the cream twill spreads over the postless maple beds. The bright red rug is black bordered, and a little down-stuffed arm chair of moire is also bright red. Windows on three sides, and a low washstand behind a plain fir screen, with nearby towels marked with the boys' names make every provision for fresh air and cleanliness that two small boys could and should have.

The guest room selects a yellow and black color scheme from its chintz window drapes. The maple spool beds have cream candlewick spreads embroidered in yellow, the unit rug is yellow with border of black, and a corner washstand and dressing cabinet provide individual convenience.

Entrance to the tawny yellow bathroom is from the end of the corridor, adjacent to the guestroom and the kiddies' room, with additional entry to the parents' room through a sliding patent lock door. The floor is tiled in golden brown and black linoleum, and sturdy linens attractively embroidered in bright yellow and black lend a decorative touch.

Exceptionally interesting and of practical arrangement is the left wing of the house, where, besides the entrance hall and coatroom is the maid's room and bath, kitchen pantry, passage hall, service porch, and basement. Hungry boys like to linger around the huge brick chimneyplace, into which is recessed a capacious, modern range, a picture colorfully reminiscent of olden days, into which the gifted Caroline, performing mysterious and tempting culinary rites, fits admirably.

TO the right of a quaint old-looking chimneyplace are sink and cupboards; to the left a breakfast table group and screened in service porch housing a commodious cooler, and in the pantry adjoining the kitchen an electric refrigerator, a small sink with drawers on either side, and an ample cupboard.

The small, ultra modern basement is painted immaculately white, and here is housed the automatic oil burning heating unit, the gas fired incinerator, the laundry trays and the refrigerating unit.

IN following the series of little visits to western homes, of which this story is the first, you will gather many ideas which your architect will be glad to incorporate into the plans for that new home you intend to build. No stock plans of houses are offered by SUNSET *Magazine.*

—THE EDITORS

The double garage with its equine weathervane above the louvred ventilator is delightfully like an old-fashioned stable in appearance

You Can Paint Stucco

By

John William Walker

Good News for Home Owners Who Want to Add Long Life and Beauty to Their Cement and Stucco Dwellings

AN interesting thing to know about stucco is that its natural attractiveness can be vastly improved by means of paint, which at the same time gives an invaluable amount of protection. A painted finish actually acts as a preservative by preventing the penetration of moisture, and by virtue of this quality adds years to the life of the dwelling thus coated. At the same time it lends color without altering the texture of the original surface. It gives opportunity for a colorful exterior suited to the architecture of a dwelling and its location.

The unusual texture of stucco presents no special difficulties in the painting work. Most particularly the entire area to be covered should be dry, and preferably aged. A good test for dryness is dashing water from a clean paint brush over parts of the places to be painted. If the water is readily absorbed the surface is ready for paint.

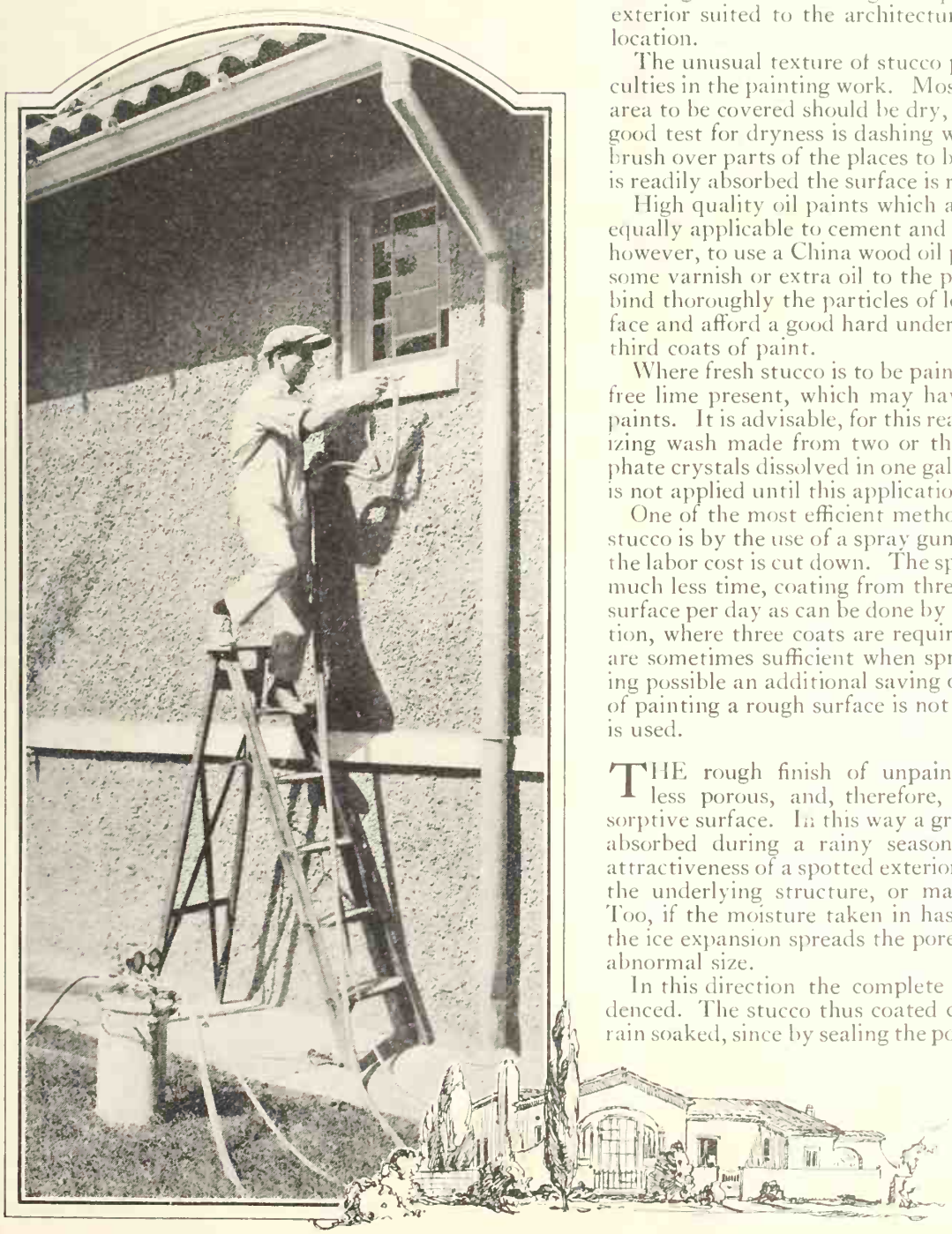
High quality oil paints which are durable on wood are equally applicable to cement and stucco. It is advisable, however, to use a China wood oil priming paint, or to add some varnish or extra oil to the priming coat, in order to bind thoroughly the particles of loose cement on the surface and afford a good hard undercoat for the second and third coats of paint.

Where fresh stucco is to be painted, there is likely to be free lime present, which may have some effect upon oil paints. It is advisable, for this reason, to apply a neutralizing wash made from two or three pounds of zinc sulphate crystals dissolved in one gallon of water. The paint is not applied until this application has thoroughly dried.

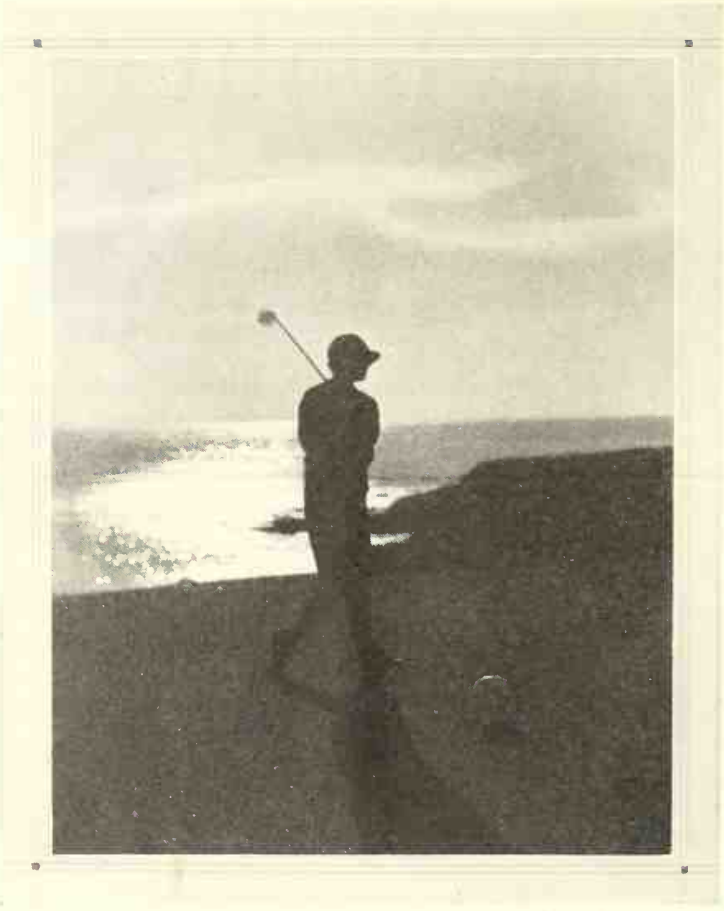
One of the most efficient methods of applying paint to stucco is by the use of a spray gun. Through this process the labor cost is cut down. The spraying does the work in much less time, coating from three to five times as much surface per day as can be done by using a brush. In addition, where three coats are required for brush work, two are sometimes sufficient when sprayed on, thereby making possible an additional saving on paint. The difficulty of painting a rough surface is not met where a spray gun is used.

THE rough finish of unpainted stucco is more or less porous, and, therefore, presents a water absorptive surface. In this way a great deal of water can be absorbed during a rainy season, resulting in the unattractiveness of a spotted exterior, and possibly affecting the underlying structure, or making the house damp. Too, if the moisture taken in has opportunity to freeze, the ice expansion spreads the pores until they increase to abnormal size.

In this direction the complete service of paint is evidenced. The stucco thus coated cannot possibly become rain soaked, since by sealing the pores (*Continued on page 57*



Use the spray gun to save time and temper



J. E. GRAHAM PHOTO

One of the best antidotes to gloomy introspection is a game of golf, particularly when played in such a setting as this, on the Monterey peninsula

Getting Rid of the Glums

Do You Suffer From Unpleasant Fits of Depression? You Can Conquer Them if You Really Want to Do So

By

Gladys Denny Shultz

IF you were to make a list of the ten most important and successful men of a certain town, inevitably the name of Arthur Emerson would go on the list. And it would be a pleasure to put him there.

For Mr. Emerson is a blond giant, jovial, friendly, kindly, radiating magnetism. No one in town has more cronies among the rich and more friends among the poor. He is the acknowledged head of his profession in the place where he lives, and rules the other members with a benevolent despotism for which they love him. Anything he wants in the town is his.

His private life is enviable. His wife is a charming, intelligent, devoted woman, and he has a family of fine sons and daughters. They live in a lovely home and are able to have what they like and travel where they please.

Everything in the world a man needs to make him happy this man has. But he has the glums!

Do you know what the glums are? The name was originated—though the complaint, heaven knows, was not—by a facetious friend who defines them thus: "Glums are what you have when you are a little sad and a little mad, and act polite."

Usually Mr. Emerson gets the glums at home, while in the bosom of his family, and this is the way they affect him. He sits glowering into space, and the atmosphere about him is so heavy it crushes out the cheerfulness and gaiety of the entire household. He is sunk in depression so deep that nothing short of a derrick will get him out. Life isn't worth living, nothing he has is worth having. If you've never lived with a case of glums, you have no idea how serious they can be.

His wife, suffering with him and for all of them, goes softly to the telephone and implores some friend to drop in as if by sudden inspiration. Occasionally, under the dextrous efforts of the visitor, Mr. Emerson forgets himself and his glums and becomes his own jovial, magnetic self again, but more often the fit of depression hangs on for days.

When an occasional hardy soul points out to this man that it is a pity he lets one unpleasant trait take so much of the joy out of life, he retorts that he can't help the glums. They run in the family. His father had them, and no doubt his father before him. So what can he, poor man—and his poor wife and children—do but endure them as best they can?

ALSO on your list will be inevitably Lewis James. He, too, is big and blond and jovial, numbering countless adorers among rich and poor alike. (*Continued on page 45*

Are You Satisfied *With Your Garden?*

Now Is the Time to Correct Errors, says—

Arthur H. Carhart

Member of the American Society of Landscape Architects

YOUR garden is *your* garden. That rule applies if you have had a landscape architect draw plans and a nurseryman or landscape contractor plant according to those plans. It is equally true if you personally have made the plans, prepared the ground and nursed every plant in it through its struggle to get established.

Your garden should meet your requirements. It should be as much a part of the home as any room in the house, harmonizing with the type of architecture, fitting the needs of your family, certainly meeting the limitations you must put on its cost of maintenance. If it does not do this then it is not serving you as it should.

February is a good time for those of us who live in the sunny lands of the west to take stock, get truly critical, ask ourselves searching questions and then, while the open, bright days of late winter are with us, get the foundation laid for any changes that may be needed in the spring to bring that garden up to its highest efficiency.

There is another reason for taking this critical attitude toward the garden at this time. In the summer there are blooms, colors, textures, that engage your attention. You may go into the garden determined to look at it as a unit, to study it, and the first thing you know you have walked over to some outdoor bouquet of iris or phlox where your good intentions of studying design are swept away in the admiration of the lovely detail to be found in the mass of blooms. Now, with those delightfully troublesome, highly engaging details swept away by the fall and winter months, you can center your attention on the basic design of the garden in a way which will bring out its faults much better than when there is so much of the beauty of flower drapery to pull your attention away from the more fundamental elements of the plan.

Step into your garden. Try to do this as a critical stranger. But keep in your mind all of the necessities that are peculiar to you. No other person, gardener, architect or landscape designer can do just this thing so well as you.

First look at the connection between your garden and the house. Is it logical, does it knit the outdoor part of your home to the house of the home, or does it straggle and is it weak? It should be close-knit, definite. It should lead you easily into the outdoor living rooms of your yard and garden.

Standing at some place where you can see all of the garden layout at once, look at it as a unit. One of the troubles in criticising your own garden will be that you will remember some small corner that you have had in mind to change, you will get to thinking about detail too early in your study and you will lose the viewpoint which will make your criticism most valuable. That viewpoint is one which looks at a garden, the whole yard in fact, as a unit, to be organized with unity.

Let me illustrate briefly. The groups of chords and scales on a piano do not make a musical composition until they are brought together in a unified relationship to each other. Bricks are not a house until they are laid according to some controlling plan. Plants are not a garden unless they give expression to some well devised idea that is held together by that one big force of unity.

LOOKING at your garden as a unit, does it fully utilize the ground you have available? Are you getting the best out of the land for which you have paid good money? Is the garden as a whole laid out to serve the family that lives in the house? If there are children there should be some sort of a place where they can romp and tear, build sand piles, brush them down, throw sand in the air (they will, you know they will), and generally be natural and happy.

Do the house and the garden quarrel or are they of the same general style, expressing the same idea, complementing each other? An Italianesque garden with a

Score Card

Is there a well-knit connection between your garden and house or is it loose and indefinite?

Is there good path arrangement reaching every section of your garden easily and directly?

Have you planted fine textured shrubs near the house; the rough textured materials farther away?

Is yours a garden with well portrayed theme or is it merely a good horticultural collection lacking that character which comes with good design?

Does your garden invite you to live in it?

Are the garden seats actually usable or are they primarily accent points in design?

Is your present garden used by yourself and family or is it usually empty and forsaken?

Are the plants in your garden placed to enhance the main design or are they defeating its purpose to some extent?

Have you fully considered shade, soil and sunlight in your planting?

Are your spacings between individual shrubs so close they cannot reach their fullest beauty, growing naturally? Should you not reorganize them this spring? Re-space them?

Are there plant materials in your garden, individuals that you like as individuals, which should come out altogether to secure better harmony in the planting arrangement?

modified English house is just as out of place as patent leather dancing pumps would be with a suit of coveralls. A garden and the house that stands in it, should express the same general theme, breathing the spirit of unity.

In our western gardens we have the advantage over the garden fraternity in snow-bound eastern states. At this time of the year they have to content themselves largely with looking at catalogs and making cryptic marks on paper. With us, during the better days of February, we can walk into the open, punch and prod, and dig and scratch, to see if the bulbs are starting their heads above the friable earth, to see if the oriental poppies are still alive, to see if the ground is starting to warm ever so little. On such days garden enthusiasm begins to simmer. Later it will boil. But when it is in the simmering stage, then get critical with your own garden. Later, enthusiasm under pressure may partially blind you to your garden's faults.

LOOK now at your garden. Check wherein it does not meet your needs, and then, blocking out the scheme that you wish to follow, lay your campaign so that when spring really starts you will not be caught napping. This is a time to meet with your landscape architect if you have one, for the value of a landscape designer lies in his being able to work out a definite scheme on paper before you ever start operations on the ground.

Some people seem to think that the landscape architect does some hocus-pocus, says magic words, waves a wand and lo and behold he has a design. Nothing of the sort. He must sketch, and rub out, draw and erase, change lines on paper that would take a day or so to change if they were really an earth and plant garden. It is his function to design a garden to fit your needs. This is the time, if you have not already done so, to spend a little time with him in pointing out your needs, your wishes, giving him your ideas. Then it is his work to weave these ideas into a workable, practical, economical scheme.

"The garden is a part of the home. No matter how tiny, no matter how large, if it is not a livable garden, it has missed the mark."

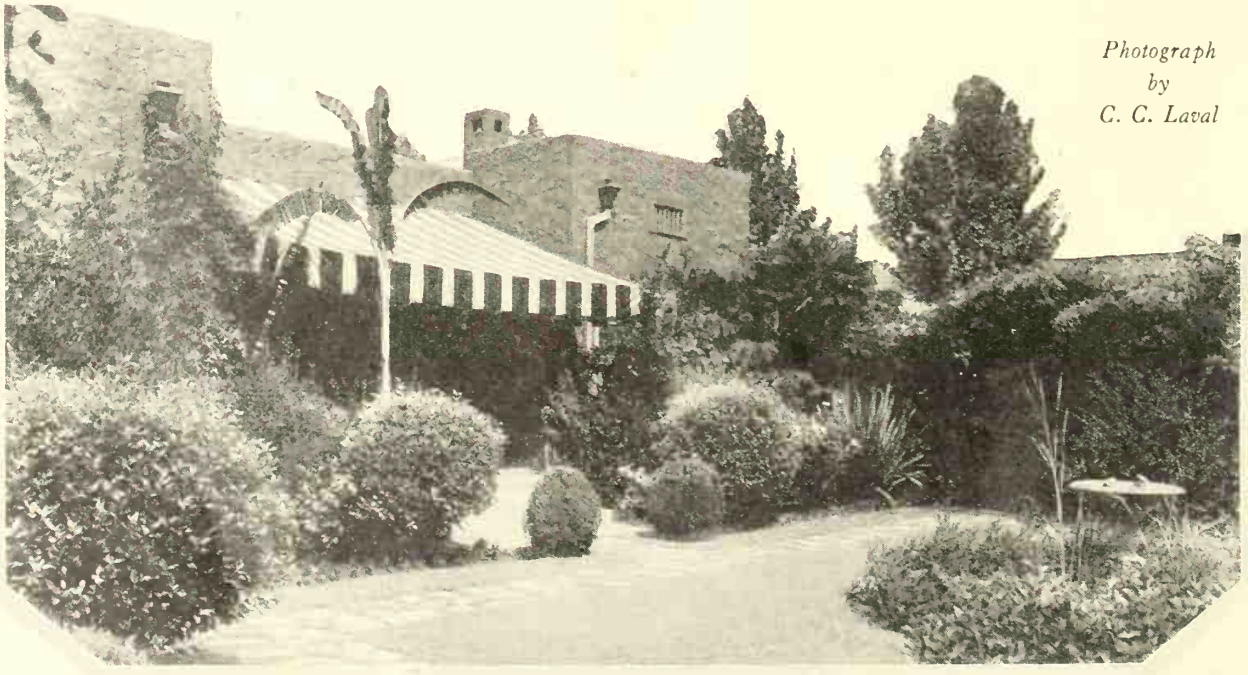
That same general idea applies if you are doing every bit of the designing yourself. Now is the time, almost the last call, for working out the plan of campaign which will make it more your garden, better prepared to serve you who will live in it.

Plants grow larger, change their form, or kill out. Constant reorganization must go on in every garden. Gardens are not fixed things. They change. And another thing, very important: The needs of the people who are to use those gardens change! The youngsters grow up to where they no longer want sand piles. They want porch swings and wicker chairs. They do not throw sand in the air any longer. They punish ukuleles instead. There is no better place to plunk on a uke than on the living terrace that overlooks the little garden surrounding your own house. And if you haven't a living terrace—well, maybe that's the very thing you were planning to put in this spring! Maybe a little cutting garden may supplant the sandpile.

The garden is a part of the home. No matter how tiny, no matter how large, if it is not a livable garden it has missed the mark somewhere. You have not conveyed the needs of your family to the landscape architect or if you do your own designing you have not fully sensed them yourself.

TO be livable, a garden, as a room, must be well-planned; it must be beautiful; it must invite the family to live in it. The score card on the preceding page offers definite suggestions on planning the garden for convenience and comfort. By adding carefully selected plant materials to the well-planned garden, beauty is forthcoming. By placing comfortable seats and tables in quiet retreats in a well-planned, beautiful garden, livability is expressed.

You are your own very best garden critic. You may need some professional help to get your ideas into a workable form; to harmonize them throughout. You will, however, lose some of the charm and livable features of your garden if you, yourself, do not study it with a critical eye to determine just where and how it could be improved to meet your requirements. February should be a time for critical study of our western gardens; the more critical, the better.



Photograph by C. C. Laval

A Fresno garden which is in reality an outdoor living room

WIDE WORLD PHOTO
©

Herbert Hoover, the first Western president

Hoover Broadcasts on the Home

Excerpts from Campaign Speeches Which Home-Minded People Will Like to Read Again

IT is significant of the increasing regard for fine, happy family life in this nation as a whole, and in the west in particular, that the first president to be chosen from the west should be a man who places better home life above all other issues of the day. The following quotations taken from speeches made by Herbert Hoover in his recent campaign typify this man who is to be our next president.

▽ ▽ ▽

"The true conception of America is not a country of 110,000,000 people but a nation of 23,000,000 families living in 23,000,000 homes. I pledge my services to these homes."

▽ ▽ ▽

"To me the foundation of American life rests upon the home and the family. I read into these great economic forces, these intricate and delicate relations of the government with business and with our political and social life, but one supreme end—that we reenforce the ties that bind together the millions of our families, that we strengthen the security, the happiness, and the independence of every home."

▽ ▽ ▽

"My conception of America is a land where men and women may walk in ordered freedom in the independent conduct of their occupations; where they may enjoy the advantages of wealth, not concentrated in the hands of the few but spread through the lives of all; where they may build and safeguard their homes, and give to their children the fullest advantages and opportunities of American life; where every man shall be respected in the faith that his conscience and his heart direct him to follow; where a contented and happy people, secure in their liberties, free from poverty and fear, shall have the leisure and impulse to seek a fuller life."

▽ ▽ ▽

"I wish to remind you of something which may sound humble and commonplace, but it vibrates through every hope of the future. It is this—the unit of American life is the family and the home. It is the economic unit as well as the moral and spiritual unit. But it is more than this. It is the beginning of self-government. It is the throne of our highest ideals. It is the source of the spiritual energy of our people. For the perfecting of this unit of national life we must bend all our material and scientific ingenuity. For the attainment of this end we must lend every energy of the government."

▽ ▽ ▽

"I have before emphasized that the test of our government is what it does to insure that the home is secure in material benefit and comfort; what it does to keep that home free from bureaucratic domination; what it does to open the door of opportunity to every boy and girl within it; what it does in building moral safeguards and strengthening moral and spiritual inspiration. From the homes of America must emanate that purity of inspiration only as a result of which we can succeed in self-government. I speak of this as a basic principle that should guide our national life. I speak of it as the living action of government in the building of a nation."

▽ ▽ ▽

"I have resented the sneers at Main Street. For I have known that in the cottages that lay behind the street rested the strength of our national character."

△ ▽ ▽

"I especially rejoice in the effect of our increased national efficiency upon the improvement of the American home. That is the sanctuary of our loftiest ideals, the source of the spiritual energy of our people. The bettered home surroundings, the expanded schools and playgrounds, and the enlarged leisure which have come with our economic progress have brought to the average family a fuller life, a wider outlook, a stirred imagination and a lift in aspirations."

▽ ▽ ▽

"At one time we demanded for our workers a 'full dinner pail.' We have now gone far beyond that conception. Today we demand larger comfort and greater participation in life and leisure."

▽ ▽ ▽

"The greatness of any nation, its freedom from poverty and crime, its aspirations and ideals—are the direct quotient of the care of its children."

The *House*

It would take some decidedly important "work at the office" to lure a man away from this kind of evening home comfort

A SEEMINGLY simple incident has led to this article. But it was that type of simplicity which is paralleled in the still water that runs deep. I was a silent bystander when a certain wife said to her husband, "Let's go over to the Richards' tomorrow evening!"

"Well—but—I—" stammered the man, groping desperately for excuses. "Why can't they come here?" he suddenly exploded with an inspired solution to the problem that was worrying him.

In that flash I had caught the whole thing. My mind, with his, had anticipated the same picture—the Richards' living room with a chilly atmosphere of mercenary reverence for their handsome oriental furniture. This man, tired after his day's work and devoted naturally to his evening's pipe and book, would be inevitably perched upon one of their grandly carved but painfully hard Chinese chairs like a miserable Budda.

I know that Mr. Richards himself feels that same way about his own home, unfortunately, which is deeper water for us to peer into. Innumerable have been the evenings that he has stolen to our crackling fire with one excuse or another, contented just to relax in one of our comfortable easy chairs and smoke.

Right then I decided to write this article, and so for a month now I have been cornering friend and foe—male always, of course—to discover exactly what men themselves want in their homes. The very first man I talked to was touchingly enlightening.

"I don't like our living room any more," he said. I wondered whether or not it had been redecorated recently and not to his taste. As I wondered he went on. "My wife put my comfortable old chair in the basement and won't let me have it there any more. I'm sorry, but I don't like the new one that she bought as a surprise for me."

In those simple words I could see a complete domestic tragedy. The man to whom I was speaking was a very busy man holding an important railroad position. He is tired at night, but he used to find immeasurable comfort in that old chair. Now his source of comfort has been shoved into the musty dark of the basement along with his old chair. More than that, his whole interest in his living room and, indeed, his home has been colored by this attitude and a feeling of uprooted strangeness and discomfort now possesses him. He belongs to a jolly man's club in town. How long will it be, I wonder, before his restless discontent will lead him to that club in the evenings?

AFTER this I stole a few precious minutes from a certain doctor whom I knew to be devoted to his home.

"My home is my greatest pleasure," he assured me with unmistakable earnestness. "The living room should be the room to be lived in, I believe," he went on, "and I like my whole family around me at night. I don't like to be disturbed while I am reading, but I like to know my wife is there, and my boys play around for a while each night, too." This man, incidentally, like most of the other men I interviewed, confused the idea of home in general with thoughts of his living room in particular.

Here was interesting home life, so I quickly began ferreting for details about the room itself. The big doctor quickly took up his pencil and prescription pad and began to draw a rough sketch. I will tell you exactly what he drew as he drew it, for nothing could be more subtly enlightening.

Without a second's hesitation he sketched a rectangle, explaining, "There is the fireplace." At an angle facing it he drew a very generous square. "That is my own comfortable chair, with a lamp that is just right for reading." In front of this chair he drew a smaller square, and then dropped his pencil so that he could better explain to me with the assistance of gestures the breadth and width of that, his special foot stool. "It is exactly the height of my chair," he explained, while an obvious note of comfortable reminiscence crept into his voice, "and my wife made the cover herself—all cross-stitched (I guessed it to be *petit point*), and it took her months to do."

HE looked at the drawing again and now it seemed that the room he had diagrammed was sufficient—the fireplace and his chair and lamp were there! He hesitated and then sketched a davenport in a corresponding angle to the fire. "There my wife usually sits," he added and dropped his pencil.

"Haven't you any books or tables?" I asked. My intuition was right. With an apologetic "Oh!" and an alert attack at the diagram again which showed his eagerness, he showed me bookcases almost covering the wall spaces. "I could not be happy without books—lots of books!" he explained. Then he swiftly added two circles, representing tables large and small, which touched his chair on both sides. On these were special books, his cigarettes and whatever else he wished handy. There was a radio, too. He liked music played low, he said, but no speeches, for these disturbed him as he studied. Looking at me with a happy expression he added, "I sit there and read every night of my life!"

"Your lovely living room would be quite spoiled for you if your wife should put your chair in the base-

a Man Calls *Home*

By
Mary McDuffie Hampton

ment, wouldn't it?" I laughingly remarked, thinking of the other man.

"Oh no, it wouldn't change the room much—but I would not be there," he answered with unconscious poignancy.

AND I am wondering now how deeply this is connected with the popularity of men's clubs. Something has given me an intuitive feeling, too, that many men who "must work tonight" might not feel that necessity so urgently if they could sink into the depths of an arm chair and pick up their favorite book or magazine from the table by its side. Being a business woman, something of the man's attitude about the home has come to me, too. A room with icy gray walls and too much stiff furniture seems to freeze my very soul.

When the doctor of my interview said that to him a living room was a room to be lived in, he opened a splendid subject. This generation is not too far removed from the last to remember that horrible parasite of the home, the parlor. We can devoutly thank the trend of modern times that gone are the musty rooms as devoid of sunshine or even air as a morgue, and so painfully, punctiliously "set" that conversation itself almost froze as it tried to flow. But, although the parlor is gone, much remains even now which men do not like, I gathered.

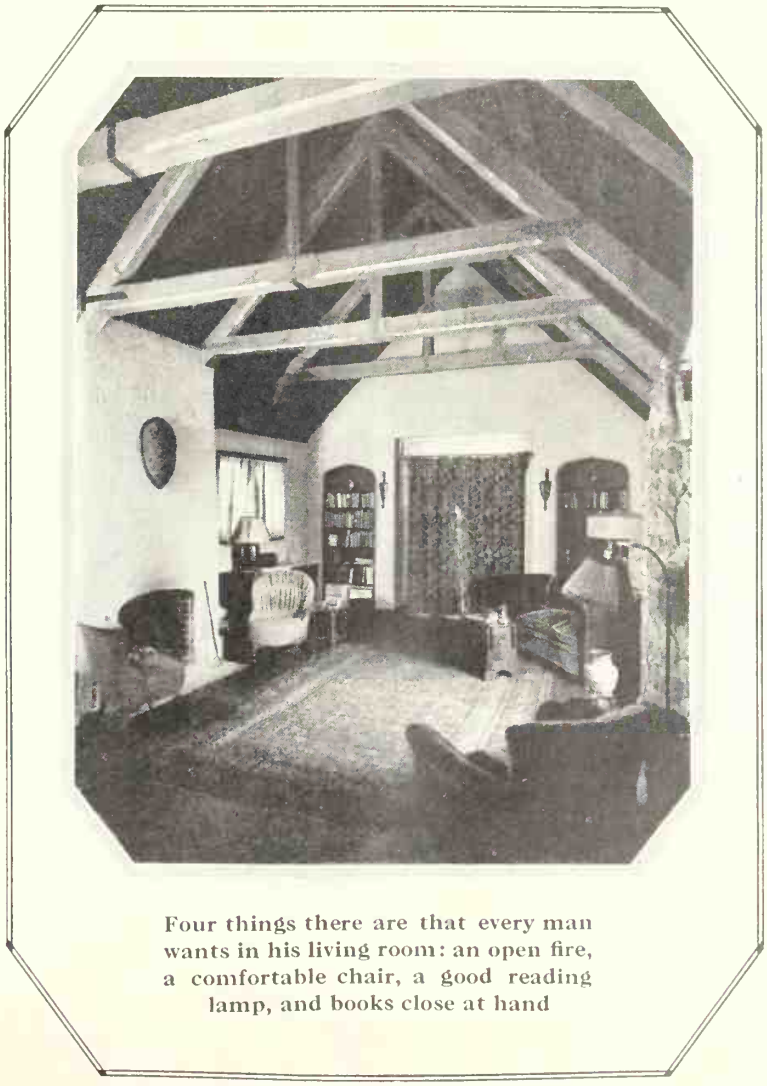
"I don't like too darned many little tables and things to fall over," one man explained to me, and I knew he was thinking of his sister's home. She has a proud French drawing room, incidentally in a sturdy "forty-niner" house, which fact does not disturb her brother half as much as do the frail gilded chair legs which do look dangerously brittle to support two hundred pounds. Worse still, in his judgment, are the innumerable little top-heavy knick-knack tables, about which this genial brother invariably makes bad manoeuvers to the damage of infinite bric-a-brac on them and, ofttimes, the tables themselves.

I have discovered that it is obviously comfort that men wish, and a comfort which stresses bodily ease foremost with the pleasure of artistically harmonious surroundings as a second thought. I could not arouse a single man to excitement over Spanish chests or rose drapes. "Yes, they are nice," or "Oh, I leave that to my wife," was the extent of their usual interest. But mention a fireplace and a big arm chair, books and radios, and they become eloquent and even vehement.

Of course, the degrees of interest which they hold for such things vary. Some men of analytical and artistic nature will be interested in every detail of the home. They will have a definite opinion about the very chintz which curtains the breakfast nook windows. And if those curtains persistently worry them, is it not natural to forecast that breakfast downtown will somehow become a habit?

If I were told to furnish a room, based upon the information I have gathered through these interviews, I would create something like this: About a happy, crackling fire in a fireplace which did not smoke, would be deep armchairs and perhaps a davenport. There would be enough tables for books and cigarettes, but they would be heavy pieces which could not be overturned by sudden contact, and they would necessarily be so placed that they were not in the way. Somewhere nearby would be a radio which occasionally would be allowed to let forth soft music, and in the shadows made by the well-placed lamps would be bookcases filled with books. Just in case there could not be the always-coveted fireplace, the chairs and softly glowing lamps would then be arranged in congenial, conversational groups.

The furniture might be Italian, English or anything else, but its significance and importance here would depend upon its comfort. There would be a spirit of artistic harmony, of course, but above all the room would be, in the doctor's words, one to be lived in and enjoyed.



Four things there are that every man wants in his living room: an open fire, a comfortable chair, a good reading lamp, and books close at hand

There is a dramatic war going on in the mountains of Washington—a war of the ages—and in this unique article

Frank Taylor

reports that

"The Flowers are Winning!"

OLD Venerable sat on the inn veranda, looking at The Mountain. In cities, men quarrel over whether it should be called Rainier or Tacoma, but up in Paradise Valley they just call it The Mountain.

It is natural they should do that, for The Mountain is everything from Paradise Valley and, for that matter, from the other little valleys which The Mountain, in generous mood, has tolerated upon its slopes. The Mountain could do that. It towers two miles above the valleys. They merely make The Mountain seem higher, more important, more powerful.

There are those in whose hearts the great peak, outlined sharply against the azure sky, strikes a note of awe, akin almost to fear. It is too great to comprehend. The Mountain dominates them.

But not Old Venerable. Sitting there on the veranda, eyes half closed, lips almost smiling, he seemed to talk the language of The Mountain. His serenity was equalled only by that of the great snow-clad peak.

"The Mountain has its moods, just as men have theirs," Old Venerable said. "Sometimes The Mountain is friendly and happy. Sometimes it is aloof and guarded. It smiles or scowls with the changing lights and shadows. See it when the snows are piling higher and higher. Then The Mountain is sure and strong. See it when the summer suns are burning, melting the snows. Then The Mountain is on the defensive, fighting for its life."

Old Venerable's eye fell upon the lingering snow-line, at his feet, slowly retreating up the slope from the veranda. At the edge of the snow stood a phalanx of flowers, so eager to grow that many of them actually pushed their heads through the melting snow. The old man watched them in silence. Then he told the story of the age-old battle between the flowers and The Mountain.

Think of it—an army of flowers! Helpless, harmless, beautiful flowers, marching against The Mountain that men have feared!

One of the world's great battles goes on at our feet, he told me. The Flowers are storming The Mountain! Nobody sees it because it is so obvious.

"I've watched it for fifty years," Old Venerable said. "Sometimes, in my imagination, I piece the whole story together.

"Think back a million years, or two million, or five. I don't know just how many millions. It doesn't matter. A million years is a long time to man, but not to The Mountain, nor yet to The Flowers. Think back to the time when The Flowers held all this Northwest land. There was no mountain. All was level plain, and it belonged entirely to The Flowers.

"One day a volcano erupted, shooting thousands of tons of earth and ashes and lava and scalding water over the plain, slaughtering The Flowers right and left. Year after year it did that, until billions of The Flowers were dead and The Mountain stood there three miles high, domineering, destructive, monarch of the land.

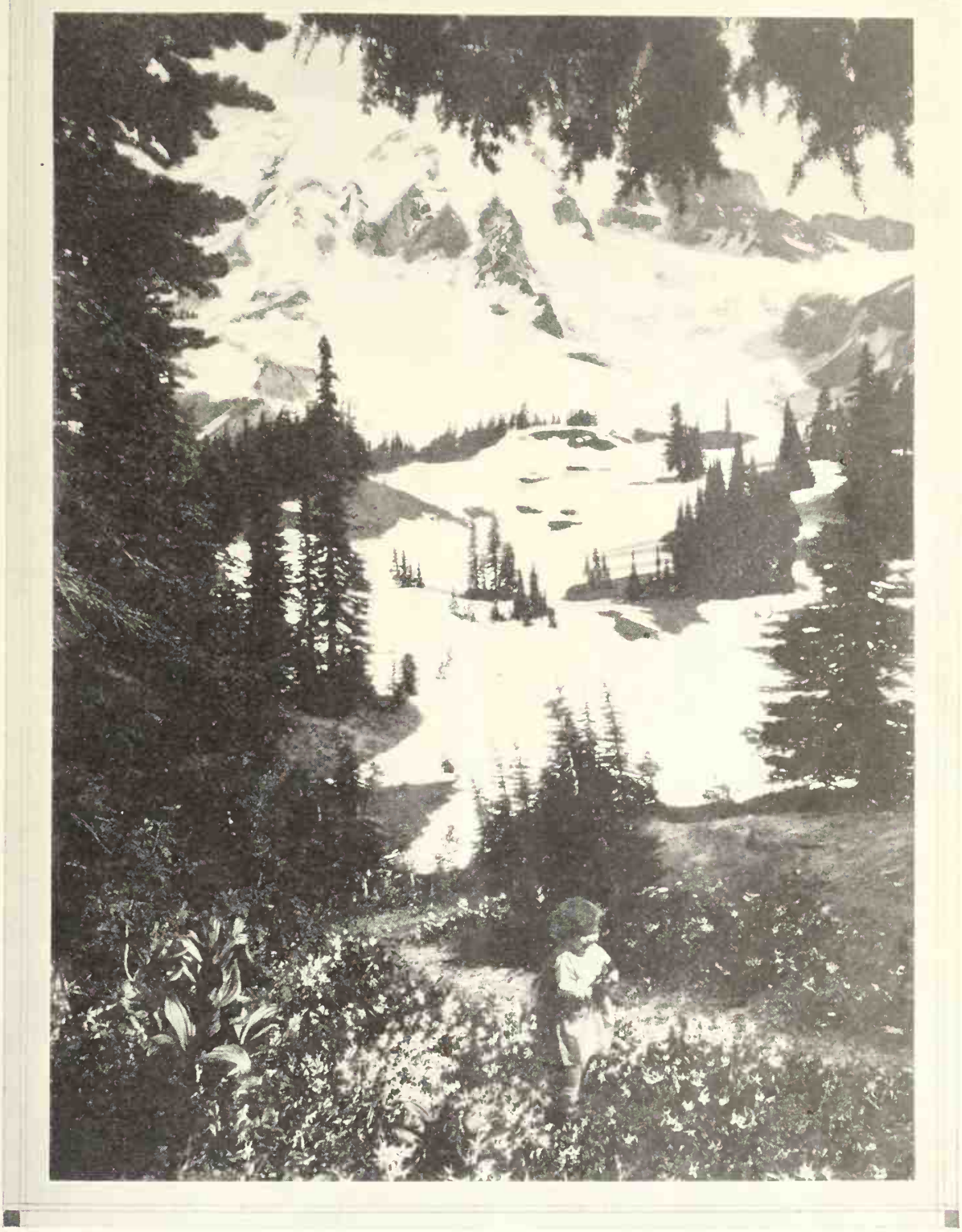
"The fires of the volcano burned out at last. The yawning crater filled with snow. As years passed, the snow turned to ice. Peace reigned over the Northwest land once more but still The Mountain was king. All the land sloped up to The Mountain. The slopes were smooth and hard and nothing could gain a foothold. Routed and scattered, The Flowers lived in a thin fringe beyond The Mountain's reach.

"As years rolled by, ice, forming in that great volcanic mouth, and thawing slightly with each summer's sun, cracked the crater's walls. Glaciers pushed out, slipped down the slopes, scraping away the crest of The Mountain and cutting great gashes in its sides. The glaciers loosed great boulders, ground them to powder, carved new valleys, filled them with earth, fed streams which watered the valleys. The Flowers pushed into these valleys, then up The Mountain's slopes. Each year, as they ground away at The Mountain, the glaciers became smaller. Each year they retreated a few inches up the slopes, leaving the powdered rock to nourish The Flowers.

"EACH year new battalions of Flowers marched forward into No-Flower's-Land to capture the hole vacated by some melting block of ice. Death stalked in No-Flower's-Land, but a dozen companies of Flowers laid down their lives for the thirteenth that lived. The Flowers, you see, have plenty of lives to spare for the countless millions which are to follow. Each year their front ranks crept up The Mountain's sides, just behind the walls of ice."

Old Venerable paused, looked down lovingly at a brave little patch of avalanche lilies gleaming white as the snows they were routing. What sort of attack, what strategy, might these little soldiers be planning?

"In my lifetime, I've seen The Flowers gain a hundred feet, in places, against The Mountain," he said. "Each summer the battle is renewed. Each winter I've seen an armistice. It is the War of the Ages. Some day there will be flowers on the mountain top. The Flowers are winning."



The Invading Army of Blooms

In the cities men quarrel over whether it should be called Rainier or Tacoma, but up in Paradise Valley they just call it the Mountain

In This Article

Mary Tracy Horne

gives Fashion Hints on

At the right above: Old-fashioned palm ladies with skirts trailing the ground. Just above, a fussy miss with vine-embroidered petticoat

Barbering

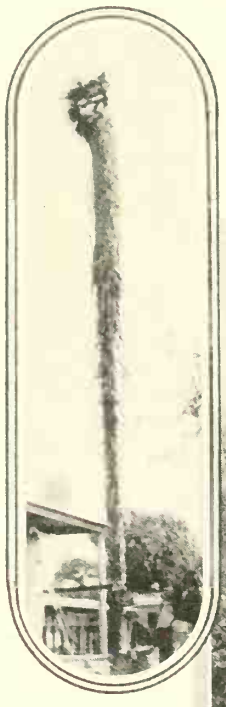
THE best way to trim the dead leaves from a palm tree is as much in question as the best way for a girl to wear her hair. Quite a chart might be printed showing the different ways of barbering palms. Or, if the tree is a Washingtonia palm, one might say tailoring instead of barbering, for the sere leaves, drooping round the trunk, form a veritable full-length petticoat. In Riverside, along Magnolia Avenue, there is a place where old Washingtonia palms stand in their unshortened draperies, as modestly as a row of ladies at the date of their planting, towards fifty years ago, their faded robes touching the ground. Not far away on the same avenue there is another rank of them with their petticoats uniformly shortened to more of an old-fashioned walking length. But note the thoroughly modern tailoring of a pair of palms which I found over by the little *Casa de Amistad*, or House of Friendship, in the quarter where most of the children one sees are Mexicans. These are not young palms, but their skirts are of flapper length.

What is age, after all, to a strong-minded wearer of skirts? One comes across elderly palm trees, as unburdened by petticoats as Stevenson's Catriona, who at some crisis was reported to have kilted her skirts up to God knows where. Sometimes one even sees a tree so denuded that one has to go back to the metaphor of barbering and conclude that the poor thing had to have its neck shaved on account of sickness or hot weather.

Still, when one's hair grows thin, it is just as well not to try to wear it long. In Ventura there stands an ancient palm which only the winds have tailored or barbered. Tattered shreds of its thatch hang around the lower part of the trunk, the part above looks as matted as uncombed hair, and there is only a thin bunch of green leaves at the top for the wind to toss. I stopped at the doorway of an elderly and timeworn woman to ask if she could tell me the age of the tree. She did not know, but ventured a guess of fifty years. Remembering stately rows of fifty-year-old palms in Riverside, I said that, from its looks, it must be a hundred.

"Yes," she answered sharply, "and maybe we'd look like that, too, if we was a hundred."

Many people dislike a palm with a long petticoat. Such a mass of faded, grayish ecru leaves, hanging so dead and dry around the trunk, are as unattractive to them as an ancient grizzled beard;



At left: An ancient palm with wind-frayed skirt

At right: Two flappers near Casa de Amistad, Riverside, California

A young palm in vigorous growth, but with its dead leaves pendant, has a most exquisite vase-like form. Just outside of Riverside there is a row of such trees punctuating a cypress windbreak

Palm Trees

but to me they are a part of the dignity and the symmetry of the palms to which they are natural, and, except for fire hazard, I would not have them trimmed away.

But fire hazard is a real danger with long-skirted palms, even though they themselves recover wonderfully after fire injury.

No tree is less fussy than a palm as to when and how often it is trimmed; for dead and not living tissue is cut away. Having seen men trimming them at many seasons, I asked Mr. Chappel, Park Floriculturist of Riverside, if any special month was best for doing it. He said the time made no difference. Palms seem to flourish particularly well when planted in August, but as to barbering them—it is as it is with people; frequency and fashion are governed by individual choice. The tools, also, are of the simplest—a hatchet and, unless the tree is too tall, an extension ladder.

A Phoenix palm, a year after being charred with fire

The exact style to select in trimming a palm tree depends largely on what kind of a palm one has. More than a thousand species, mostly tropical, have been described by botanists, and it is said that more than a hundred of them are grown by palm fanciers in California, but for ordinary planting the choice of gardeners and nurserymen is narrowing down to *Washingtonia gracilis*, commonly called *robusta* by those who plant it; *Phoenix canariensis;* and *Cocos plumosus.* Of these, *Cocos plumosus*, which is rather a new palm for ordinary planting in California, sheds its leaves naturally, like the royal palm of the tropics, and so needs no trimming; while with the Phoenix palms, which have so broad and dense a head that they never can be brought to a slender figure, trimming is merely a matter of lessening the ground space which they monopolize. But for the *Washingtonias*, either *robusta* or *filifera*, one must take thought. A very tall, spare *robusta* has its own great dignity, to be sure, and for my taste I should like to see its skirts as well as those of the *filifera*, allowed to touch the ground. Yet knee length is a pretty cut and sensible. The old, old styles may appeal to the eye, but there are outweighing advantages in keeping the feet free. So my advice to palm tailors is: Hold in mind the form of a graceful, rounded vase, while the tree is young, and let it stretch out in slenderness until it becomes a column with a leafy capitol when the tree is old. You can do it, and yet keep the inflammable skirt well up out of harm's way. And to palm barbers I would say, Clip off a few dry leaves from around the head of a tree if you must, and let the orange grower make a shelter of them for his young trees. But never, never shave a palm tree's neck.

Dignified Washingtonia palms with skirts of old-fashioned walking length. Contrast these with the ladies at top of opposite page

A tree whose neck has been shaved bare, leaving the top a huge feather duster

This Biographical Tide

A Review of a Few of the Older and Some of the Newer Biographies

By

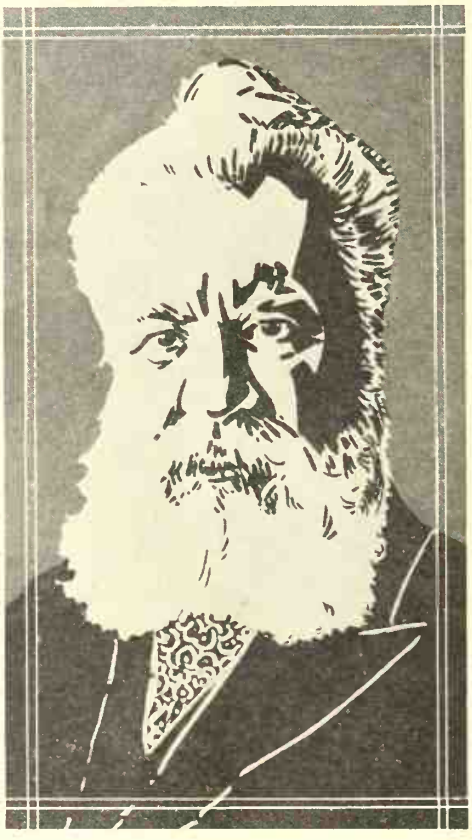
A. Marshall Harbinson

WHAT with Dr. Joseph Collins looking at everything under the sun including "Marriage and Medicine," his most recent observation, we feel justified in gathering the home folks around us to take a friendly glance at the Graphy Sisters, Bi and Autobi.

The world, as everyone very well knows, has become biographically and autobiographically conscious. If our memory serves, it was Pope who observed that "The proper study of mankind is man," but if we can judge from the bewildering variety of "graphies" that have been recently published, it was up to this generation to observe that the study of mankind makes "dern good reading."

It will be a long time before anyone writes more fascinatingly about himself than did that grand old man of the Eighteenth Century, and one of the most remarkable Americans that ever lived, Benjamin Franklin; or more fully than the self-styled Chevalier de Seingalt, Signor Casanova, who wrote so intimately, and, might we add, embarrassingly, about himself and his times. We find George Washington in his autobiography saying modestly that the command of the Continental Army was "An honor I neither sought after nor desired," and then almost in the same breath, "I shall hope my friends will visit and endeavor to keep up the spirits of my wife," as his departure would, he knew, "be a cutting stroke upon her."

It was about six years ago we discovered that something was happening to biography. The book that brought this to our attention is still on our shelves, Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria." Biography, a strait-laced, slow-moving, dignified form of literature, started cutting up. In its new dress it attracted the attention of the hoi polloi. Fiction-logged readers turned to it with renewed buoyancy. Noting this and working on the theory that if a little paprika is good, a lot is better, many writers began turning out their biographies dressed in accordance with this new and fascinating mode. Kitty Shannon embellished with her bizarre, illustrative art Louis Melville's "Nell Gwyn" that the George H. Doran Company published in 1924. We have read this pleasantly frank story of Charles the Second's lovely little wanton with a relish that has never decreased. Pepys saw her and his ever-ready pen jotted down in his diary ". . . to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself and was all unready, she is very pretty, prettier than I thought."



Alexander Graham Bell as he appears on the jacket of Catherine MacKenzie's Biography of him. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

Other biographies appeared which we did not enjoy at all. Like gossipy hussies these winked a mascaroed eye and whispered of the love-life, drinking bouts and general cavortings of the great and near great. There was that unmentionable one recently about a late president, in which the author's exposé boomeranged back upon herself to make her appear in our eyes a most unpleasant person indeed.

Although not in the same class as the immediate above, there was Rupert Hughes' "Life of Washington." We didn't like this one either. Mr. Hughes had a gorgeous time with the reputation of the father of his country. He perhaps did make a man of Washington, but in doing so he inadvertently—or was it deliberately?—trod on the toes of the many who have always thought of Washington as an ideal rather than a mere person. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. Hughes is an eminently successful fiction writer and that he enjoys saying startling things. He once said in our hearing that he was going to teach his mother to smoke, because he believed it would be a comforting and pleasant habit for that lady to acquire. That's Rupert all over.

There have been, of course, many circumspect and dignified biographies since Strachey's "Queen Victoria" to relieve the tedium. Readers will undoubtedly recall that splendidly done book of Miss Best's, "Thomas Payne, Prophet and Martyr of Democracy" (Harcourt, Brace) that appeared a year or so ago; as well as "Ariel," (Appleton) the life of Shelley, by André Maurois. In "Ariel" Shelley lives and breathes again, as lovable, as pitiable, and as simple-minded an idiot as ever lived. How he ever had time to write his exquisite stanzas, Maurois did not make clear to us. But in our interest in the man, we forgot about his works. It is usually only the poet's verse that lives after him; after reading "Ariel" the man Shelley walks side by side in our memory with his writings.

MUCH as we would like to go on reminiscing, we want, in the space allotted us, to mention a few of the biographies and autobiographies that have been published recently. There is "The World I Saw" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), a personal story by Anne Shannon Monroe (published serially in SUNSET last year). In this book the author tells of her early life in the Northwest —Yakima, if you must stick a colored pin into your wall-map—and of her first adventures (*Continued on page 66*

In a Western Garden

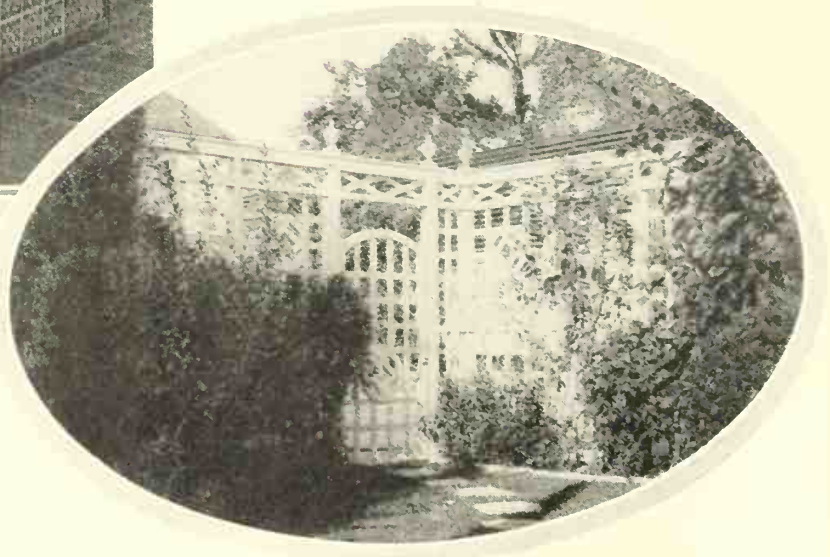
From an Etching by
LOUIS ROGERS

The Lure *of the* Patio

By

Marjorie M. Mohler

Modern Homes of the Southwest Borrow Ideas from Old-World Gardens to Give Charm to the New



A breath of old Spain in modern guise is the patio of distinctly Moorish lines above. Strikingly different but also pleasing is the enclosed garden at right whose boundaries are marked by a simple fence

THE patio, that secluded little garden spot walled-in from curious eyes, with its atmosphere of Old-World charm, is the one feature which definitely characterizes the architecture of the Southwest.

The origin of the enclosed garden, which might seem to have been thought out expressly for this section, is commonly, but erroneously, credited to Spain. As a matter of history, the patio was introduced into Spain during the Moorish invasion in the 13th century, the Moors have previously evolved it by blending together various ideas borrowed from earlier Oriental and Greek civilization.

The place held by the patio in the life of the Spaniard was one of real necessity, both as a protection from the hot, arid climate and to satisfy his innate love for privacy and seclusion. And here it is truly characteristic of the Andalusian that he should cloak his needs with a vividness of imagination and a passion for beauty, maintaining, at the same time, a fine sense of dignity and distinction.

The usual location chosen for these retreats was either in the center of the house entirely concealed from the outside, or in the form of an open, circular court yard enclosed by high protecting walls about those sides that did not open directly into the dwelling. Stucco pavement or flagged rock covered the entire floor and a fountain was placed in the center, or near the kitchen for greater convenience. The walls were of stucco or wainscoting, and pine beams decorated in Moorish design formed the colonnades and ceilings of the arcades.

Unlike the Italian and French, public display in architectural adornment did not interest or appeal to the Spaniard. Rather a simplicity bordering at times on austerity marked these retreats. Ornamentation was confined to frescoed adamantine stucco or tile about the arcades, around the bases of the wells or fountains, and on the stair-risers. Polychrome, also, played an important part in these decorations. The treads of the stairs connecting the courts with upper stories were of unglazed earth-color, with flower-pots of the same hue arranged upon them.

Color combinations were marked by their extreme restraint, the usual treatment including only two in the entire scheme, such as blue and white or black and white. This was accom-

plished by the use of tinted tiles with the white walls. The potted plants carried out the color scheme also, the flowers being one color and the pots painted the other. Pebbled floors in mosaic patterns were popular also, many very lovely effects being produced.

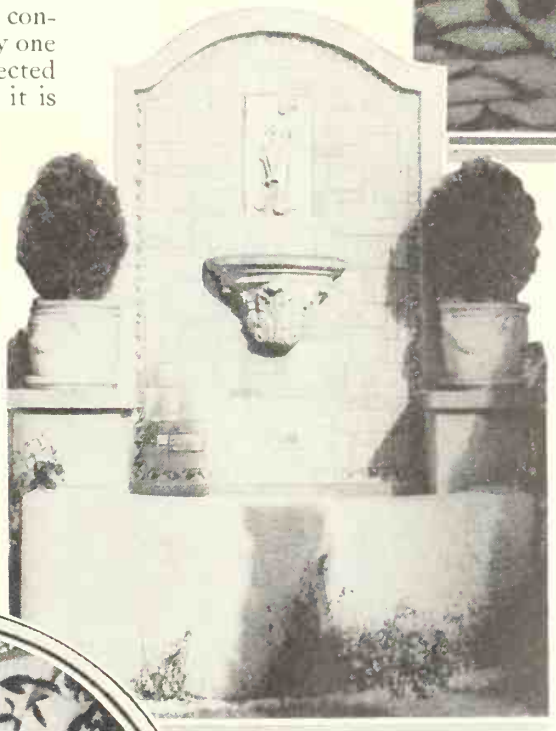
By reason of its greater adaptability the Sevillian type of patio, more than any other, is being taken up by home-builders of the southwest and shaped into suitable form to fit our modern habits of living. From the mingling of these ideas there is appearing a constantly increasing tendency towards greater individuality and self-expression rather than a rigid adherence to any pure type; which is as it should be, since a strict reproduction of a style not our own would be both inadequate and inappropriate.

UNLIKE the Spanish retreats, the patio of the southwest is constructed to hold rather than to deflect the warmth of the sun, and to act as a shelter from the cool winds that constantly blow in from the sea. Any one of several positions may be selected for its construction. Sometimes it is built at the front of the house, serving as a main entrance, or again it may be placed in the rear to insure greater privacy. Occasionally one occupies the central location, with no outside openings, patterned more literally after the Moorish, but such instances are not common. The extreme restraint of this style does not satisfy the true westerner's craving for color, informality and the freedom of the great outdoors, such as are offered by those of a more exterior nature. Thus, the most popular position is on the side of the house, with one, two or three wings of the main building constructed around it, walls of varying structure and height making up the remaining sides. Openings of various types, and cleverly executed gateways relieve the starkness of bare walls, besides revealing entrancing glimpses of misted mountains, rugged canyons or moody seas.

Floors are developed in many interesting ways. Some are of cement, painted and lined to imitate brick or tile; others are of flagged rock; while many enclosures of greater exposure are carpeted entirely with grass, a factor unknown to the Spanish retreat. Uncovered stairs of natural wood or cement, with wrought-iron railings connect with upper stories; fireplaces of rustic stone, and niches in which quaintly modeled jars or even tiny fountains appear, are constructed in appropriate spots; vases of innumerable sizes and shapes are placed in corners or are suspended from arches and beams; and electric lights are adroitly concealed in wrought-iron lanterns of unique design.

An assortment of plants and trees marks the walled garden of this country, the success of the whole effect depending upon the tasteful arrangement of material. Painted tubs and jars filled with small palms, arbor-vitae, box, myrtle, dwarf pines and clipped cedars stand at intervals; miniature hedges of English privet outline flower-beds and paths; tall, stately Italian cypress, arranged in formation, all tend toward the creation of the formal note. Dracaenas, oleanders, yucca, cactus, Japanese palms and fancy-leafed caladiums, used with various complements, are all popular media in the accomplishment of symmetrical and balanced arrangements.

A brilliantly plumaged sentinel stands guard over the studio patio of the A. M. Southard Co., architects of San Diego



Water is as much an integral part of the true patio as are its protecting walls. The wall fountain above of Italian motif is found in the garden of Dr. C. M. Hosmer, San Diego

Like lovely accents in a picture of symmetry are the sunken flower beds in the flagstoned area at left. Such a feature is particularly pleasant in the small walled-in garden

Around the Year *with* Gladiolus

Ross H. Gast

who wrote this article is one of Los Angeles' most enthusiastic flower fans. His experiences in growing gladiolus the year round will be of interest to all western gardeners

THUMBING my way through an Eastern garden catalog the other day, I found the gladiolus repeatedly referred to as the "King of Midsummer Flowers." To me this descriptive phrase seemed inadequate for in our garden in southern California the "glad" reigns the full year round.

We plant gladiolus every month of the year and through proper selection of types and individuals, have blooms in the garden practically every day. Our best bloom, of course, is from May until November, and we sometimes hold off planting from the middle of November to the first of January.

There is another fallacy regarding gladiolus that often precludes full enjoyment of the flower. This is the commonly accepted belief that its uses in the garden are limited. True, the gladiolus is not as versatile as many other garden favorites, yet it does lend itself to many uses that are not generally appreciated. In our garden, there is a cutting bed blooming practically the entire year round, and certain types of glads are to be found interplanted with roses and perennials, in borders, in shrubbery bays and other adapted places. And we are continually seeking other spots that may be improved with gladiolus.

Our cutting bed requires the most attention. It is about 20 by 30 feet in dimension, and divided into ten double rows 20 feet long. We plant one double row each month, sometimes of one variety and often in mixed lots. A double row in our cutting bed requires about 100 bulbs. The bed is located well to the back of the garden, and is screened by tall growing annuals, for it is usually quite ragged from cutting. We change the location each year.

Then we have one or two beds of glads for mass bloom, sometimes interplanted in our small rose garden about the first of March. Gladiolus can also be planted with iris beds early in the spring, and combined with asters and zinnias in the fall. We have found it wise to set out zinnia plants in our early glad plantings just about the time gladiolus bloom is past so as to hide the cut stems and leaves.

Glads always form a part of our borders, and there are several spots in the shrubbery that are brightened in the early summer with large glads and in winter with prims. Low growing types can be set along the boxwood hedge, and last year, a row of primulinus hybrids hid the ragged lower growth of our sweet peas.

We must, however, select types and sorts of gladiolus for the various uses, and also for the different seasons. Methods of planting and care vary with the location and season. Our experiences along this line may be helpful especially to Southwest gardeners. There is no doubt that we have made many mistakes in our cultural practices and our seasonal selections, but so far we have had what we think is good success with gladiolus.

FIRST, let us consider the selection of types and individuals for the different uses in the garden. As the cutting bed is primarily devoted to flowers for home ornamentation, planting should be limited to sorts which are adapted to this purpose and are pleasing to the grower. Primulinus hybrids are becoming more popular each year largely because they are the most versatile in decorative use, though one wants a selection of the larger types, too. We use our cutting bed to try out new varieties, for under this system a good increase is secured. (*Continued on page 48*)

Ernest Bloch, Composer

A Sketch of An Interesting Westerner in the Field of Creative Music

By

Norman L. Jasper

WHEN I first saw Ernest Bloch at an Indian village called San Ildefonso, in New Mexico, taking notes on the song with which the natives were accompanying one of their ancient ceremonial dances, I was a little doubtful of him! I was told he was a well-known composer, but that might have meant anything. What I suspected was that he wrote Indian love songs for pseudo-Indian-Princesses to sing at chautauquas. And I was rather resentful, too, of this man who took rapid notes on a musical score while an absorbing prehistoric dance-drama was being enacted on the age-old desert before us. It was the same sort of resentment I feel toward tourists who go about snapping kodaks. Perhaps I get my feelings in this matter from the Indians themselves, who think that something actual and tangible is taken from them each time a picture is taken. And perhaps they are right. Bloch was "stealing" their music.

Anyway, I was extremely skeptical of this eager little man with the beard. I say "little," not because he is, but because that was somehow my first impression. He is not tall but, hunched up with concentrated attention, listening intently to the song, sitting on the running-board of an automobile with his pad on his knee, he seemed even shorter, like a man with no body, just a big head, a big mind.

The next time I met Bloch he was nowhere around—and yet I saw him more clearly. In other words, I heard some of his music. This time, more than before, I felt his intensity, his eagerness, his keen mind, his curiosity. This time I got a pleasant shock of interest and my skepticism and doubt were dispelled. I was impressed and stimulated. I not only sensed the mind and power of the man, through the music, but his humor and idealism as well.

THE third time I met Ernest Bloch was, as the old phrase has it, "the charm." I saw his art and his life and the man all at once. I saw a vital, magnetic personality at a piano playing music which I found it hard to believe had actually been plucked out of nothingness by the man before me—so unused was I to "real, live" composers. Novelists, poets and painters no longer impress me; but I am still awed by one who fashions in anything so intangible as pure sound.

Besides this bald-headed, black-bearded man at the piano, and behind him, as it were, I saw also a young, smooth-shaven fellow of twenty, selling cuckoo clocks in Germany; I saw him trying to manage his father's business in the day time and writing a romantic opera called *Macbeth* at night (perhaps in a hall-bedroom, or, better still, an attic, with only the light of a romantic Lady Macbethean candle!); I saw him putting all the noise and clash of his youthful intolerance into a symphony which should be hailed later by the critics as "sustained noise" and as "hopelessly modern, which means that it is hopelessly artificial"—but still later as "second to no composer's work since Beethoven!"

Ernest Bloch

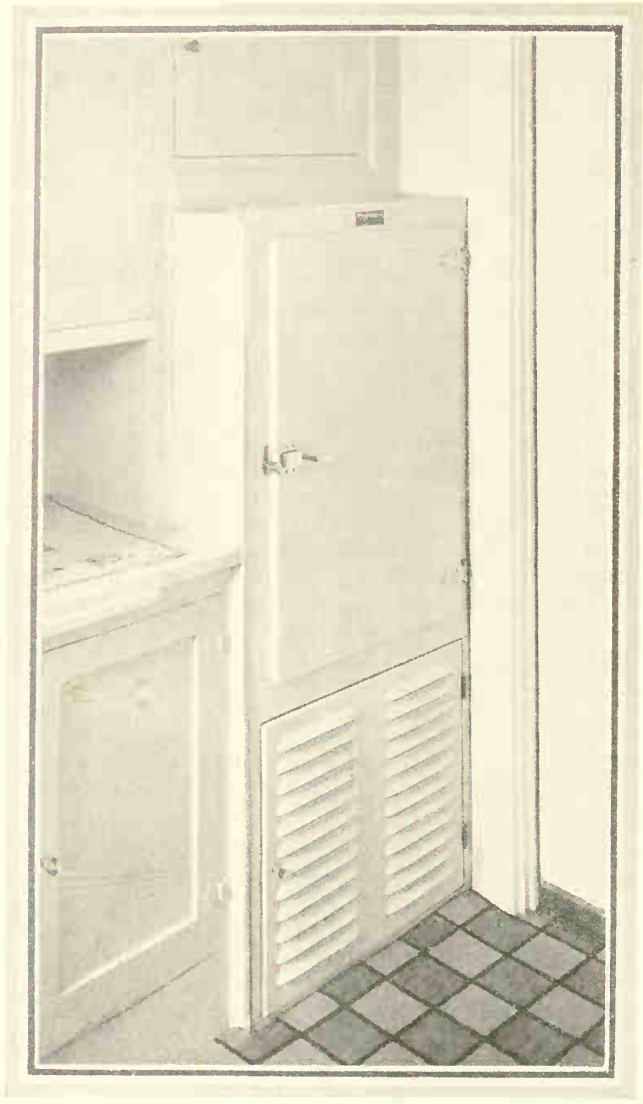
I saw him, still young, in his early thirties now, still penniless, still unknown, arriving in New York and feeling the thrill, like any immigrant boy, of setting foot on what he had been led to believe was the Promised Land. And then I saw him as he was—perhaps the most surprised person of all at what had happened—actually realizing at last that, for him at least, this really was the Land of Opportunity.

For Bloch, oddly enough, had no great success in Europe, even though such men as Romain Rolland hailed his first symphony as "one of the most important works of the modern school;" and even though much of his most important work was composed and played in Europe before he came to America and became an American citizen. And his more spectacular success has come only within the past few months, when his latest symphony *America* won a prize in a national contest and was given a simultaneous premiere by all of the leading symphony orchestras in the United States, during December, 1928.

BUT you cannot see Bloch now without also seeing most of everything that has gone before. You cannot see him, hear him play, or talk with him (hear him talk, rather) without feeling the "richness, vigor and passion" which has been attributed to his work. And without somehow seeing behind him all the vicissitudes and ironic adventures of his life out of which he has made his music.

I have been told that in the woods he turns "sweet and silent." The simple pastime of hunting for mushrooms, which is his hobby, soothes his fiery nature, apparently. He comes back to San Francisco (where he is the director of the Conservatory of Music) from a summer in Switzerland, with trunks full of mushrooms, and recently has been as delighted as a child on learning of a new way to dry and powder them, the better to transport them across a sea and a continent.

Indeed, the story is told of him that in the midst of all the pother which was being made over him at the time his symphony was awarded the first prize in the recent (*Continued on page 67*



Even Though All Out-of-Doors is Calling Us to "Come Out of the Kitchen," Meals Must Still Be Prepared

so

Ella Lehr

Suggests

Ham Oven Dinner
(350 degrees for 2 hours, or 400 degrees for 1¼ hours)
Baked Slice of Ham
Baked Potatoes Succini, Italian style
Rosy Apples
Hearts of Lettuce Salad,
Thousand Island Dressing
(Refrigerator)
Biscuits
(in refrigerator, baked while garnishing meat)
Rhubarb Tapioca, with Cream
(Baked with dinner)

Meat Loaf Dinner
(375 degrees for 1½ hours)
Meat Loaf with Tomato Sauce
Potatoes en Casserole Buttered Onions
Carrots and Peas
Baked Apple Crisp
(A salad, relishes, hot rolls and wafers with the dessert would make this most complete)

Cooking by Absent Treatment

HAVE you tried cooking by remote control? It offers the best compromise in the world, I think, between the call of gardens and golf greens on the one hand, and on the other the voice of duty bidding us not to neglect the important "daily three" that our families rightfully demand.

Two big things are essential to good cooking by this method: the right equipment and well thought out plans. The right equipment means first, a good range, either gas or electric, equipped with temperature control and automatic time control also if possible; and second, a good, roomy refrigerator which keeps things really cold. As for the planning, here are some ideas I have used successfully, which you may like to adapt to your own needs. One family's menus and plans are no more likely to fit another family accurately than one household budget is likely to fit another household, but good ideas may frequently be borrowed in either case.

The oven dinner, with the whole meal complete from soup to dessert stowed away in the oven's roomy interior, is certainly the Open Sesame to many a woman's outside world. And a good refrigerator, mechanical or otherwise, is a most efficient wife-saver!

The general scheme of things with oven dinners is to use a combination of foods which all require about the same temperature and length of time for cooking, the plan being built around the main dish—meat, fish or otherwise.

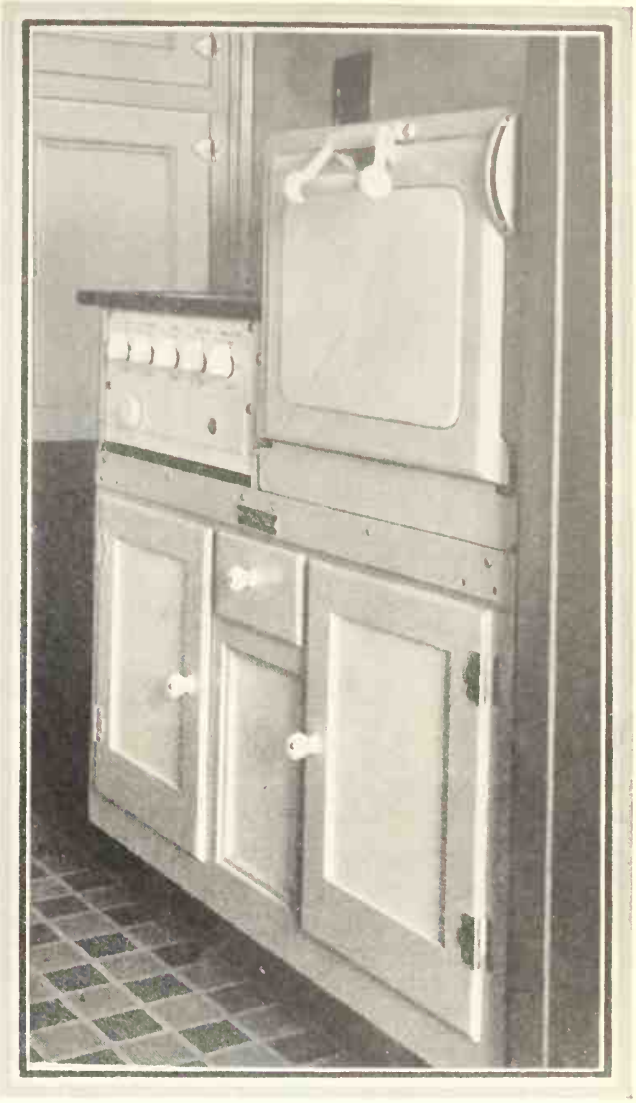
Pots and pans that will fit in the oven are the first essential. Any sort of pans will do if the lids of the vegetable kettles fit tightly. We prefer the cloverleaf or triplicate pans because, in addition to possessing lids that clamp down, they fit so well into the corners of the oven, enabling one to stow away in it ever so much more. Incidentally, used on top of your gas or electric range, you are able to cook

three things with the gas or electricity you would ordinarily use for one. These may contain vegetables, fruits, puddings or soup stock.

For roasting meats, anything from the old iron skillet to the latest in heat proof glass and china baking dishes may be used. In cooking by wire no cover is needed, since the insulation of your oven is a cover in itself. Without an insulated oven we prefer to use a cover after the searing is completed.

Meat may or may not be seared first. That is up to you!

If you are leaving it in a cold oven and prefer the searing to come first, this may be done in advance by means of the broiler or the top of the range.



The oven regulator will watch your baked foods and the electric refrigerator will take care of desserts and salads

Fish Oven Dinner
(375 degrees, 1¼ hours)
Hollenden Halibut Harvard Beets
Escalloped Potatoes with Pimento and Cheese
Chocolate Pudding or Frosty Prune Cream (in the refrigerator)
(With this meal cook the prunes for tomorrow's breakfast and carrots for a future salad)

Pork Bird Dinner
Fresh Shrimp Cocktail (refrigerator)
Pork Birds
Sweet Potatoes and Apples en Casserole
Carrot Strips Buttered String Beans
(Oven, 400 degrees for 1 hour)
Corn Sticks
(Stirred up in a minute, baked while serving meal)
Frozen Fruit Salad
Wafers
(A combined salad and dessert course)

Meat cooked in a moderate oven, which means around 350 degrees, develops a better flavor than that cooked at a higher temperature a shorter time; 20 to 30 minutes to the pound is the usual time for 350 degrees of heat. This softens the fibre and improves the flavor. Roast beef is the exception. Veal, pork, mutton and lamb require the longer time.

No basting is necessary with the insulated oven or with certain types of roasting pans.

The less expensive cuts may be converted into most tempting ragouts, stews, pot roasts, and casserole dishes by long, slow cooking.

As to vegetables, they too can be baked. Neither do they overcook in the oven, for steaming is a longer process than boiling. Steamed vegetables are good for us, too; since so little water is needed for this method, flavor and valuable minerals are not carried away with the liquids ordinarily discarded.

Any vegetable can be cooked in the oven, but it is not practical to include in oven dinners leafy vegetables, such as spinach, because they require so short a time. Any vegetable that grows beneath the ground—carrots, potatoes, onions and beets—and some that grow above the ground, as artichokes, beans, peas and tomatoes, are quite adjustable to the average oven meal plan. Very little water is used, often none at all. About ½ to ⅔ cupful is sufficient, salted.

Ordinarily oven-cooked vegetables will require about twice as long to cook as in surface cookery. This fits in well, as the average roast will require 1½ to 2 hours. Naturally, we choose vegetables which require about the same length of time as the meat. If we bake fish, which will take no more than an hour, we use vegetables such as tomatoes and scalloped potatoes, which require less time than onions and whole potatoes, for instance.

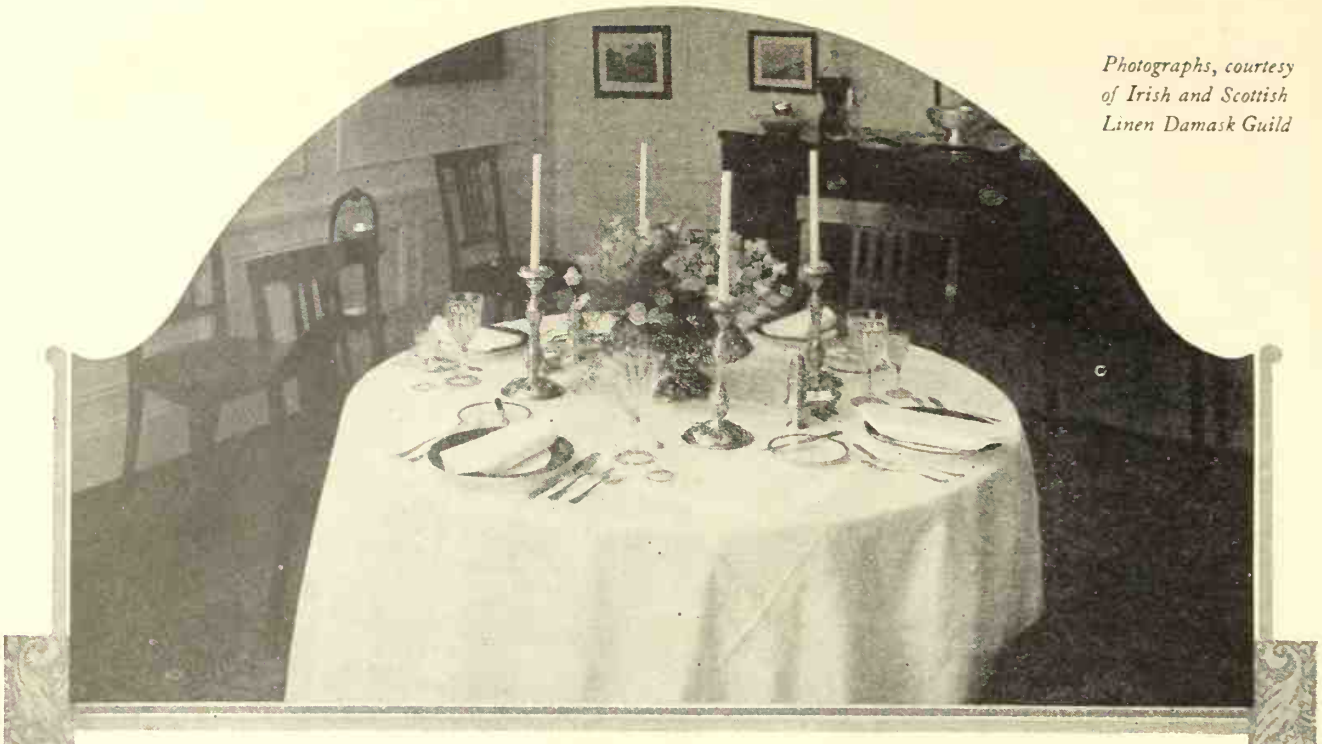
If old vegetables are used, the time should be increased.

Save the liquid from the vegetables and use for soup stock and the like.

Where butter is added to vegetables the food value is increased as well as the flavor. If added without water, a slightly browned effect is produced.

Vegetables to be used the following day for salads or creaming may be cooked along with the dinner, and dried fruits may be prepared for tomorrow's breakfasting. Here is another place where the refrigerator plays its part.

Croquettes, sandwiches, biscuits, scalloped dishes, meats and vegetables may be stored away in it even before the breakfast dishes are washed, leaving us free to *(Continued on page 58*



Photographs, courtesy of Irish and Scottish Linen Damask Guild

Hospitality at Home

By Florence La Ganke

The gracious hostess has two characteristics: imagination — that ability to put herself in another's place — and unaffected manners. The same traits mark the perfect host.

DO you have company manners at your home? Have you ever compared the tone of your voice at seven in the morning with your company voice at seven o'clock in the evening? Is there a difference? Do you mind your ways more carefully when there are guests because you remember your own mother saying in your childhood, "Now watch your manners, because company is coming, and Mother does not want to be ashamed of you." And your mind was set in the mold which says, "Company manners are something to be put on. They are not natural."

If you wear your company manners like your best clothes, there come times when you are glad to take them off. That is too bad, because hospitality then becomes an artificial rather than a real thing.

Hospitality implies a joyous welcome, an interest in the sojourners under our roof, and a genuine desire to make the guest's comfort a matter of first consideration. The guest has honored us by accepting our invitation and all members of the family unite to show their appreciation.

Hospitality is not a matter for the hostess alone. Her husband, her children, even her lamps and rooms should show a genuine welcome. Rooms take on artificial company manners when they are swept and garnished within an inch of their lives. When books and magazines are arranged in extremely decorous rows, when the flowers in the bouquet are stiff and prim, they seem to shriek, "We have put on our company manners." And primness never made anyone feel welcome.

As guests come up the street of an evening they see lights in the window and on the porch, and the host greets them at the door with a welcoming hand. The children say, "Good-evening," and do not hang behind nor hide in the lurking shadows of furniture. When children feel the responsibility for helping to entertain guests, they develop into charming sub-hosts, gaining an understanding of the graciousness of hospitality.

When the comfort of guests is the first consideration, children are not disciplined at the table. Children's manners, or lapses in them, are ignored in the presence of company. The child who is humiliated by being scolded in front of guests soon learns to sit apart, afraid to do a thing for fear new wrath will be called down upon his head. That kind of child makes a poor dinner partner in later years, because he has effaced himself for so long that he had not learned to carry his share of the conversational give and take.

The hospitable hostess does not load the table with food so that her guest who is counting calories is tempted beyond her strength. Neither does the thoughtful hostess put strange foods with pronounced flavors

on the table. Even a well bred guest who knows she should eat at least a part of everything on her plate may find it impossible to live up to her standard.

Consideration for one's guests means that the hostess will not insist upon butterless dinners, separate salad courses, after dinner coffee, even when she knows they are socially correct, if she feels that her guests will be more comfortable with less sophisticated meals and service.

For an informal luncheon, quaint blue china on yellow linen is lovely

FOOD is not apologized for in the home of a perfect hostess. If there has been a real mishap, her apologies help only to fix it in the guest's mind, so that the next time she thinks of that hostess she says, "Oh, yes! that's where I had that scorched soup." If apologies are made as a matter of habit when the food really is all right, she puts her guest in the position of insisting that it is delicious. The ensuing argument centers the conversation upon food. Who is there among us who cannot find something more interesting to talk about than the food set before us?

The hospitable host takes a real share in the conversation. He does not act bored. He does not sit at the table paying no attention to the guests, nor does he insist upon heaping food upon their plates despite their protests. The host and his wife have had an earlier agreement regarding the way in which he shall carve the meat and serve the food. There are no domestic flare-ups, nor are there any covert criticisms given in the form of pretended pleasantries and jokes.

Conversation is easier, more spontaneous and more sprightly when husbands and wives are not dinner partners. It is amazing what point an old story has when told to an interested new listener!

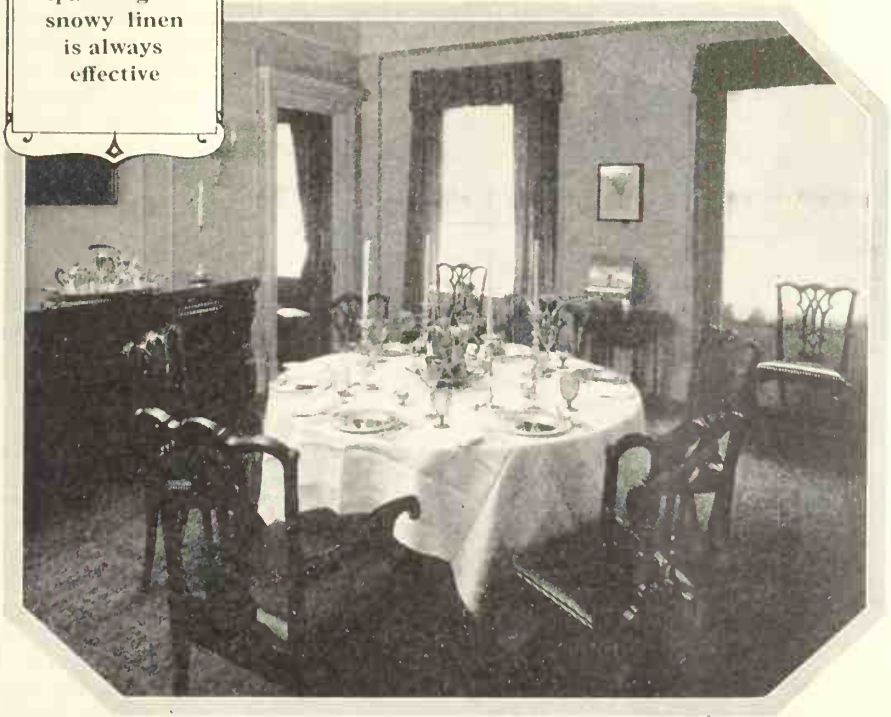
One's most recent operation as well as one's political or religious convictions are best left out of conversation. The first bores the listeners or fires them to tell their experiences until the table resembles a medical clinic.

Politics and religion only start arguments. Folks don't know anything about these subjects, really. They just "emote" on them. And emotions are dangerous things. A hostess is justified in introducing even so banal a subject as the weather to break up an argument on politics or religion.

When the guests gather around the fireplace after dinner, and one guest announces she must leave, she is not made to feel she has committed a social error, nor does the hostess begin to uncover the guest's family skeleton as soon as the door is closed; because that makes the guest who leaves next say to herself—"I wonder what they are saying about *me* now that the door has closed on me." A gracious hostess never discusses one guest's personal affairs with any other guest.

When it is time for children to go to bed, they say "Good-night" courteously and pleasantly and vanish for the rest of the evening. If only they could be made to realize the glory and praise they acquire by so doing, if only they knew the way in which they are held up as examples to less well behaved children, they might be tempted to go even earlier!

Silver, crystal and china sparkling on snowy linen is always effective



THE guest who stays over-night takes her cue from her hostess as to bed-time. Should the hostess stay up and up, hiding yawns as best she can, the guest may mention the fact that tomorrow is another day, but the first suggestion should have come from the family. (*Continued on page 66*

How I Made a Success of My Home Finances

This Is the True Story of a California Housewife and Her Experiences with the Family Budget. Her Common Sense Spending Plan Will Be of Interest to Other Ambitious Families

WHEN I was a child my parents were in the grocery business and I helped wait on the customers after school, on Saturdays and during vacations. It was an interesting and instructive experience, for I would like to meet the person who hears more hard luck stories than the neighborhood grocery man.

Sometimes, when it became almost impossible to collect on accounts, my mother would give the bills to me and tell me I could have any money I might collect. You should have seen me work and you should have heard the tales of woe to which I was compelled to listen. Well, I fully made up my mind then, although only a girl ten or twelve years old, that when I got married, if I ever did, I was going to use some efficient method of handling my income so the poor groceryman would not need to go without his money the months Johnny had his tooth pulled, Clara needed a party dress or the life insurance had to be paid.

For a couple of years before I was married I worked in a savings bank, where I had a good opportunity to see the results of other kinds of money management. This bank gave away a household budget book which very much appealed to me because it looked so business-like with its vertical columns and horizontal lines.

I was married at the age of twenty-one to one of the finest young men in the world, and as soon as we returned from our honeymoon I started to keep household accounts. I tried my best to account for every nickel and dime I received so my husband could see what an efficient bookkeeper his bride was, but try as hard as I could I was always dreadfully out of balance.

Gradually the novelty wore off, my enthusiasm cooled down and my budgeting became an awful bugbear. My husband made a big joke of my bookkeeping and shouldered most of the practical financing himself. It went on that way for four or five years, but because of my childhood determination to use a financial system in my home I would not give up.

Little by little our major expenses, such as premiums on life insurance policies, clothing bills, vacation expenses and emergencies, increased and the problem of paying the big occasional bills became most difficult. Finally I decided to analyze my budget business and find out what was wrong. I discovered three outstanding defects with my money managing and they were:

First: The record in my budget book was nothing but columns of figures and did not give the information concerning expenditures which I often desired.

Second: I was devoting altogether too much energy to recording the figures after our money was all spent.

Third: I was giving no thought at all to the planning of expenditures beforehand.

Right then I decided that the saying, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" was just exactly the remedy my budgeting needed, so I decided to work out a system of my own.

First I made a list of all our big occasional expenses such as insurance, taxes and the like, for one year, allowing a substantial amount for emergencies. I added up these various amounts and divided the total by twelve. This amount, which the first year amounted to about $35.00 a month, we put into a special bank account on the first of every month and we withdrew from that account only to pay the items listed and for a few real emergencies. Right away that solved our biggest financial problem.

Next I decided to make out a plan that would fit the balance of our pay check to the current expenses and savings. Here I found that every month was different and every payday needed a new plan, but the time it took was only a few minutes and I was always amply repaid for the effort. Usually I found it to my advantage to make out the plans a couple of months ahead even though they always needed some alterations. I would gladly here state the figures in my budgets if I thought they could be used by anyone else, but I do not believe any standard set of figures can be used by any two families in the whole United States.

ON the monthly list I would first mark down all amounts to be paid on contracts and installment accounts, such as radio, automobile, furniture or our home. Next we always tried to put a certain amount into some true, easily liquidated savings, perhaps a systematic bank account or first class stock. Then I would make an estimate of the amounts needed (*Continued on page 61*

The Author's Financial Statement

"WE have been married twelve years. By following this budget plan we have, out of an average salary, bought a home, an automobile, and our furniture, including a baby grand piano. We have also an equity in another house; own some legitimate stock; keep up several savings accounts, and carry $12,000 in insurance. An intelligent spending plan means 'more cents to the dollar'".

A map from Mr. McCutcheon's own hand. It represents Treasure Island, Mr. McCutcheon's estate in the Bahamas.

by John T. McCutcheon

Famous cartoonist of the Chicago Tribune, who has recently won distinction also as the writer of two very unusual novels.

Give me a map!

My earliest home was in Lafayette, Indiana, which, as most people know, is on the Wabash River. When I was a very small boy, I used to think a lot of that river. It seemed almost as important to me as the Tippecanoe County Courthouse, Lafayette's grandest building.

As it must to all boys, however, the time came at last for me to study geography and make the acquaintance of maps. Imagine my surprise, one fine day, to discover that the Wabash wasn't really a part of Lafayette at all, but that Lafayette was just one of the many places which the Wabash River passed by in its travels!

And the Wabash flowed into the Ohio, the Ohio into the Mississippi, the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico, which opened into the Atlantic Ocean.

After that, whenever I threw a stick into the Wabash, I would speculate upon its eventual landing place. Often I opened my geography book and traced on a map the possible course of just such a stick.

Naturally, I followed it myself in imagination. And the things I saw, the adventures I had, the heroic exploits I performed on foreign shores, the strange lands I visited, the treasures I gathered to distribute unselfishly upon my return to the various members of my family!

It was fun then. It still is now. For I still love to look at maps and permit my fancy to wander all over them and the lands they represent.

The hours I have spent with maps are among the most profitable in my life. Not only have they given me a solid grounding in geography. They have truly broadened my outlook. They have helped to keep my imagination in trim.

Give me a good map! I can learn as much from it as from any book!

Y Y Y

Either a globe or an atlas, certainly maps in some form, should hold an important place in every private library.

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SCISSORS, CUTS OUT THOSE SHE WANTS TO TRY,
PASTE
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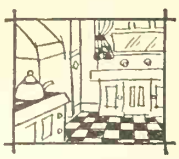
AND FILES THEM IN HER CABINET. "PECAN PATTY CAKES" CATCHES HER FANCY~
Ruth Taylor White



The Kitchen

Monday Night Casserole

That it makes use of the meat remaining from Sunday dinner and that it may be made ready hours ahead of time, requiring only 15 or 20 minutes immediately before dinner for a final heating through and browning, are the advantages of this dish. It requires:

2 cupfuls of cooked chicken or veal, diced
1 cupful of diced cooked celery
1½ cupfuls of cooked rice
⅛ teaspoonful of pepper
1 teaspoonful of salt
2 tablespoonfuls of butter
2 tablespoonfuls of flour
1½ cupfuls of chicken broth

Mix the meat, celery, rice, salt and pepper. Melt the butter, add the flour and cook a minute, then add the chicken broth slowly (a can of chicken soup may be used if no broth is available) and cook, stirring, until smooth. Add to the first mixture, pour into an oiled baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs, and set aside until 20 minutes before the meal. Bake at 450 degrees, uncovered, to allow the crumbs to brown. These quantities will serve 6 persons.—Mrs. C. C. K., Washington.

Carrot and Ripe Olive Salad

½ cupful of cold cooked carrots
1 cupful of cooked peas
½ cupful of diced celery or shredded cabbage
½ cupful of chopped ripe olives
1 small white onion, minced
French dressing
Seasonings Mayonnaise

Mix the vegetables lightly, pour a slightly sweetened French dressing over them, and let stand for half an hour in the refrigerator. Just before serving, drain off the French dressing, season the vegetables nicely with salt and pepper, and pile them lightly in lettuce cups, topping with a little puff of stiff mayonnaise sprinkled with chopped parsley or tiny strips of green pepper.—Mrs. J. R. H., Nevada.

Roquefort French Dressing

Using a fork or wooden spoon, crush fine ¼ pound of Roquefort cheese, and add a little salad oil to make a smooth paste. Then adding vinegar and salad oil alternately, mix until the paste is of a consistency just thick enough to pour. Add salt and paprika to taste, and serve over lettuce.—Miss A. R. L., California.

Spiced Raisins

1 cupful of sugar
¾ cupful of water
1 tablespoonful of corn sirup
½ teaspoonful of ground cinnamon
½ teaspoonful of ground cloves
¼ teaspoonful of grated nutmeg
½ pound of seeded raisins
Granulated sugar for rolling

Put the sugar, water, corn sirup and spices into a saucepan and cook, stirring until the sugar is dissolved, then continue boiling gently without stirring until a temperature of 238 degrees on the candy thermometer (the soft ball stage) is reached. Add the raisins and cook about 5 minutes longer. Lift raisins from the sirup a few at a time, using a fork, drop them onto a layer of granulated sugar which is spread out on a sheet of waxed paper, and roll them until they are completely coated. Be careful not to get any of the granulated sugar into the sirup as this would cause it to crystallize. Serve the raisins as you would candy.—Mrs. M. R. A., Washington.

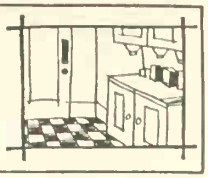
Ham Steak with Orange Sauce

1½ pounds of ham steak
1 cupful of water
2 tablespoonfuls of flour
2 cupfuls of orange juice
2 oranges, sliced

Have the ham cut about ¾-inch thick. Sear well on both sides in a hot frying pan, then add the cupful of hot water and let simmer about 30 minutes until well done. If all the water has not cooked away by that time, remove the lid and allow it to evaporate.

Measure into a saucepan 2 tablespoonfuls of fat from the skillet, add the flour, and cook, stirring, until lightly browned. Add the orange juice, and cook, stirring constantly, for 5 minutes. Take up the steak on a hot platter, pour the sauce around it, and garnish with the sliced oranges and parsley or watercress. This will serve 6.—L. R., California.

Cabinet



Pecan Patty-Cakes

2 eggs
1 cupful of brown sugar
½ cupful of flour
¼ teaspoonful of baking powder
¾ cupful of chopped pecan meats
¾ cupful of chopped dates
⅓ teaspoonful of salt

Beat the eggs slightly in a mixing bowl, and add the other ingredients in the order given. (No milk is required.) Fill tiny oiled muffin pans two-thirds full of the mixture, and place a whole nut meat on each. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) for 15 minutes. No icing is required. —Mrs. F. A., Oregon.

Tomato-Corn Casserole

1 small can of tomatoes
1 small can of corn
1 green pepper
1 tablespoonful of butter
1 small onion, sliced
2 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese
Bread crumbs
Salt and pepper

Remove seeds and chop the green pepper coarsely. Simmer the tomatoes about 10 minutes, then add the corn, pepper, sliced onion, and seasoning. Simmer 15 minutes, then in an oiled baking dish arrange alternate layers of the vegetable mixture and bread or cracker crumbs, having the top layer of buttered crumbs with the grated cheese sprinkled over all. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400 degrees) about 20 minutes, or until well browned.—G. C. C., New Mexico.

Browned Potatoes

With a roast, these potatoes will be just right, and moreover, they are the easiest things possible to prepare and serve.

The number of potatoes used will depend upon the size and appetite of your family. For 3 pounds of potatoes use 1½ teaspoonfuls of salt, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, and 4 tablespoonfuls of butter or other preferred shortening. Pare the potatoes, cut them into balls or cubes and spread them in a shallow baking pan. Add the shortening and sprinkle with flour and salt. Do not cover. Bake in a moderately hot oven (425 degrees) for 1 hour, stirring them about after 30 minutes.—D. S., Texas.

Best-Ever Sandwich Spread

An unusual filling for rolled or other sandwiches is made by grinding liverwurst and mixing with it an equal measure of chutney sauce, blending the two into a smooth paste.—Mrs. I. J., Colorado.

Perfection Nut Loaf Cake

½ cupful of butter
1 cupful of sugar
1¾ cupfuls of pastry flour
3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder
½ cupful of milk
½ teaspoonful of vanilla
¾ cupful of nutmeats
3 egg whites

Cream the butter and sugar. Sift the baking powder and flour together three times and add half of this alternately with the milk to the creamed butter and sugar. Mix thoroughly, beating a minute or two. Add the vanilla, and the remaining flour to which the nutmeats have been added (so that they will be well coated with flour), and beat again for 3 minutes. Do not merely stir, but beat the mixture hard. Fold in gently the stiffly beaten egg whites, pour into an 8-inch square oiled cake pan, and bake 50 minutes in a slow oven (350 degrees). This is not supposed to be a high, thick cake. Ice with "One-Two-Three Frosting," the recipe for which is given below, and serve, fresh and sticky, as the sole dessert for a home dinner. It must, of course, be served on individual dessert plates and eaten with a fork.

One-Two-Three Frosting

1 cupful of granulated sugar
3 tablespoonfuls of cold water
2 egg whites

Stir the ingredients lightly together in the upper part of a double boiler, and place over rapidly boiling water. (Be sure that the water continues boiling rapidly.) Beat with a rotary egg beater for 6 minutes, then remove from the boiling water and continue to beat for 2 minutes. Pile roughly on the cake and sprinkle with coarsely broken nutmeats. This icing will remain deliciously moist.—Mrs. E. S. L., Oregon.

Two Invitations

FIRST: Will you share your favorite recipes with other readers of SUNSET, through the "Kitchen Cabinet"? This recipe exchange is to be a regular department and we will pay $1 for every recipe published.

Second: Will you enter your very best fig recipes in the first one of a series of contests featuring foods produced in the West? Fig conserve, fig cookies—any recipe in which figs, fresh, dried, preserved or otherwise, appear is eligible. A special prize of $5 is offered. This contest closes February 15th, and the prize-winning recipe will appear in the May issue. Address all contributions to the Kitchen Cabinet, Sunset Magazine, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco.—*The Editors.*

To preserve the complexion charm that associates itself with youth . . . to avoid all suggestion of 'make-up' . . . that is the mission of Colleen Moore Face Powder.

Colleen Moore Face Powder contributes notably to a well groomed appearance but its presence, as a powder, is not apparent. So perfect in formula and so pure in every ingredient, it serves as a protection to the skin as well as a definite aid to beauty . . . stays on until the dance is over.

Send 10c for packing and mailing and 75c for the powder . . . specifying the tint wanted . . . to The Owl Drug Company or any Agent for the Owl products. The better drug stores in many cities are agents for The Owl Drug Company products.

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Colleen Moore Face Powder

The Owl Drug Co

San Francisco New York Chicago

Getting Rid of the Glums

He, too, is at the head of his profession and has prospered accordingly. But there ends the similarity. Mr. James has neither the placid home life nor the buoyant good health of Mr. Emerson. He is married to an invalid, and not the patient, silently suffering kind, either. He must keep his home as well as his business running smoothly and must be both father and mother to his children. For all his size and apparent strength, he has suffered from a series of ailments which have meant that often he did his work under the most distressing condition.

But does he have the glums? Never a glum!

For one thing, he hasn't time for them. For another, it wouldn't get him anything if he did, for at his house there is no one to tiptoe to the telephone and send out an S. O. S.

YOU couldn't even get him to admit that there is any reason why he should have them. If you pointed out that he carries a greater burden than most men are called upon to do, he would answer that he is well able to and that it hasn't hurt him. If you sympathized because he has little comfort from his wife, he would show you that his relations with his children and with his friends are unusually fine and satisfying.

As for the various physical afflictions that have visited him from time to time, he will tell you that those are a joke. Through following the strict regimen of exercise and diet necessary to keep going at all, he has evolved quite excellent health, and enjoys physical pursuits beyond the powers of many men half his age.

Please don't think James is a Pollyanna. He isn't mawkish about all this. He just goes on the theory that life is too full of a number of things to waste time and attention worrying about the ones that don't suit him. For him it has merely been good pol-

(*Continued from page 20*)

icy, when one phase of life failed him, to develop another in its stead. A psychiatrist, however, would delight in him, and would label him Exhibit A in the case for mental health.

But what then, of Mr. Emerson? If Mr. James with his many burdens never has the glums, need the more fortunate Mr. Emerson entertain them?

I think the psychiatrist would doubt it. This man, he would probably say, has simply fallen into a very bad mental habit which he has continued because, strange as it may seem, he gets a certain satisfaction from it.

In the first place, one wonders how great a part the tactful, compassionate wife plays in the problem. Suppose she didn't make the household stop breathing every time the head of it was in the throes of his affliction? Suppose he got no attention and less sympathy? Can you doubt that he enjoys the drama of the hushed house, the anxious faces, the attempts to bring him out of it? You know he loves it! And a course of optimism on the part of the others, with everybody having a good time but father—and everybody ignoring father's little tantrum— would probably bring him out of his glums eventually, if not at once.

BUT even under the continuing handicap of a loving and misguided wife, can Mr. Emerson rid himself of this childish habit?

Well, we cannot of course say positively and absolutely that he can, for we do not know all the contributing causes of his developing this line of action. We know that it is not an easy thing to break any habit, mental or physical, but even the psychologists tell us that it is not an entirely hopeless proposition. We have seen enough bad habits conquered, or at least kept in place, through the substitution of better ones in their stead, to know they can usually be mastered.

I would not presume to prescribe definitely for Mr. Emerson, and he wouldn't take my advice if I did. But I would like to suggest to him a course of treatment which could not possibly hurt him, and might conceivably help him to like himself better, for I know he hates himself thoroughly when he is suffering from these fits of depression.

FIRST I'd suggest he have a complete physical examination, and discuss his diet and general habits with his physician. (Those of us who are honest with ourselves know that many a worry and many a spell of discouragement and irritability and glums can be traced directly to indigestion or lack of sleep.)

Having convinced himself that his state of mind depends largely on his own will power, and his tact in managing himself, I would suggest that whenever he feels an attack coming on, he seek out a friend or two who will not argue with him about his bad habit, nor sympathize with him for his attack of the blue devils, but who will lead him into such stimulating conversation that he simply forgets how sorry he has been feeling for himself. A little later no doubt he can fight off the glums alone, with an interesting book or a good show, or a game of golf, or some other form of hard physical exertion. I have no patience with the moody introspect who sits down, with empty hands—and empty mind, I feel tempted to say—dreary and morose, to contemplate the hopelessness of things in general. It is such an egotistical thing to do! Probably everyone feels the urge at times to do just that sort of thing, but most of our friends, thank goodness, abstain from doing it.

Under one or another of these methods, if our friend Emerson is the nearly normal, (*Continued on page 59*

Cinderellas

By GRACE WALLACE

The little houses on the hills—
How brave they shine at night!
They droop forlornly all the day
Till comes the candle-light.

Then like a sorry cinder-wench
They rise from toil of day,
And show themselves for princesses
In glimmering array.

The New in Waffle Making

Equipment Selected by
Elner Martin

Courtesy of Nathan Dohrmann Co.
A waffle set of sparkling green glass is decidedly attractive

TIME was when waffles were considered merely a form of griddle cakes, aristocratic ones, to be sure, but after all suitable only for breakfast service. Now, while they have lost none of their popularity at breakfast time, they have invaded other meals and we find them appearing as the main dish of a luncheon or late evening supper in company with creamed sweetbreads, chicken a la king or the like, or even made of plain cake batter and served as dessert with preserved fruit and whipped cream or with a frozen cream mixture and a chocolate sauce.

The Royal Rochester ware waffle set shown in these two photographs is as practical as it is beautiful

Social success for this member of the quick bread family has been made possible, I think, by the coming of the electric waffle iron which permits one to bake crisp waffles at the table in smart irons of exquisite beauty.

Imagine the pride of the hostess who seats herself before her guests to bake waffles, using the set shown in the photograph at the bottom of this page. The mixing bowl, sirup pitcher, and inset on the waffle iron are made of Royal Rochester ware vitrified china in the charming Bird of Paradise pattern. This type of china of course withstands tremendous heat, so one need have no fear of breakage. This point is appreciated in regard to the sirup pitcher as well as the iron, for waffles and griddle cakes, to my mind, are much improved by the use of hot sirup rather than cold. Simply heat the sirup before putting it into the pitcher, or stand the pitcher in boiling water until it is thoroughly heated.

Courtesy of Listenwa'ter and Gough, Inc.

Photographs by the Ralph Young Studios

The mixing bowl is worthy of extra study, too. Note that it is designed with a small base, allowing it to be grasped easily in the left hand; note also that the top edge is so shaped that it neatly cuts off any drippings from the bottom of the ladle and conceals them within the bowl, out of sight. Not the least important feature of the design of the set is the ladle which measures exactly the quantity of batter needed for one waffle.

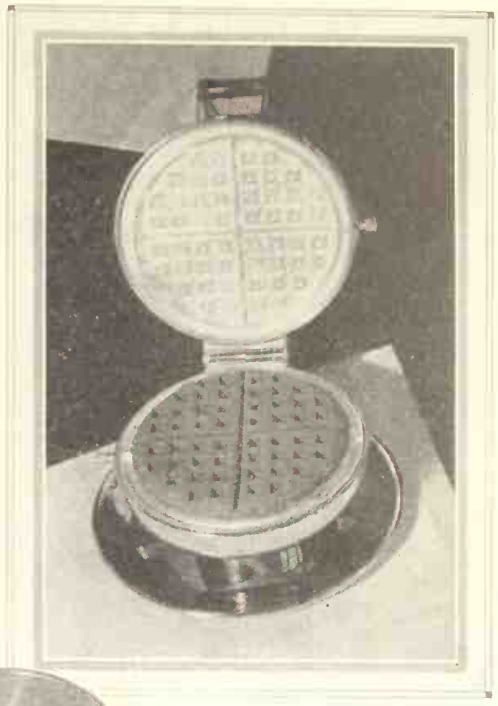
Waffle sets in colored glass add sparkling beauty to the table. These, too, are heat-proof, of course. The plate, cup and saucer and batter pitcher shown in the upper left hand corner are of Fostoria glass in clear green.

A versatile waffle iron which is decidedly efficient in every way is shown in three views on this page. Its griddles are reversible, making it possible to bake hot cakes as well as waffles, and in addition to these changes, the griddles may be taken out entirely, to permit the toasting of sandwiches.

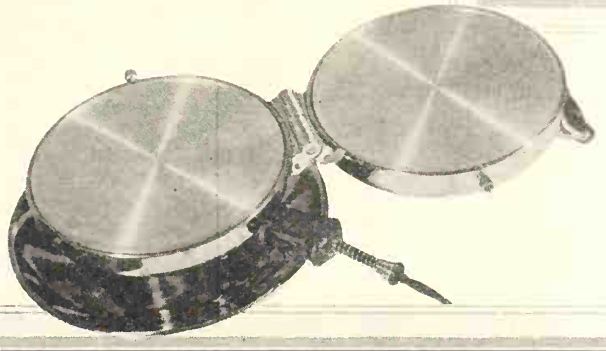
The manipulation of the griddles is the simplest thing possible. By merely pulling out a small set screw, the plates are easily lifted out. The handle of the iron serves as a support for the top when it is turned back, thus affording two flat, level aluminum griddles for the painless baking of hot cakes. A generous tray holding the iron, a pitcher of batter, and a pancake turner will be all that is necessary in the way of equipment to keep an ordinary family supplied with piping hot cakes.

Another feature of this iron which should be noticed is the switch on the plug, enabling one to turn the current on or off without pulling out the plug.

A most luxurious piece of equipment is the waffle or bacon server of handwrought solid silver, shown in action in the center photograph. With the closed Majestic iron in the photograph at the lower left-hand corner is shown one of the new four-way plugs, designed to permit the use of as many as four electrical appliances on the table at one time. Built to carry a heavy electrical load, this is a real convenience.



The Majestic waffle iron shown at right, also immediately below and in lower left-hand corner, is a versatile piece of equipment



Hand-wrought in solid silver is this waffle or bacon server. The plate is the Bird of Paradise design in Haviland china

Waffle server courtesy of S. and G. Gump Co.

China courtesy of Nathan Dohrmann Co.

With the closed Majestic waffle iron below is shown one of the new Foursome plugs

Standard Waffle Recipe

4 eggs, separated	4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder
3 cupfuls of flour	2 cupfuls of milk
½ teaspoonful of salt	½ cupful of melted shortening

Beat the egg yolks well in the mixing bowl, and add alternately the milk and sifted dry ingredients. Then add the shortening, beating only enough to mix the ingredients well together, and last fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. The electric waffle iron needs no greasing when this amount of fat is used in the recipe. Let waffles bake until they cease steaming (about 4 minutes usually).

Around the Year with Gladiolus

Gladiolus usually found in our cutting bed are Prince of Wales (Salmon); Virginia (Scarlet); Sweet Lavender (Light Lavender); Herada (Mauve); Pearl of California (Clear Pink); Jack London (Salmon, Ruby Stripes); Anna Eberius (Purple); Rose Ash (Corinthian Red); Mrs. F. C. Peters (Rose Lilac); Los Angeles (Shrimp Pink); Katherine Colman (Salmon); and Mary Pickford (White). Our favorites in the primulinus type are: Alice Tiplady (Orange); Maiden Blush (Delicate Pink); Zenobia (Orange Red) and Souvenir (Yellow).

In beds and for general garden use, the sturdy, vigorous gladiolus of the landscape type, known as such because of the number of spikes that come from a single bulb, are to be selected, for their blooming season is often twice the normal time for glads. The Los Angeles is perhaps the best known in this class, and we like it for its consistent "cut and come again" habit.

The primulinus hybrids, generally vigorous growers having small hooded florets, are recommended for exposed locations where winds are sometimes experienced. They will also be found best to plant in shrubbery. Alice Tiplady is still our favorite, but we plant many others. One should not attempt to grow the large flowered types where there is any danger of wind, although deep planting and staking will help to a certain extent.

The different planting seasons also call for careful attention in selection of bulbs. As a general rule, we have found that for January, February and March, which is the main planting season in southern California, the larger exhibition types are most satisfactory. Then, for later plantings, to mature during the warm months, the commercial sorts grown by cut flower specialists, such as the Virginia, Mrs. Frank Pendleton, Halley, etc., are best. For summer bloom, one must select the stiff stem sorts that are not likely to wilt during the day

(*Continued from page 34*)

and thus develop crooked spikes. Early fall plantings for late bloom are generally selected from the hardier growing sorts. For winter growing, the primulinus types are without equal, although in many parts of southern California the larger gladiolus will come through nicely. The gladiolus will stand about 28 degrees Fahrenheit in buds and flowers.

While we have noted considerable variation in cultural practices as between seasons, our method of preparing the soil for gladiolus is the same for all plantings. Soil preparation is by far the most important factor in successful gladiolus culture in the West, and too much stress cannot be placed upon it.

We always clear the plot to be planted of all weeds and garden refuse, then check it up in beds, and flood the soil thoroughly, securing a moisture penetration of at least three feet.

Preparation can be started when the soil is just a trifle on the wet side, with the moisture content slightly more than with ordinary plantings, but not too moist. Spading should be thorough and deep, with no manure or other coarse material used. Plantings should not be made until a couple of days after spading is done.

The first objective in soil preparation for glads is to have sufficient moisture in the soil at planting time to bring up and carry the plants until they are about six inches high. No matter how dry the soil becomes we do not water until the plants have reached this stage of growth, then we are quite prodigal with irrigation, increasing the application until the spikes begin to appear.

Our cutting bed is planted the "double row" system, that is, furrows are drawn about 33 to 36 inches apart, center to center, and the bulbs are set staggered in two rows on the ridge between. These twin rows are usually about twelve inches apart, and bulbs are spaced four to six inches. We believe in liberal spacing in the cutting bed; first, because it means a better cut flower, and second, we depend on the cutting bed largely for our bulb increase.

On double rows, we have found that deep planting, say about six inches, is best, for the taller sorts uproot themselves when set shallow. Deep planting is especially desirable for summer plantings on double rows, for these raised beds dry out quickly. However, the rapidity with which the plant develops and the ease in culture under this system will repay for added care at planting time. Irrigation and cultivation is done in the furrows, between the twin rows. We never sprinkle our cutting bed, or any other garden planting that is susceptible to furrow or basin irrigation.

With other garden plantings of gladiolus, our soil preparation is the same as that outlined above, but we plant flat. Generally we space our glad bulbs twelve inches apart each way, and make two other plantings between, three weeks apart. In borders, one must not plant less than eight bulbs in one color group, and space should be left for succession planting. This same rule holds for other parts of the garden where glads are used to add a bit of color. The

My Planting Calendar for Gladiolus

JANUARY TO MARCH

Anna Eberius (Purple)
Heart of Juanita (Red)
Virginia (Bright Red)
Gladis Plath (Orchid)
Pythia (Bright Red)
Elf (White)
Pasadena (Flame)
Los Angeles (Shrimp Pink)
Primulinus Types
Coral Prim (Coral)
Souvenir (Yellow)

APRIL TO JUNE

W. H. Phipps (La France Pink)
Catherine Coleman (Salmon)
Scarlet Wonder (Scarlet)
Purple Glory (Purple)
Mary Stearns Burke (Yellow)
Mrs. J. K. Armsby (Coral Pink)
Richard Diener (Geranium)
Primulinus Types
Orange Queen (Orange)

JULY TO SEPTEMBER

Mary Kunderd (White)
Mrs. Newell Vanderbilt (Salmon)
Rose Ash (Corinthian Red)
Dr. F. E. Bennett (Bright Scarlet)
Geraldine Farrar (Blue)
Dr. Van Fleet (Deep Pink)
Prince of Wales (Salmon)
Primulinus Types
Maiden Blush (Delicate Pink)
Ming Toy (Buff Yellow)

OCTOBER TO DECEMBER

Same exhibition types as planted in January, February and March.
Primulinus Types
Alice Tiplady (Orange)
Zenobia (Orange Red)
Ada De Poy (Apricot)
Salmon Beauty (Salmon)
Butterfly (Saffron)

best all around depth for glads is four inches.

We never fertilize our soil before planting. Most soils will produce glads, but if they are known to be deficient in plant foods, then some good commercial fertilizer can be worked in as a dressing during the growing period, preferably when the plants are several inches high. Experience has taught us the fresh manures and other coarse material should be avoided, and that fertilization before planting, unless it takes the form of well rotted manure incorporated several weeks before planting time, is not good practice with gladiolus.

Another thing to remember about glad culture in the Southwest is that the plots should be kept free of weeds, and that the soil should be loosened frequently. Too much water cannot be given the plants after they become well established. And when there is reason to believe that soil infection may show up, some bulb disinfectant should be used at planting time. We use Semesan.

As a hobby flower, the gladiolus wins new recruits every year, and seldom loses an admirer. Hybridizers and plantsmen the world over are seeking new and pleasing types for the delightment of commercial amateur growers, but so far we have seen little written on general garden uses of the glad. We'd like to hear from folks who have found new ways to enhance the beauty of their gardens with gladiolus—in fact, we favor the starting of a "New Uses for Glads Club."

Three Garden Tips

When planting shrubs or trees from the nursery never remove the burlap sacking which holds the earth around the roots. Simply make a few lengthwise slits in it and place in the ground.

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For a foundation growth on the shady side of your house use fuchsias, especially if you are near the coast, as they like the fog and grow into vigorous bushes eight to ten feet tall. They bloom freely from early summer until the cold rains and are easily rooted from cuttings planted in the sand. Two or three varieties, covered with blossoms, transform a blank wall or unsightly corner into a thing of beauty.

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When planning your garden, vision it as a twelve month proposition. In this way you can plan for your bulbs and brilliant berry and flower bearing shrubs when there is a dearth of other blooms.

Accept This Gift—

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TIPS FOR TENDERFEET

THE newcomer to the Pacific coast will find that distance north or south has little to do in determining the adaptability of vegetation to certain regions. Distance from the ocean and altitude are the governing factors of climate, so that in the coast valleys a few miles may mark the difference between a semi-tropical and temperate growth of plant life.

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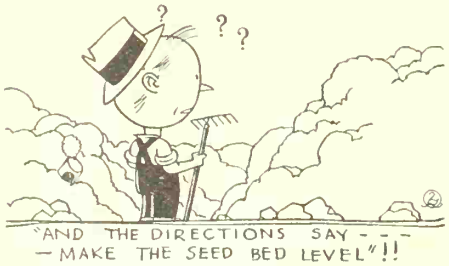
January is the month of least bloom in the western garden. There are sections subject to frost or to excessive rains where it is unwise even to begin gardening operations, but under average conditions it is the month in which to plant hardy, deciduous trees, evergreens, shrubs, roses and many hardy plants. However, your January garden may still offer a colorful note if you have such flowering shrubs as the camelia, flowering almond, Japanese quince, flowering currant, acacias and the spiraeas.



Plant acacias in your garden. If space permits only one tree, select the variety known as *Baileyana* which has feathery, blue-green, silvery foliage and large clusters of fragrant, lemon-yellow flowers. It is a rapid grower.

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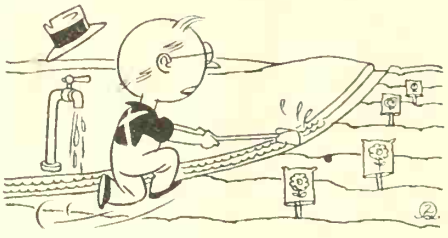
In preparing your garden, dig to a depth of at least two feet, saving the surface soil to use again as a top covering. This assists the plant roots [illegible] durin[illegible] in search of nourish-[illegible]mmercial s[illegible] flower specialists, such as the Virginia, Mrs. Frank Pendleton, Halley, etc., are best. For summer bloom, one must select the stiff stem sorts that are not likely to wilt during the day post pit will provide a highly desirable fertilizer. Dig the pit four or five feet deep and throw into it all the dead leaves, lawn cuttings, and vegetable and fruit trimmings. The winter rains will take care of the decomposition, but in the summer use the hose to keep it fairly damp. The mold so formed may be sifted and the finer used for seeds and potted plants while the coarser may be worked into the garden soil.



Set out your roses from December to March or early April, and plant in a fairly sunny location in heavy loam enriched with old manure or bone-meal. Consult your local nurseryman as to the best varieties for your purpose and locality.

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Steep banks and sunny slopes will become a mass of glorious bloom at certain seasons of the year if such cover plants are used as gazania, with its orange or yellow bloom, or the mesembryanthemum or ice plant which ranges in color from a lavender-pink to magenta colored flowers. Their strong top growth holds the soil on crumbling banks.

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Proper watering of plants is one of the most serious problems confronting the easterner coming to the Pacific coast. Give the garden a good soaking once a week or if the weather is very warm, twice weekly. It is far more effective than the daily sprinkling. In some cases it is advisable to dig shallow but not too [illegible] thorough and deep, with no manure or other coarse material used. Plantings should not be made until a couple of days after spading is done.

If the soil in an irrigation pocket or basin becomes cracked a day or two after it has been flooded with water, cultivate it at once otherwise the sun will penetrate the cracks and dry out all the moisture.

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Save some of the seeds of the Toyon or Christmas berry and plant in boxes if you would have some of these beautiful native shrubs as they do not transplant easily except when young. The red-berried cotoneaster is easily propagated in the same way.

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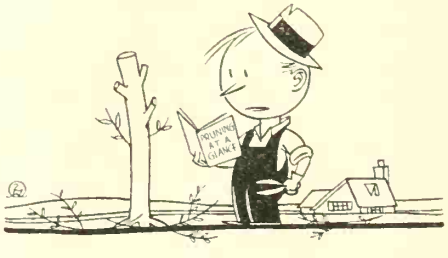
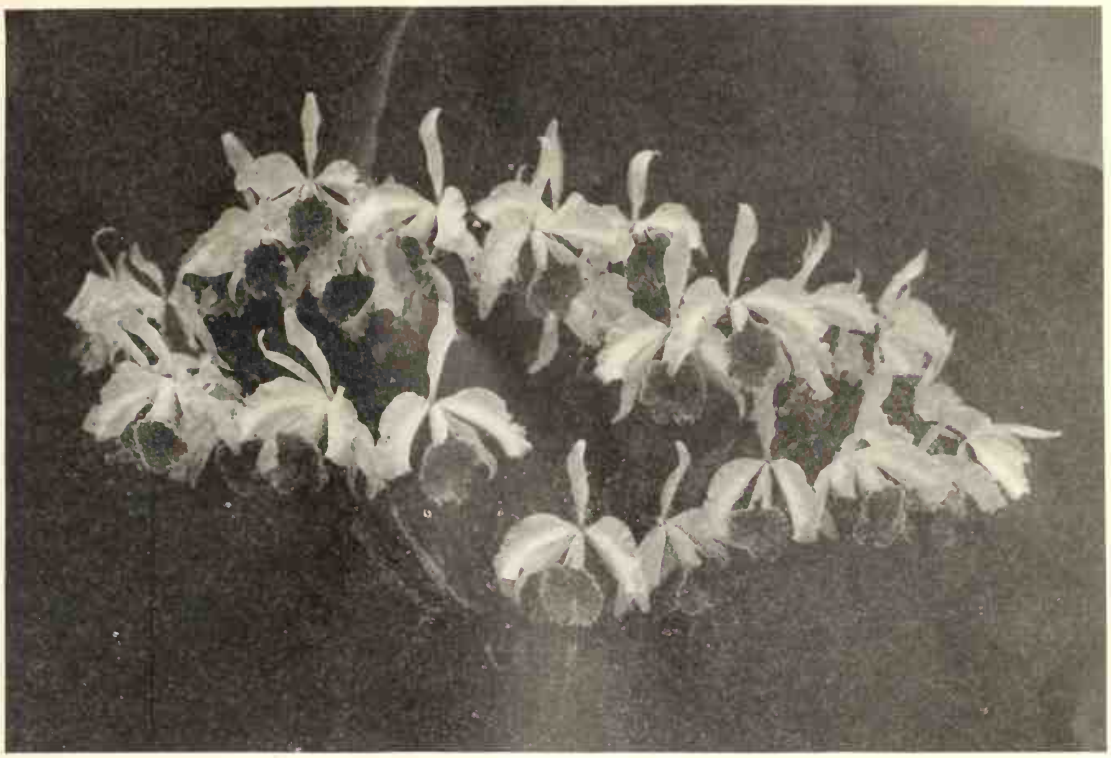
Lovers of herbaceous peonies will find it useless to try them in sections of the Pacific coast where the warm weather keeps the foliage growing the year round. This is because they require a dormant season which is only assured by sufficiently cold weather to kill the foliage.

✣ ✣ ✣

Plant your fruit trees now. Along with peaches and cherries put in a lemon, orange or fig tree. Secure the two-year-old trees which should be from four to six feet in height and before planting cut off the tops. Two-year-old walnuts may also be planted. They should be from six to ten feet at that age.



Geraniums may be planted any time of the year in the almost frostless coast region. They require little care, grow rapidly and bloom profusely if the soil is not too rich. Try the pink or white varieties. Charming effects are secured by the ivy-leafed geraniums which trail their mass of deep pink bloom over concrete walls or down sunny slopes.



ORCHIDS

any amateur can grow

ORCHID lovers are becoming orchid growers. All over the land they are fast discovering that the growing of these most exquisite flowers is not difficult after all. Neither is it so expensive. The veriest amateur, with greenhouse facilities, can soon learn to grow them and so can enjoy this rewardful pastime.

The popularizing of orchids has been due in a large measure to the production of plants on a large scale from seed and also to the vast improvements brought about by hybridization.

Hundreds of thousands of orchid plants in various stages up to maturity can be found in our vast range of greenhouses—each representing an advance in beauty of flower and vigor of plant. We have spared no expense in securing the finest parent plants, including many historic and prize winning orchids from various European collections. This has enabled us by skillful hybridizing to produce hybrid Cattleyas which are larger and much more beautiful, stronger growing and more productive of bloom than the old native species.

Cattleya seed is sown by the non-symbiotic method in the "incubator" at our immense orchid plant. This insures a high percentage of germination and a low mortality rate.

Imagine clusters of great Cattleya blossoms in your own greenhouse — delicate flowers that will remain in full perfection for weeks! Think of having grown them yourself! That is what makes it so wonderful. And the orchid plants you buy now will be a source of delight for years and years, if given only reasonable care.

Write for our list of new Cattleya seedlings available and also free booklet dealing with the culture of the plants.

Armacost and Royston, Inc.

SAWTELLE, CALIFORNIA

Largest Breeders of Orchids in America

Satin-like lawns play well their part in the year-round beautification of the Northwest home

Getting Along With Your LAWN

By

Natt N. Dodge

TO the casual observer it would seem that the making of a lawn in a section blessed with a moist and temperate climate would be a simple matter, but, although the Northwest is better suited to sod production than many other parts of the country, the growing of a velvety, ever-green turf is even here a matter of careful preparation and painstaking effort.

After several years of mediocre success in lawn making I determined to make a close study of the question, and with this in view visited the Western Washington Experiment Station at Puyallup, a branch of the Washington State Agricultural College. According to Professor Harry D. Locklin, Horticulturist, considerable work on the growing and maintenance of lawns has been conducted by this Station, and the findings have done much toward simplifying the problems of Northwest lawn making.

The climate of "The Charmed Land" is cool with an average rainfall of 33 inches coming during the months from October to May inclusive. During the summer warm, dry conditions prevail, often reaching drouth proportions. The upland soils of the Northwest are sandy or sandy loam in texture, and are of an acid rather than an alkaline nature. In the preparation of a lawn, according to Professor Locklin, all of these things must be considered, as upon them depends the method of preparation and the maintenance schedule to be followed.

First to hold the attention of the landscape gardener is the character of the soil. Clay loam, or sandy loam with a clay sub-soil, is best suited to the growing of a heavy, permanent turf, but the home owner must perforce do his best with the soil he has. Perhaps this is a virgin area of brush-grown stump land, or it may be the raw and unsightly pile of earth recently excavated from the cellar. If the soil is too clayey, it may be improved by the incorporation of several truckloads of sand. Light soils are helped by combination with finely rotted manure. If this is not available, the addition of black, lowland earth or other form of humus will do much to benefit the texture of the seed-bed.

Before actual work is begun, a plan should be prepared to include any driveways or walks which may cut the finished area. Surface drainage is essential in lawn upkeep, and the grading should be done to provide a contour gently sloping away from the buildings and the centers of the grass plots toward the drives, walks, and property lines. The first step in preparing the soil consists of plowing or spading to a depth of eight or ten inches, and carefully removing any foreign material such as roots of trees, and of sallal, braken, and Oregon grape. Stones, pieces of wood, and other scraps of building material should be eradicated, and plant growth should not be turned under. It is well worth while to cultivate the area for a season by planting it to garden vegetables so that any roots or weed seeds that may be left will sprout and be removed by cultivation which will also pulverize the soil. This process, although one requiring time and patience, will save many tedious hours of labor removing weeds after the lawn has made a start.

At this time well-rotted manure with its valuable plant food and bacteria content may be turned under-although Professor Locklin advocates the incorporation of humus in the form of leaf-mold augmented by chemical fertilizer. After the soil is thoroughly worked up, the top two inches may be screened through a gravel sieve of ¼ inch mesh. This fine top-soil is spread evenly over the surface and the finishing touches of grading and smoothing completed. The entire area should then be thoroughly packed with a roller (rented from a hardware or seed store) or firmed with a home-made tamper. This maintains contact of soil particles necessary to capillary movement of soil moisture, and retards loss of dampness through evaporation.

In the Pacific Northwest, lawns should be seeded in early fall when the soil is still warm and the autumn rains assure an abundance of moisture, or late in the (*Continued on page 56*

There's a FRESH MODERN PACKAGE for Snowdrift..and two new convenient sizes

Don't be surprised when you next go into the grocery store to see Snowdrift all dressed up in a new package.

And don't be surprised if your grocer asks, "Wouldn't you like a new three or six pound can? They're much more convenient in shape than large sizes used to be."

The new large cans are wider and not as tall as the old cans, making it easier for you to dip your spoon in and out and scoop up the very last spoonful without rubbing your knuckles against the edge.

Of course, when it comes to being easy to work with, Snowdrift takes the cake—as well as makes it. For Snowdrift is so creamy and spoonable that just a few stirs of the spoon will mix it quite thoroughly into your flour or sugar.

Snowdrift has almost the texture of whipped cream. We actually cream it for you—whip it up all light and fluffy before we pack it in the air-tight tins.

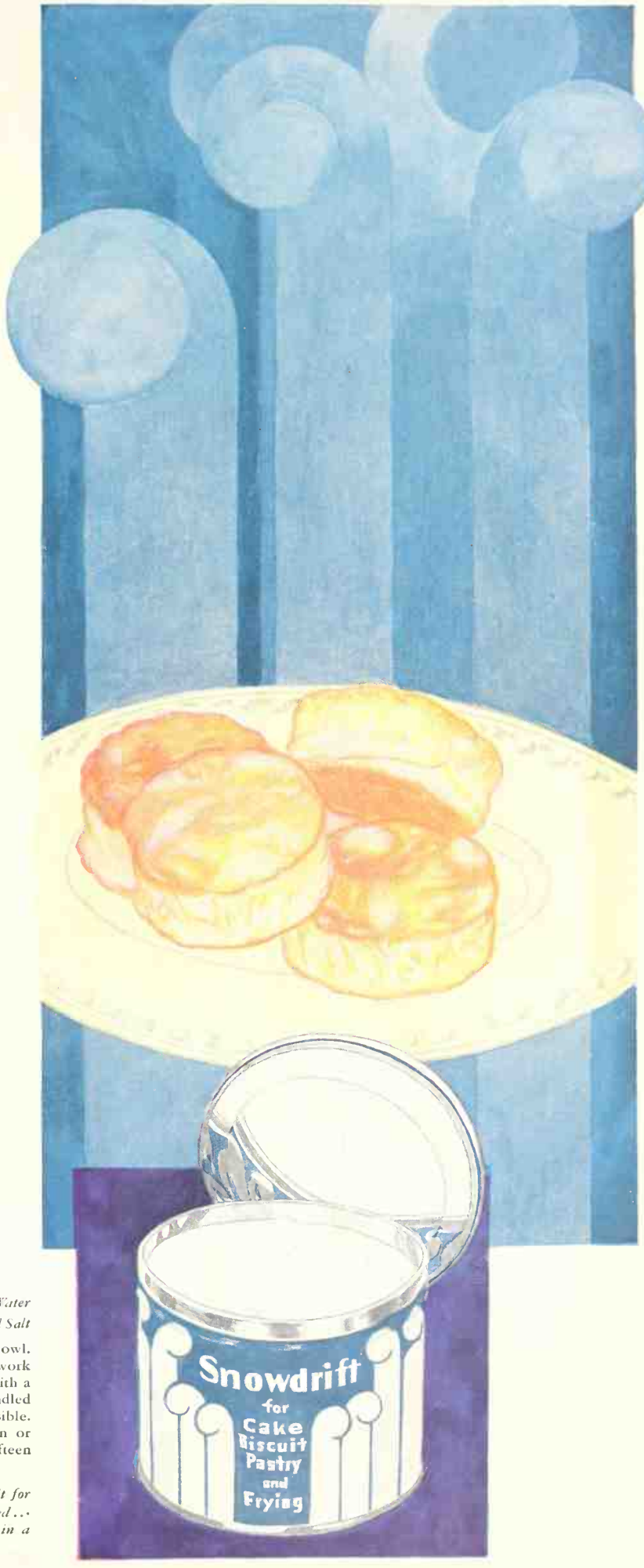
(Indeed, we know of no other shortening that is more convenient unless it is Wesson Oil which you just *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix.)

And then, of course, Snowdrift is so fresh and inviting and snowy-white and so pure and wholesome and good to eat in itself that it can't help making delicious things to eat. Just taste it some time—with such a delicate shortening you naturally expect to make the very finest kind of cakes.

Try Snowdrift next time you bake. Tea Biscuits, for instance. They'll come out of the oven as light and fluffy and fly-away and delicious as any you have ever tasted.

Or try it with your own favorite recipe for cake, muffins, cookies, waffles, pie crust. Or fry with it and see what wholesome and delicious fried things it makes.

You might like to have our new Snowdrift recipe book. It contains a great many interesting recipes. We shall be glad, too, if you'll send us the name and address of your grocer. Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.



SOUTHERN TEA BISCUITS

3 Tablespoonfuls Snowdrift · 2 Cupfuls Flour
1 Tablespoonful Sugar · · ¾ Cupful Milk or Water
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking Powder · · ½ Teaspoonful Salt

Measure dry ingredients and sift together into mixing bowl. Measure Snowdrift and cut into flour with two knives and work in with fork until well distributed. Add liquids mixing with a knife or spoon until a soft dough is made that can be handled on a board lightly floured. Handle and work as little as possible. Roll thin and cut with small cutter. Place on greased pan or baking sheet and bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) for fifteen minutes.

NOTE • When using Snowdrift always add a pinch of salt for Snowdrift, like butter fresh from the churn, comes to you unsalted... Also, note that Snowdrift stays creamy whether you keep it in a warm kitchen or in the refrigerator.

You can't paint a house with APPLESAUCE

CHEAP PAINT ISN'T CHEAP AT ALL

WHEN a *"low-price"* paint is offered to you with the assurance that it *isn't a "cheap" paint*, it's time for a good laugh. That's the latest style in *"cheap" paint* applesauce.

A "low-price-per-gallon" is *always* a dead give-away. It indicates "price" paint—designed to mislead you as to economy. And "price" paint is always *cheapened* to make the low price possible. It saves you a few cents on the gallon. But, oh, how it *eats up your money* on the wall!

Only one thing is more costly than "Cheap" Paint and that is *"Cheap" Painter.*

He's the fellow who tells you he will do a beautiful job for you at a suspiciously low price.

Steer clear of "Cheap" Painter if you don't want to *lose* money. To make his low price he does a careless, slipshod job. He leaves nothing but grief, dissatisfaction and expense behind him. *His* "applesauce" is a costly luxury.

To be safe, just remember this:—"Low-price" is a danger signal *every time.*

To be economical a paint must have exceptional "covering" qualities—a tough, durable film—colors that do not fade. These qualities can be produced only with finest materials *which are expensive*, and a scientifically *"balanced"* formula.

Fine old SWP House Paint is a *super-quality* product. It may *cost slightly more per gallon—BUT—*

—where eleven gallons of "cheap" paint are required to paint an average house (2 coats), *only 7 gallons of* SWP *are needed.*

That four gallon difference makes the "material" cost about the same.

To save money on your painting, use the best paint and hire a good painter

Labor cost is about two-thirds of any painting job. The other third is for paint.

And please remember that it costs just as much to apply "cheap" paint as good paint.

But "cheap" paint has no stamina—no durability. Repainting time comes soon and often. In five years you pay that labor charge *from two to five times*, in addition to the expense for new paint.

Avoid this heavy repainting expense

SWP, being a quality paint, has wonderful stamina. When applied by a master painter—a man who is an artist at his profession—who uses fine equipment—who prepares the surface skillfully—who takes pride in his work—*it assures you many years of beauty and service.*

You pay the material and labor cost *only once in five or more years.* And your house looks good *all the time.*

In other words, a master painter and fine old SWP House Paint is the most economical combination you can use.

It means not only *the lowest paint cost* per square foot of wall—but by far *the lowest labor cost per year.*

The "Master Touch"

Men may argue about formulas and get nowhere. The formula is only one of several important factors in paint. Anyone can copy the formula of SWP. It is publicly printed. Still SWP will remain unchallenged as to quality.

That is because there are other vital factors in SWP. One is the superfine quality of materials specially made for SWP.

The other is the *"Master Touch"* of the men who make it—which defies successful imitation.

These scientific men of Sherwin-Williams are to "paint" what Edison is to Electricity—what Marconi is to Wireless.

Their "Master Touch," a combination of genius and long experience, is what makes SWP different from all other paints. It is a *human* touch—that none can copy. It is *Sherwin-Williams.*

See Paint Headquarters and save money

Before you let out your painting job see Paint Headquarters—the Sherwin-Williams dealer in your town. Get an estimate on the amount of SWP required. Call in a *responsible master painter.* Get his estimate on the job. Only by using the best paint and a good, reliable master painter can you save money.

And the same is true of any refinishing job whether you use paint, enamel, varnish or lacquer. "Cheap" stuff is always too costly.

If you want the name of a reliable painter who will apply SWP for you write us. We will send his name and a copy of our famous Household Painting Guide which saves costly mistakes in painting.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
CLEVELAND, OHIO

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SWP HOUSE PAINT

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WATER LILIES
in your pool!

EVERY garden, large or small, can have its lily-covered pool. It is such an inexpensive luxury. Our beautiful new 36-page illustrated catalog tells all about it. Contains full instructions for building, planting and caring for pools of all kinds, including simple tub pools as well as formal and informal pools. It is free. Send for it.

Over 100 varieties of rare water lilies and other pool plants are described in this new catalog—some beautifully illustrated in color. Our plants are most vigorous and hardy, prolific bloomers and of exceptional flower elegance. Low California prices, too.

SPECIAL COLLECTION OFFERS NOW

1. Three choice blooming water lilies—*August Koch* (dark blue), *Panama Pacific* (rosy purple) and *George Huster* (Red Night Bloomer) $5 POSTPAID

2. COMPLETE TUB GARDEN—beautiful hardy water lily (white, copper or yellow) and 8 different supplementary plants for completely stocking an enjoyable tub garden $3 POSTPAID

3. Our popular MARLIAC trio—one beautiful canary yellow, one shell pink and one pure white—three free-blooming hardy water lilies $3 POSTPAID

Take advantage of these special offers without delay. Many other postpaid collections are described in the FREE CATALOG. Send today.

JOHNSON
Water Gardens
Box S-2 Hynes, Calif.

spring before the end of the rainy season. It is of especial importance that only the best obtainable lawn seed be used. The finest seed costs but little more than that of inferior quality, and makes a world of difference in the appearance of the finished lawn. Lawn-grass mixtures are to be preferred to the seed of a single grass for all of the grasses have their seasons of growth and rest, but few pass through the same period at the same time. By mixing the seeds of various grasses in proper proportions, one or more of the grasses will always be lush and green, thereby keeping the lawn in a permanent state of verdant freshness. Since Northwest soils are acid, a lawn mixture should be made up of the seed of grasses favoring a sour soil. Many experiments have been conducted with lawn-grass mixtures at the Puyallup Station, and Professor Locklin recommends the following for the Northwest:

For the small lawn, a mixture of two parts by weight of Kentucky bluegrass to one part white clover is very satisfactory. A desirable mixture for larger areas is two parts Kentucky bluegrass, two parts bent, two parts red-top, and one part white clover. If the mixture is to be made at home, great care should be used in getting a very thorough mixing of the various seeds.

Give your tired, run-down lawn a spring tonic of some good commercial fertilizer, repeating the doses as needed

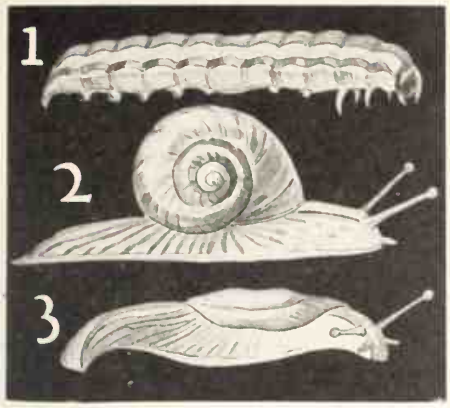
Previous to sowing, the lawn area should be fenced with rabbit wire or similar barrier erected to keep out animals which might trespass and spoil the appearance of the smooth surface. If possible the seeding should be done when the top-soil is dust dry. The seed may be scattered at the rate of one pound to 200 square feet, a greater rather than a less amount being preferable. It is of advantage to divide the seed into equal parts, broadcasting the first half over the area from end to end, and scattering the remainder crosswise of the lawn. As soon as the seed is in, tamp or roll the soil and thoroughly wet the surface. Care must be taken to sprinkle with a fine spray so that none of the seed will be washed out to later leave bare spots. On the following day the surface may be rolled again, from which time no one should encroach until the grass is ready for the first mowing.

Until the grass has become thoroughly established, especial care must be taken to prevent the seed-bed from drying out as this will injure or kill the germinating seeds with disastrous results to the embryo lawn. Sprinkling should be done in the morning or evening, never during the heat of the day. To encourage the development of a sturdy and spreading root system, mowing may be left until the last moment. While it is desirable to remove all lawn clippings, it must also be kept in mind that all of the grass carried away represents just so much plant food taken from the soil. If a lawn of permanent beauty is to be maintained, this plant food must be replaced in some manner.

Each spring as soon as the grass shows signs of renewed growth, an application of blood and bone meal may be made. A spring dressing of nitrate of soda, one pound to each 1000 square feet of lawn, and a fall application of superphosphate, two pounds to the same area, will maintain a stand of beautiful, velvety, fine-leaved grass. The fertilizer is best applied by mixing with an equal amount of fine soil and grass seed to act as a spreader, or it may be dissolved in water and put on with a sprinkling can. Lime should never be used with grasses preferring an acid soil, and lumpy or green manure is also harmful.

Watering is the most necessary and frequent process in lawn maintenance, according to Professor Locklin. Drying out lowers the vitality of the grass, injures the appearance of the lawn for a long time, and lowers the resistance of the turf to the ever-present danger of weed infection. The hand hose method of sprinkling is costly and inadequate, overhead irrigation being most satisfactory. For the average home lawn, a hose equipped with a fountain-spray nozzle is all that is necessary. This makes sprinkling easy and automatic, the aim being to give all portions an equal and thorough wetting, and not to water again until the soil begins to dry. Once or twice a week is sufficient during the dryest weather even on sandy soils. The spray may fall in one place from 45 minutes to two hours depending upon the character of the soil. It should be changed before the water stands on top of the ground.

Weeds are the most serious of lawn pests. If the seed-bed has been properly prepared, and all weeds permitted to germinate and be removed before the grass seed is sown, much trouble will be eliminated. A thick, healthy sod will do much to crowd out any weeds that may gain a foothold. The majority of weeds prefer an alkaline to an acid soil, and therefore the Northwest is probably spared many troublesome pests.



1—Cutworm 2—Snail 3—Slug

Quick Death

To cutworms, snails, slugs, earwigs, sowbugs, grasshoppers

When You Use This New Way!

DESTROY these unsightly and destructive pests in your garden with Snarol, the proved scientific method that has won the approval of thousands of home owners, gardeners and nurserymen everywhere.

You simply broadcast this ready prepared meal on the ground about the plants and vegetation. The pests eat the meal as a food and are quickly destroyed.

Unlike old time methods, Snarol is non-injurious to plants and vegetation when used according to simple directions. Also, water will not harm Snarol—in fact it works best when damp. This feature makes it ideal for use where rain and sprinkling cause wet garden conditions.

Act today for plant protection and freedom from these unsightly pests. For sale at seed stores, hardware dealers and leading drug stores in convenient 1 lb. and 3 lb. packages and 15 lb. bags. If more convenient write Dept. 82, Antrol Laboratories, Inc., 651-53 Imperial Street, Los Angeles, California, for free 24-page pamphlet and name of your nearest dealer.

Stop Ants

Antrol, a companion product to Snarol, quickly kills Argentine and other sweet eating ants. *Not a paste or powder* but a complete system composed of tiny glass jars which you fill with Antrol syrup. These jars then stand "on guard" like sentinels.

Use Antrol

Snarol

The National Pest Control

You Can Paint Stucco

(Continued from page 19)

with paint, the entrance of moisture is rendered impossible. The smooth film obtained also prevents the possibility of soot and dirt adhering to the rough surface and turning it dark and dingy. Any particles of dust or dirt that do attach themselves to the painted finish are soon washed off by the first rainfall.

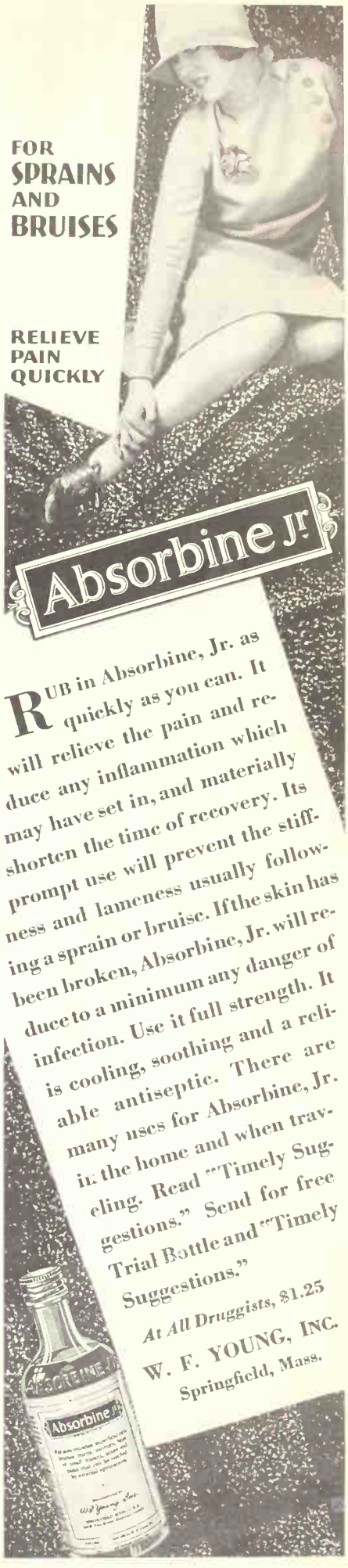
While it is true that painting stucco for preservation should be sufficient reason, there is, at the same time, the advantage of being able to select a desirable color scheme in keeping with the architecture of the dwelling. A house that is Italian in design could be appropriately painted a soft pink, with a trim of blue of the same value as the body color. Stone gray and green would be an ideal color scheme for the modified Norman style of house. Or, for those that belong to no particular period there are numerous attractive combinations—cream and dark tan, ivory and light green, or ivory and medium blue.

It may be that but a single tone is preferred, in which case a colorful pattern in the form of a stencil can be applied, to relieve broad expanses or to add a finishing touch to doorways or arches. This decorative treatment can be unusually effective where an interesting design in a variety of harmonizing colors is used, although even a single contrasting color will afford interest. For example, on a painted light cream stucco bungalow a narrow stencil border over an entrance, carried out in dark brown or tan, would be extremely attractive. This type of decoration, by giving character and relief to areas that might otherwise be severe, enables a definite saving in building costs in eliminating the necessity for certain structural details, as well as different methods of embellishment.

All in all, there is no better method of safeguarding one's investment in a stucco house than through painting. Even for those to whom appearance counts for most, the painting work will suffice to this end, giving, at the same time, more than adequate protection.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA

To wax or soap a nail before driving it into hard wood.


FOR SPRAINS AND BRUISES
RELIEVE PAIN QUICKLY
Absorbine Jr.
RUB in Absorbine, Jr. as quickly as you can. It will relieve the pain and reduce any inflammation which may have set in, and materially shorten the time of recovery. Its prompt use will prevent the stiffness and lameness usually following a sprain or bruise. If the skin has been broken, Absorbine, Jr. will reduce to a minimum any danger of infection. Use it full strength. It is cooling, soothing and a reliable antiseptic. There are many uses for Absorbine, Jr. in the home and when traveling. Read "Timely Suggestions." Send for free Trial Bottle and "Timely Suggestions."
At All Druggists, $1.25
W. F. YOUNG, INC.
Springfield, Mass.

These dishes

are dirty
and they should
be EASY
to wash

HARD water and soap leave a scummy ring in the dishpan. And a glaze of grease on dishes. That scum is the result of soap combining with the hardness in hard water. But you never find that scum in soft water to which soap has been added.

Have soft water! Add Melo to hard water! See how much more effective the soap is!

Two tablespoonfuls of Melo in the washtubs make clothes whiter. Two tablespoonfuls of Melo in the bathtub give delightfully soft water for bathing.

Melo saves time and labor. It saves from ⅓ to ½ the amount of soap ordinarily used. Melo is only 10 cents a can. Buy 3. Keep one in the kitchen—it's a wonderful dishwasher—one in the laundry, and one in the bathroom. Get it at your grocer's.

The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water in your city as soft as rain water.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MEL'O

WATER SOFTENED WITH MELO IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER

Send 10 cents for a full-size package of Melo

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
Manufacturers of Sani-Flush

Cooking by Absent Treatment

(*Continued from page 37*)

desert the kitchen for many hours.

Meat loaf, for instance, may be mixed and molded in the early morning, carrots scraped, peas shelled and potatoes pared. A cocktail of pineapple, apricots, orange slices and grape juice blends itself into multiflavored lusciousness. Lettuce becomes crisp and cold, tomatoes are chilled to their very middles, and a maple nut mousse in the pan above waits patiently for dessert time. There's your dinner—meat and vegetables all ready to be stowed into the oven at one time late in the afternoon, leaving several hours free.

The nice little ice cubes that the mechanical refrigerator manufactures are ever so handy. A drop or two of vegetable coloring—green, pink, or as you like it—in the water produces the most colorful cubes to be used in cold drinks and as a bed for interesting iced cocktails.

Soup stock will last for several days if kept in fruit jars in the refrigerator. Ice cream sauces and fruit sirups for drinks may be always available. A roll of cookie dough may be kept on hand in the same place, and cookies sliced off and baked on demand.

Here are recipes for a few of the dishes called for in the menus boxed at the tops of pages 36 and 37.

Baked Slice of Ham

1 slice of ham, 1½ inches thick
12 whole cloves
2 tablespoonfuls of brown sugar
2 teaspoonfuls of dry mustard
½ cupful of vinegar
½ cupful of water

Cut the fat from the ham and stick the whole cloves into the meat, which is then placed in a baking dish. Cut the fat into bits and sprinkle over the top; mix the sugar, mustard, vinegar and water, pour over the meat; cover and bake at 350 degrees for 2 hours or 400 degrees for 1¼ hours.

In the same oven and at the same time and temperature, may be baked the rosy apples, potatoes, succini, and rhubarb tapioca.

Rosy Apples

Pare and quarter apples, and put into a kettle having a tight fitting lid. Add a small amount of sugar, ½ cupful of water, ½ cupful of cinnamon candies (the little red cinnamon drops that we used to paint our lips when we were youngsters!) cover tightly and tuck into a corner of the oven. Be sure that the kettle lid does not have a wooden knob.

Succini, Italian Style

Wash the succini and slice thinly into a baking pan. For approximately a quart of the vegetable add a can of tomato soup, or use fresh sliced tomatoes and finely chopped onion to suit your taste. A tiny bit of garlic may be used also if desired. Add salt, pepper, and 1 tablespoonful of sugar, also 1 tablespoonful or more of bacon drippings or a bit of chopped bacon. Tomato sauce, well seasoned, may be used instead of this mixture. Cover, and cook in the oven with the ham, apples and potatoes.

Hollenden Halibut

Arrange 6 thin slices of fat salt pork, about 2½ inches square, in a dripping pan. Cover with one small onion, thinly sliced, and add a bit of bayleaf. Wipe a 2-pound piece of chicken halibut and place on top of the pork and onion. Dredge with 3 tablespoonfuls of flour, cover with ¾ cupful of buttered cracker crumbs, and arrange thin strips of fat salt pork over the crumbs. Cover with buttered paper (kitchen parchment paper is excellent to use) and bake 50 minutes or more in a moderate oven (400 degrees), removing the paper the last 15 minutes of the cooking to brown the crumbs. Remove to a hot platter and garnish with slices of lemon cut in fancy shapes, sprinkled with finely chopped parsley and paprika. Serve with white sauce, using the fat in the pan in place of butter in making it, or with diced cucumbers in whipped cream, salted to taste, which makes a delicious fish accompaniment.

I have said above to bake this dish 50 minutes or more. When you are using it as the basis of an oven dinner, you will find that an hour and a quarter at 375 degrees will take care of it nicely.

Frosty Prune Cream

¾ cupful of milk
2 tablespoonfuls of sugar
1 egg
⅛ teaspoonful of salt
¾ cupful of cooked prune pulp
3 tablespoonfuls of orange juice
3 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
1 cupful of cream, whipped

Scald the milk, and pour over the sugar, egg and salt which have been beaten together sufficiently to mix them well. Cook over hot water until the custard coats the spoon. Cool, and add the remaining ingredients, folding in the whipped cream last. Pour into the tray of the electric refrigerator, or put into a tightly covered mold and bury in ice and salt (using half ice and half coarse salt). Freeze for at least 4 hours in either case, preferably longer.

Getting Rid of the Glums

(*Continued from page 45*)

slightly spoiled grownup child that I think he is, the glums can surely be controlled.

Silly, isn't it, to let the glums ruin so much of an otherwise useful and happy life? How plainly we are able to see it in the case of Mr. Emerson!

But what about our own pet handicaps? Are we fond of feeling sorry for ourselves? Or do we disguise irritability as temperament? Or don't people like us? Or can't we stick to one line of work long enough to make a go of it? Let's drag out, in the privacy of our own mental processes, the little pet traits that we are nursing along through life.

Most of us who are parents bestir ourselves when we see unfortunate traits of our own cropping out in our children. Many a father tries with a strap to cure a son of the laziness which has been his own besetting sin. But we find soon enough that the only way to build good mental habits in our children is first to acquire them ourselves.

Nor is this at all an impossible thing, however old we may be.

Most of us, it is true, stop growing mentally at about 30, or so the psychologists tell us, but they add that it is because there is nothing to spur us on. Dr. Herbert R. Stolz, of the Institute of Child Welfare of the University of California, tells us that many parents, urged by the new situations presented in rearing children, do not stop at 30 but keep right on growing. Recent tests have shown that old heads can learn certain things even more quickly than young ones—if they want to.

Then if we, as parents, can and do change our most cherished ways and grow mentally and spiritually for the sake of our children, why cannot we grow as well from the necessity to be happier, to be better loved, to get better results in our work?

The answer to that is, of course, we can. We cannot snap out of bad habits, either mental or physical, overnight, but we can keep working on them and gradually replace them with better habits. It is a slow and laborious process, of course, but, I repeat, it is far from hopeless.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA

To oil the sewing machine after using it rather than before.

behind the "Sweet Sixteen" stands this fact . . . !

Send for the famous "Sweet Sixteen" packet of recipes if you have not done so already. (It's free!) Women all over the West have written to say how pleased they are with it. • Behind its popularity stands this fact—Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate is *chocolate in its most convenient form—one* kind of chocolate for *all* uses! It is this fact that makes chocolate recipes easier with Ghirardelli's—that insures delicious flavor in your every chocolate dish—that makes the "Sweet Sixteen" packet so popular. Say "Gear-ar-delly" to your grocer. • P. S. Write, now, for the "Sweet Sixteen" packet! It's free. Address your request to D. Ghirardelli Co., 910 North Point Street, San Francisco, California.

GHIRARDELLI'S GROUND CHOCOLATE

for cakes · · beverages · desserts · · · ONE kind of *chocolate*

SAY GEAR • AR • DELLY

GROWING CHILDREN need these minerals

Parents, the same Stuart's Tablets that let you eat all you want, without fear of indigestion—are the *safest* and *surest* aids to healthy growth that you can give a growing child.

Noted medical authorities, in commending Stuart's formula for Stuart's Tablets as best for children, say: "Administered in the ordinary way, they furnish materials needed by the organism in its growth." "Entering the blood in small quantities, they promote constructive metamorphosis (growth)." "Yet they are utterly safe in the hands of the patient, fool-proof, incapable of harm or overdosage."

Children Love Stuart's Tablets!

Combining in the ideal form such needed minerals as calcium and magnesium carbonate, etc., with pure cane sugar, Stuart's Tablets are real food, and should be a regular part of the diet of every child.

Make This Test!

Try a Stuart Tablet after each meal, and notice how smooth and serene the digestion becomes. Bright eyes, clear skin and glowing reddened cheeks soon prove the need of these health-builders. Try them!

FULL BOX FREE

A regular 25c box, pocket size—ample to try thoroughly the benefits of Stuart's Tablets—will be sent you free, if you mail this coupon to Stuart Co., Dept. 132, Marshall, Mich.

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STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

The Perfumed Touch that Makes Your Toilet Complete

Cuticura Talcum Powder

Delicately Medicated and Antiseptic

Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier

Instantly transforms lashes into a dark, rich luxuriant fringe of loveliness. Lends sparkling brilliance and shadowy, inviting depth to the eyes. The easiest eyelash beautifier to apply . . . Perfectly harmless. Used by thousands. Try it. Solid or waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

You Can Be Good Looking

By Jean Ashcroft

ONE of the best of modern blessings, in my estimation, is the fact that mere prettiness has gone out of fashion. To be smartly good-looking is the goal of every woman and girl, and the happy aspect of this is that everyone can be good-looking if she goes about it in the right way.

To be good-looking, you know, is not a matter of chance, as prettiness largely is. It goes much deeper than the skin. Health and the right mental attitude—yes, and well-fitting shoes!—are the foundations on which good looks are built. Positive cleanliness and scrupulous attention to every detail of one's appearance are the superstructure.

I do think that facial expression is the most important part of beauty; but I realize all too well that this is not enough, for a neck with a black line from one's coat collar; or teeth that need attention; or hair that needs cutting or combing, or shampooing; or spots on one's clothing; or runover heels, will cause that pleasant expression to lose a great deal of its effect.

The first thing to do, if one is truly dissatisfied with her looks, is to see that her health is so good that she need never even think about it. Sometimes this means merely obeying the commonsense laws of health that one already knows, but more often a good doctor is needed to start one on the right track. Correct diet may be the key to good looks, especially when one is too thin or too fat. It is difficult to be very good-looking with black circles constantly hovering under one's eyes. The cause of this trouble, the chances are, is far removed from the eyes themselves, and the physician can usually, with help from the patient, locate and correct the difficulty.

Up-and-down wrinkles between the eyes are more often than not an accompaniment of eyestrain. Perhaps glasses are needed, for reading and close work, or perhaps one needs merely to correct her own bad habits of reading facing the light, or reading in bed in such a position that there is real eyestrain (most oculists, you know, insist that reading in bed is always bad), or just frowning from habit, which may have started with some such condition as those mentioned. One other quite modern cause of these wrinkles is driving a car for hours in strong sunshine. I must confess I don't know how to avoid wrinkles from this cause unless one gives up such driving, but the trouble can be alleviated somewhat by wearing colored glasses which shut out glare, and a comfortable hat.

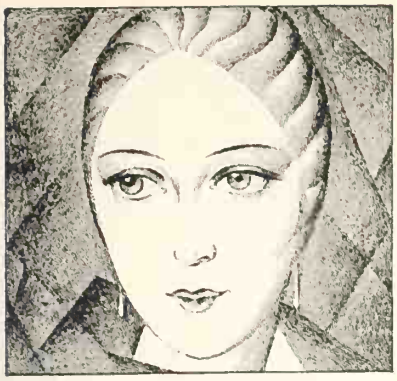
I once knew a kind lady who, whenever comment was made upon someone's very bad disposition, usually remarked compassionately, "Oh, well, perhaps her feet hurt her." The connection of uncomfortable shoes with facial wrinkles, as well as with bad dispositions, has too often been overlooked.

Understand, these foundations are not all-sufficient in the building of good looks, any more than a foundation is the only thing needed in building a house.

Beauty is made up of many details, and all must be taken care of, else the structure falls. Good health, good teeth, well-fitted shoes, right corseting, even the correct fitting of hats, gloves and stockings, all are inseparably interlocked; for bad teeth may ruin one's health, and lack of good health usually means dull, lifeless hair, tired eyes, a dull, lifeless-looking skin, and facial expression that is uninteresting because it is uninterested.

Given the good foundation and superstructure mentioned, there must be intelligent daily and nightly care. Different types of skins require somewhat different treatment, and it is important that the right care be given.

All these details will be discussed in SUNSET's new beauty department, which begins here and now. You can be good-looking if you truly want to be, and now is the time to start cultivating your own particular style of good looks.



New eyes for old

If your eyes lack lustre and tire easily, rejuvenate them with *Murine*. This harmless lotion imparts a youthful sparkle to dull, weary eyes and makes them feel much stronger.

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An Ideal Stroller when baby sits up

No. 40
Price $5.00

As soon as your baby can sit up, get one of these folding strollers. Much easier to handle than a baby carriage. Baby will be happy in this comfortable Stroller and you can take it anywhere you go. Folds up compactly to fit in the car or to take on the street car. Weighs only 12 lbs. Made of steel, ivory enameled, with red, blue or green enameled wood seat and foot rest. A handsome, handy rubber-tired stroller. Get one at any store where nursery supplies are sold or write for our nursery accessory catalog.

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Western Neighbors
will enjoy swapping recipes
thru
The Kitchen Cabinet
of
Sunset Magazine

Remember, a dollar will be paid for every recipe used in this department. Full particulars on page 42.

How I Made a Success of My Home Finances

(*Continued from page 40*)

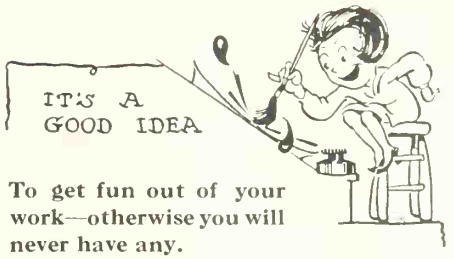
for the regular household bills such as food, gas and electricity, telephone and laundry, and then a fixed amount for magazines, church, clothing incidentals and home furnishings. Now I added all these items together and subtracted the total from the income and the balance would be the amount we had for personal expenses and entertainment. That amount we divided between ourselves and we all were happy.

Personally it was just like playing a new game, for I would try my best each month to keep my actual expenses within the figures I had set for them so I could have a larger balance left for our personal expenses.

When the bills were paid, I would scratch them off my list and consequently could always tell which bills were yet unpaid. In a five-cent note-book, I kept a memorandum page for each month and on that page I would make note of the major bills paid during that month and also record in detail any other expenditures that might be useful for future reference. I did not attempt to list every penny I spent, but gave date, description and price of anything that might interest me later, somewhat in diary form.

Now after using this easy, efficient system of family financing for over six years, I wish I could state in a few words some of the results. By no means the least of the benefits is the healthy atmosphere in which our boy is growing up in a happy, contented home free from the fear of debt. The biggest personal benefit I have derived from using this simple bookkeeping system is the fact that I have won the respect and confidence of my husband by satisfying him that I still have left some of the business ability that I had demonstrated before we were married.

I hope I have not given the impression that I am taking all the credit for our present happy condition, because my efforts would all have been in vain if my husband were not such a splendid partner.



To get fun out of your work—otherwise you will never have any.

"Twilight and evening bell, *and after that · · ·*"

AN eternal resting place of time-defying, rust-resisting Armco Iron, electrically welded and hermetically sealed. Beautiful in lines and imposing in proportions. Deep golden bronze within. Pearl gray, lavender, mahogany or copper on the outside. Or, if you prefer, rough-cast or deep embossed patterns in Antique Gold, Baronet Bronze or Tudor Silver. Such is the Galion Cryptorium, the under-ground mausoleum.

No water can enter it. No defilement or corruption of any kind. The Galion Cryptorium protects its contents absolutely, · · the same at the end of half a century as at the beginning. This is guaranteed. And you will have done all that human love and foresight can possibly do. Less than this you would not do.

Do not wait until you are called on to make decisions. The representative funeral director in your community will explain the principles that make the Cryptorium waterproof and time-proof. It is moderate in price. The insignia of the manufacturers is your guarantee.

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GALION CRYPTORIUM
THE UNDER-GROUND MAUSOLEUM

With Western Garden Clubs

All garden and flower clubs are invited to bring ideas and problems to this open forum. What has your organization to contribute? —THE EDITORS.

ALBUQUERQUE, New Mexico, is a city of dahlias and morning glories; mammoth dahlias of all gorgeous hues and morning glories as blue as the desert sky. I used to wonder how modest little houses could boast five dollar dahlias and why all the residents of Albuquerque grew the same shade of morning glory. When I sought the answer I found C. T. French.

C. T. French has had a flower garden in Albuquerque for ten years—a garden for the public. He grows a few other varieties of flowers besides morning glories and dahlias but these two are the ones that strike the eye. Because he grows them and has grown them for a decade, dahlias and blue morning glories have become Albuquerque's favorite blossoms, but Mr. French's garden really is only the beginning, certainly the least unique, of his ventures in floriculture. His gifts of morning glory seed and his dahlia clubs are the enterprises which have influenced so greatly gardening in his home city.

Every spring Mr. French inserts in the Albuquerque papers a brief notice to the effect that he will be glad to give morning glory seed to anyone who cares to call at his office. And do the people care to call? Well, for the past five years Mr. French has given away an annual average of a thousand packets of seed and for the five years before that, when his gardening activities were relatively young, he gave away an average of 500 packets a year. His present annual gift to flower lovers represents a total of four or five pounds of seed wholesaling at $25 per pound.

The first year that Mr. French had his flower garden he planted 500 dahlias. The late Raymond Bloom, a local garden expert who was interested in Mr. French's garden plans, selected the varieties personally, making a trip to Denver for the purpose and some 65 varieties were represented. As each dahlia tuber produces an average of four eyes from which root divisions which will produce flowers the next season are made, it can be seen that the annual in-

Mr. French and a group of Dahlia Club prize winners

crease which these 500 dahlia tubers represented was tremendous. To solve the problem of this rabbit-like reproduction Mr. French established his dahlia clubs.

The dahlia contests have been held in Albuquerque for seven years now and the conditions have been, for the most part, the same each year. One hundred boys and girls are allowed to enroll in the order they apply, provided they can meet the conditions of the contest which are usually announced in the local papers. The age limit for the entrants is from ten to fifteen years and they must live within the city limits. Each contestant must have a plot nine by twelve feet favorably situated for growing dahlias—that is, it must be a sunny spot with suitable soil properly prepared, and the contestant must agree to follow the planting instructions which Mr. French gives.

Between April 10 and 15 each of the 100 club members is furnished with one dozen dahlias for planting. The judging is done at the height of the dahlia season, in Albuquerque about September 10. The prizes vary from year to year, totalling from 50 to 100 dollars. The first prize usually is ten dollars and the prizes always are divided among 20 contestants.

Whether or not the dahlia club contestants win a cash prize they have their dahlias to keep. And when you recall that the cheapest dahlia tuber, if purchased, would cost probably fifty cents, and that the average value of a dahlia tuber is about one dollar, you will realize that a dozen dahlias are in themselves no mean reward. With the normal increase every dahlia club member should have for the next year about four dozen dahlias even if he does not reenter the contest.

When you consider that 100 children have been given a dozen dahlias apiece for seven years and consider that each dahlia means ordinarily four for the next year you can understand why Albuquerque seems a dahlia city. Mr. French estimates that almost half of the homes in Albuquerque have dahlias growing in their gardens and should you drive about the city in late summer or early fall you would find the statement easy to believe. —ELIZABETH DICKENS.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA

To plant dahlias so that you can look up into the flowers.

CALIFORNIA MISSION ZINNIA

Balloon Flowered

THIS wonderfully improved Zinnia is a revelation in color and size. A sturdy, long-stemmed strain, growing about three feet high. Thrive anywhere. Order now for May planting. This offer will not appear again this season.

Giant Crimson-Scarlet Shades, *mixed*
Giant Orange Shades, *mixed*
Giant Bronze-Yellow Shades, *mixed*
Giant Rose and Pink Shades, *mixed*
Giant Pastel Shades, *mixed*

5 LARGE PACKETS for $1.00

Giant American Beauty Dahlia Seeds

California Prize Winners. Double flowers 6 to 12 inches across, every color imaginable. Plant April; bloom from July till frost. Send for 100 seeds (make 100 tubers). **$1.00**

California Wild Flowers $2.50 Value, $1.00

Large collection of nearly every California annual wild flower, including the poppies and lupine. Guaranteed to grow in any state in the Union, Canada and Europe. 5 big 50c packets for **$1.00**

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"CALIFORNIA GROWN, NATIONALLY KNOWN"
Original seeds grown in famous Busch Gardens, Pasadena—Built by us.

"Good News for Golfers"

That is the title of the first article in the

MARCH ISSUE *of*

SUNSET MAGAZINE

And it IS good news for it tells in detail just

HOW TO BUILD THE HOME PUTTING GREEN

It will be a smart stroke on your part to read
THIS OUTSTANDING ARTICLE

Sunset· as you like it

HERE it is — the new SUNSET you asked for. From Mauriee Logan's cover straight through to Adios, the magazine for Western families.

OUTDOOR living is an art that all Westerners ean practice and enjoy, and articles like Tod Powell's point the way. By such engaging tales as "At Home in the Open," so full of practical advice for both initiated woodsman and neophyte, SUNSET plans to feature each month at least one story of outdoor life.

BUILDING a house need not be only a dream, for "dream houses" come true in the West! The charming Portland home featured in this issue illustrates that faet. From month to month SUNSET will pieture for you lovely homes from Seattle to San Diego and from San Francisco to Salt Lake, each as sharply differing in Western type and charm as architeeture ean conceive.

HOME EQUIPMENT is so increasingly fascinating and "advanced" that even the most modern housewife cannot be "in the know" about all of it unless she has a guide. This month SUNSET presents for your inspection the smartest new things for the making and serving of waffles. Next month the best tools for salad-making will be considered, and each succeeding issue will bring you a similar grouping of clever, up-to-date, and entirely usable culinary conveniences.

GARDENING from June to June is one of the joys of many sections of the Paeifie Coast, so plan and plant with SUNSET. Look each month for such illuminating articles as Arthur Carhart's on garden planning, Ross Gast's on "glads," Natt Dodge's on lawns, Mary Tracy Horne's on barbering palm trees, and the "Tips for Tenderfect."

PACIFIC COASTING with Willard Johnson is a feature that will make you watch for the mail man! Mr. Johnson, formerly of the staff of "The New Yorker," is a columnist you'll like. We are delighted that he has brought his talents back to the West.

THE KITCHEN CABINET offers something brand-new in the way of reeipe exchanges. In addition to their being extremely good, you see, the reeipes are printed in just the right size and shape to fit the 3 x 5 filing eards which ever so many women now are using instead of eook books.

INTERIOR DECORATING has long been considered the private realm of the woman of the house, but the wise ruler considers what gentlemen prefer—and SUNSET tells her most convincingly about it in this issue. Look for more; we suspeet that what youngsters like in wall papers and eomfortable chairs is rather important, too. See the Mareh issue for this.

THESE are the high spots of your first new SUNSET. The March issue will be even better and as we get our stride each issue will set a new pace. Put the new SUNSET to work for you *now!* It is yours for $1 a year, or three years for $2. Use the eoupon below for yourself or for some of your friends—enthusiasm should be shared.

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Please send SUNSET to the names listed:

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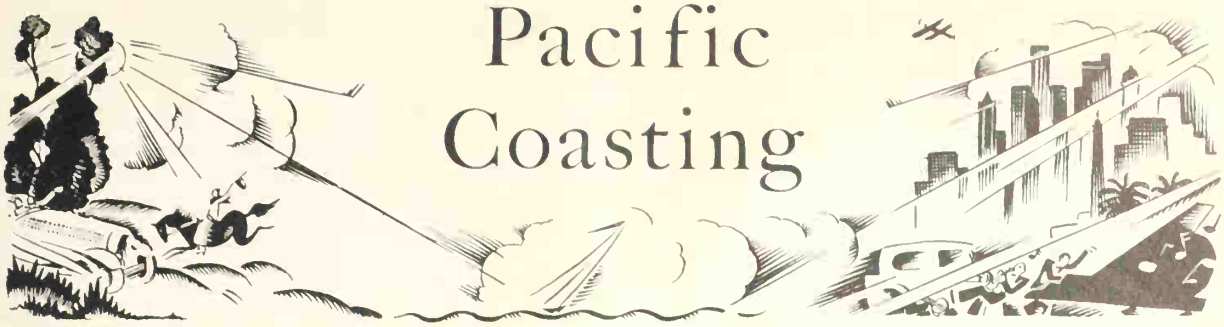

Pacific Coasting

Willard Johnson

PACIFIC COASTING, let us explain, by way of introduction, implies, among other things, shutting off the motor of one's Ford roadster or one's Rolls-Royce Piccadilly, whichever the case may be, and gliding without any fuss at all down a pleasant hillside (figurative or otherwise) preferably on a flower-bordered road, preferably with the mountains on the one hand and the sea on the other, preferably on good, smooth pavement!

† † †

But not only that. And not only on the Pacific Coast. We hate to feel ourselves restricted and we'd hate to be a bird in a gilded cage—even though that golden cage were California, Washington and Oregon. We may even discuss vital problems and slide down hills as distant as the slopes of Mount Ararat; but we'll try to stay in the Great West someplace.

And we'll try not to take ourselves too seriously. We may even (once in a very great while) leave our expensive sport roadster and slide down some small, clean hillside on the seat of our pants, although this is hardly likely, considering our dignity and everything.

† † †

Occasionally, if we have to step on the gas and roar up a steep grade, showing how much power we have, we hope you will understand that it's only "the better to coast down the other side, my dear."

† † †

Easy-going, that's the idea. Cruising. Wandering around, mentally as well as actually. Do you follow? We hope you do—and will.

† † †

BUT let us get down to business. Now that almost everyone who made resolutions on January first and religiously purchased nice clean new account books and made up strict, water-tight budgets in which they forgot to allow for groceries, shoeshines, and the fifty per cent that should always be added to vacation estimates—as I say, now that everyone has forgotten his vain January dreams of reform and economy, we suggest, oh, a lot of things:

a. One of those nice electric corn-poppers for quiet home evenings in case the rainy season isn't really over.

b. A good long talk about extending that already-long-talked-about motor-trip later in the season, up into British Columbia where glaciers dash to the sea in billows of ice.

c. Maybe going in the opposite direction, instead, or else describing an enormous circle and coming home through the Southwest. Southern Utah intrigues us, and we'd like to have some more people go to Zion National park and Brice canyon, just to see if they talk about it in as glowing terms as our friends who have already been there.

d. Buying a few text-books and taking an hour off now and again to brush up on your botany. We've just been horrified by meeting a Californian who didn't know what ceanothus was, and an Oregonian who thought that California poppies and Mariposa lilies were the same thing. My goodness!

e. Going straight down town and buying—but perhaps that's enough for the moment.

Our Almanac *for February*

FORECAST: We prophesy that there will be a great deal of trouble this month with garbage collectors and ice men. Our own garbage man has just got arrested for bootlegging, fancy that. They poured all his wine down the creek, which will undoubtedly greatly increase drunkenness among ducks and mosquitoes.

HOROSCOPE: Persons born during the first 28 days of February will be especially susceptible to Spanish influenza; and persons born on the 29th will be liable to a great deal of unnecessary joking. Venus is in Scorpio and Mars in the ascendant—or something like that. Hold everything.

BIRDS AND FLOWERS: Keep a sharp eye out for wild-flower-pickers and carry a shot gun always loaded.

WEATHER: It is probable that there will be a false spring this year in all the western states. Rain in the western portion Thursday. And remember you're going "blind" if your umbrella cuts off your sight.

† † †

THIS isn't the book review department, but anyway we're reading a swell book called *Orlando*, by Virginia Woolf, which is so fascinating that we can scarcely take time to write these words. Here's a paragraph which we like: "At length, however, there was no room in the galleries for another table; no room on the tables for another cabinet; no room in the cabinet for another rose-bowl; no room in the bowl for another handful of pot-pourri; there was no room for anything anywhere; in short, the house was furnished. In the garden snowdrops, crocuses, hyacinths, magnolias, roses, lilies . . ." But we mustn't go on.

† † †

This description of opulence, however, reminds us of something we read in the papers the other day: San Francisco set out last fall no less than 150,000 tulip bulbs! Eighty thousand for one valley in Golden Gate Park, forty thousand for the Civic Center, and thirty thousand in the other smaller squares. It might almost be worth a trip to San Francisco to see them, when they bloom, no matter where one might happen to be.

† † †

Oh shucks! We're down that hill!

New toilets for old

SANI-FLUSH has made cleaning the toilet the easiest of household tasks. Now it is the work of but a few minutes. And Sani-Flush leaves the *whole* closet clean and sparkling white.

Sani-Flush cleanses the toilet more thoroughly than any brush. Marks, and stains, and incrustations disappear. Sani-Flush reaches the hidden trap and banishes foul odors. Just sprinkle it in the bowl, following directions on the can, and flush. The work is done.

Sani-Flush is harmless to plumbing. Use it the year round, and especially in the hot weather months. Keep a can handy all the time.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. In Canada, 35c.

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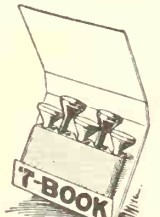

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This Biographical Tide

(*Continued from page 30*)

in the art of creative writing. Again, it is the story of a frail little girl with the healthy courage of a Galahad venturing forth to conquer an unfamiliar world. You will like this young girl in "The World I Saw," especially the comfortable, homey way Miss Monroe writes of her adventures and of the girl who was once herself.

In her book "Alexander Graham Bell" (Houghton, Mifflin, $5.00), Catherine MacKenzie has preserved the modern manner, avoiding the muck-rake, the whisperings and the hey heys, and relates the story of the man Bell and his times. If Bell had known more about electricity, we are informed, he never would have invented the telephone. What the inventor lacked in electrical knowledge, he possessed in almost tireless energy and dogged determination. It is a human document this, well worth the telling and well told.

To the historically minded "Tiberius Caesar" by G. P. Baker (Dodd, Mead, $3.50) should be an entertaining book. Mr. Baker has loaded his historical data on the square shoulders of one of the great, tragic figures of history and has depended upon Caesar to bear the burden of his thesis. This book recites the political struggles, wars and intrigues during the latter part of the B. C. era and the beginning of the A. D. To our way of thinking "Tiberius Caesar" is just another excuse to palm off a lot of history on us.

"The Tragic Empress" (Harper Brothers $3.50), by Maurice Paléologue does not quite put across this remarkable old lady with the phenomenal memory. Most of the story is told through the conversations held between the author and Eugénie. Here is a fair sample, on page 102:

> "You must excuse me, madame. I cannot bring myself to rouse such cruel emotions in Your Majesty."
>
> "Have no fear. On the contrary, it will relieve me to parade all the sad past before you. It is so rarely that I have the chance, and the solace, of opening my floodgates! Will you question me?"

If 246 pages of such back chat does not bore you to tears, there is in all probability something wrong with your tear ducts. Personally, we agree with the publishers that M. Maurice Paléologue is a distinguished diplomat and historian.

Lest you think us too hard to please we want to mention "Rasputin, the Holy Devil" ($5.00) by René Fülöp-Miller, translated by S. F. Flint and D. F. Tait and published by the Viking Press. Rasputin as a figure of fiction would have been unbelievable. As a principal of a biography he is still unbelievable, but, believe it or not, there he is, as fascinating a character as ever appeared in the pages of a book. The part Rasputin played in the Czarist society of Russia just before that country answered the red, red call of the wild, is second only to the part he plays as a man of contradictory character. His uncontrollable and numerous appetites, his rare ability to know what was going forward, to heal the sick, particularly the son of the Czarina, and his influence among the ruling class, make of him a character at once as overdrawn and as real as any in Dickens. The writing of the book is done with consummate artistry and power and to Fülöp-Miller we would like to present a hand-engraved laurel wreath for telling a good story and telling it well.

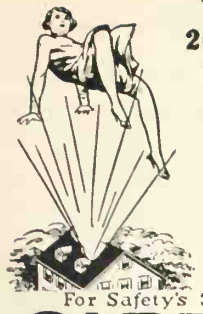
Hospitality at Home

(*Continued from page 30*)

The best way to find out whether the guest room is adequately and comfortably equipped is to imagine yourself the visitor and sleep there one night, before the guest arrives. After that you will probably do some addition and subtraction.

In the guest room is placed a clock which really keeps time. It is not one of those leaning, lanky maidens with a clock face somewhere in her interior, nor a gilded Cupid which was given as a wedding present, and has been relegated to the guest room. There is a candle, with matches; or a candle for aesthetic, and a flash light for purely utilitarian purposes. There may be one of those showy volumes of poetry—padded cover and all—in the guest room, but in addition there is something readable, modern and in line with the guest's interests. A sweetmeat jar shows cookies or candy. Clothes hangers, extra bedding, towels, soap, drinking glass, all such ordinary details are thoughtfully provided.

Could we sum up the characteristics of the gracious hostess, we would find there were two. Imagination—that ability to put herself in another's place—and unaffected manners. Just as soon as a hostess puts on airs, someone gives her away. If her husband and children do not do it, she



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Men—Interested obtaining information about work romantic, wealthy South America write for free list. Good pay. South American Service Bureau, 14,600 Alma, Detroit, Mich.

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SONG WRITERS

Songwriters: Substantial Advance Royalties are paid on publishable work. Anyone having original ideas for songs may submit poems for examination and free advice. Walter Newcomer, 1674 Broadway, New York.

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Mineral rods on positive all money back guarantee if not satisfied after using them three days. Write T. D. Robinson, Box 68 M., El Paso, Tex.

42 Miles On 1 Gallon of Gas—Wonderful new Vapor Moisture Humidifier and Carbon Eliminator. All autos. 1 furnished to test. Critchlow, Inventor, C-51, Wheaton, Ill.

somehow does it herself. It never fails. When one steps out of character, one loses naturalness and charm. The same characteristics mark the perfect host, also.

When everyday manners and company manners are the same, it is not an ordeal to have guests. One no longer says, "Now do watch your manners because company is coming," and then sighs over the groans from husband and children. Instead, one hears, "Company? Goody. I'm glad they're coming." And that is just about the sincerest tribute to the hospitality of your home.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA

To put soft cheese or hard-cooked egg yolks through a coarse strainer instead of trying to use a grater.

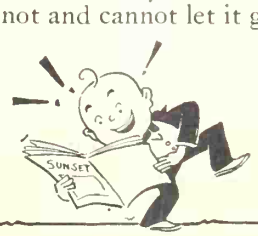
Ernest Bloch

(*Continued from page 35*)

national contest, he dashed off to Switzerland on his annual mushroom pilgrimage, breaking every engagement, official and otherwise. Broken-hearted hostesses, disappointed societies planning "tributes," chagrined lion-hunters, Fame herself, were all "dished" for the sake of his beloved fungi. He is a celebrated cook and naturally the ends of the earth must be combed for the best ingredients, including the most perfect mushroom for the most perfect dish of *risotto alla piemontese!*

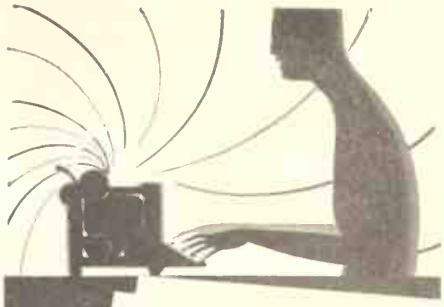
There is obviously no way to catalogue the man. He paints in water colors, and is an excellent photographer; he lectures, he teaches, he manages, he directs; he writes divine music and plays it marvelously; he is an Alp-climber and a mushroom gatherer; he talks brilliantly, reads widely and writes well. You may call him "the master musician of our time" with Romain Rolland, or "an intellectual gorilla" with Waldo Frank, or, simply, a "fungivorous mammal" with me.

But whatever you call him, you must not and cannot let it go at that.



IT'S A GOOD IDEA

To read Sunset's good ideas. Look for them each month.



"Know your carbon papers"—is the advice to business girls who want to make their work easier. That's modern methods. Webster's free Handbook tells which kind, weight and finish of MultiKopy Carbon Paper to use in simplifying your job. For neatly typed letters use Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons—best for 40 years.

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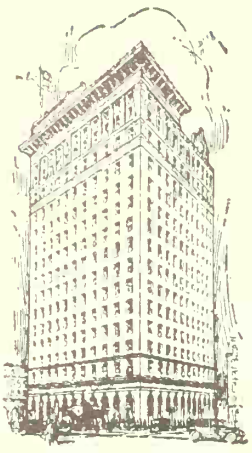

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Sunset Travel Service

(Continued from page 9)

The former may run from simple sleeping quarters up to elaborate suites, the price ranging from $1 to $5.

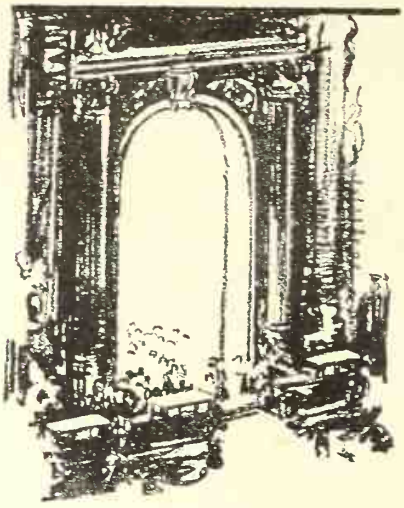
If you have an automobile at your disposal you might want to drive to Sacramento over one of the many scenic routes. Two of these we should like to mention. Auto ferries will deposit you at Oakland, Berkeley, Richmond or Vallejo. From any of these points you wind up the Sacramento Valley over an excellent highway. This route takes you through Fairfield, Dixon, Davis (the University of California Agricultural College is situated at Davis) and over the Yolo causeway to Sacramento. This route is the most direct. The time required to complete the journey is around 3 hours. The other route we want to suggest is the river road. This, to our mind, is the more beautiful of the two as the road follows the river levee practically all the way. You pass through Antioch, Courtland, Clarksburg and Freeport, interesting hamlets these, which during the fruit season teem with the colorful nomads who follow the fruit seasons up and down the state. If you haven't a car there are motor-bus lines which cover these same roads.

If you choose you may go by train over the electric short line or on any of the excellent steam trains. The usual time is about three hours for the trip, and the round trip fare is around $4.50.

And if you care for a bird's-eye view of the Sacramento Valley and want to make the trip in a hurry or just want to take the trip for the thrill of it or for a short ride, various aeroplane services are offered in attractive forms. The time for such a jaunt is 45 minutes and the fare eleven dollars one way.

Besides the state capitol with its 22 acres of beautiful grounds Sacramento is rich in early California history. Sutter's Fort still stands as a historical museum and is a point of interest you will not want to miss. Besides the variety of the agricultural and horticultural activities that immediately surround Sacramento, there is the mining industry. Huge dredges are constantly at work mining gold in the hills just east of the city. There is plenty to see besides the capitol to make your trip worth while. And don't fail to drop in at the Crocker Art Gallery at 2nd and O. It is an art gallery any city could be proud of.

THE
Doorway of Hospitality



ENTER the doorway of this popular hostelry and you feel at home. There's an atmosphere of cordial welcome which marks the difference between the Hollywood Plaza and ordinary hotels.

Your room, too, has that added touch of distinction. Pictures on the wall, overstuffed furniture, a floor lamp and reading lamp . . . these are but a few of the features that make you feel at home.

Pig'n Whistle Dining Service insures the best of food. Therefore, when you are next in Los Angeles be sure to investigate.

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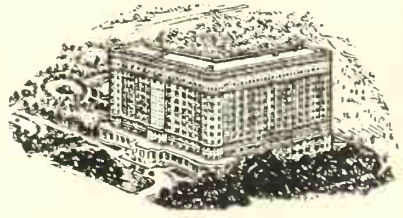
New York, Equitable Life Bldg. — Cincinnati, Atlas Bank Bldg.
St. Louis, 1300 N. Broadway — Buffalo, Ellicott Square
Detroit, Transportation Bldg.



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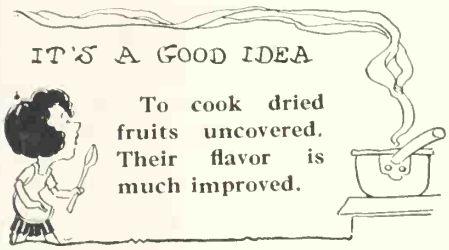
Planting Trees in Dry Soil

By Anita Evans

THERE are two types of trees, those having a widespread root system and those that have one main or tap root reaching straight downward to moist soil. To distinguish the type of root system, look at the top of the tree. If it is low and spreading the roots will be shallow and widespread. If the main trunk towers to a great height with branches at intervals along the entire tree, then it must also have a long tap root to anchor the towering height against the force of the wind. This latter type is best for dry soil where the water level is not too low, and where irrigation is difficult.

But the question arises, how to start the young trees. Most people give a good demonstration of how not to do it. The young tree is carefully planted according to Burbank, a trench is dug around its base and water is applied at frequent intervals to the trench. This is very satisfactory when applied to trees with spreading roots, but it does a tap root tree practically no good—may even harm it. The water must be placed, not on top of the ground, but deep in the soil where the young tap root is seeking it. Not only will there be less waste of water through evaporation, but the young root is encouraged in its downward probing, eventually reaching the moist soil of the natural water level—thus obviating the necessity of further irrigation.



HERE is a simple method of conducting the water deep into the earth: Take a five-gallon can and solder into the bottom of it a two- or three-foot length of small galvanized pipe. "Plant" this beside the tree, leaving only a small portion of the can extending above ground. When the can is filled with water the pipe carries the moisture deep into the ground where it is needed.

Unusual Iris Varieties
that add new charm to the garden

ARE you familiar with the newer and finer varieties of Iris? If not, there's a revelation of flower loveliness in store for you.

One of these—the San Gabriel Iris, just to describe one of the new varieties listed in our catalog—sometimes grows as tall as a man, and bears great fragrant blooms of lavender flushed with rosy mauve, several on each stem. These delicate flowers when cut will keep fresh and beautiful for several days. Foliage is green all winter and is wonderfully adapted for landscaping.

This is just one of 500 unusual Irises grown by us. And we are constantly adding improved introductions. Plant some of these new Iris varieties now—and all spring and summer your family, your friends and your neighbors will be praising your garden.

Send at once for our Free Illustrated Catalog, which describes all our many beautiful varieties of Iris.

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The old problem of keeping pests and disease off your garden is no problem any more. This improved insecticide and fungicide does the whole job quickly, without fuss or muss. NICO GARDEN DUST takes the place of four different sprays. Nothing to mix. Apply with a handy duster. 1 and 5 lb. packages. All leading seed houses sell it. Try NICO GARDEN DUST.
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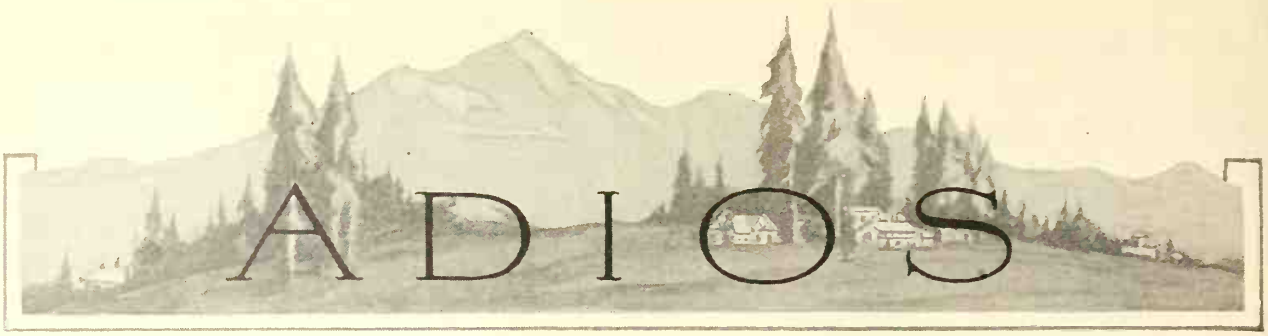
is to
Say it With SUNSET
A subscription to SUNSET magazine is the most appropriate greeting you can give that friend or acquaintance who is coming west to live.
See coupon on page 64 of this issue.



ADIOS

AND now we come to the last page of this February issue, the page on which we say *adios* until another month. It has been great fun to get together for this issue just the type of material which we felt you would find most interesting and most helpful. If it pleases you, the forthcoming issues of SUNSET magazine will follow along much the same lines. Magazine editors have just two jobs; one is to find out what the readers want, and the other is to give them such reading matter in the most attractive and practical form possible. Your letters to SUNSET for the past few months have been saying that you are especially interested in home, garden, outdoor and travel articles. When we visit with any of you personally, you tell us the same thing. From general observation we learn that most westerners center their attention on home life, indoors and out. Having been told so convincingly what you do want in SUNSET, we mean to give it to you.

YOU have said that you like stories of outdoor life, so we must ask you how that first article, "At Home in the Open," by Tod Powell, appeals to you. Isn't it the most refreshing and stimulating magazine article you have read in some time? Mr. Powell, the author, has spent practically all of his life on the trail of adventure and has learned the secret of taking his readers right along with him as they read. This article is first in a series by this popular writer. Frank Taylor, who has written, "Oh, Ranger!" and other books of the west, gives you this month another vibrant picture of outdoor life in, "The Flowers are Winning." Travelers and Rocking Chair Tourists alike will enjoy the interesting new travel department, which starts in this February issue. In giving you all of these delightful pictures of where to go, what to see and what to do, we hope that we have anticipated your reading wishes so far as outdoor life and travel are concerned.

IF you are one of those subscribers who have been asking for more garden material in SUNSET magazine, we know you will like this February issue, for a glance through the book will give you some idea of how we mean to develop the garden end of this truly western publication. Attention in this magazine will always be focused on that important subject, garden design. Our contributors will not stop with telling you how to grow a dahlia; they will go further into the subject, describing what varieties to use if you need a certain color in your garden and how to plant in order to bring out the beauty of the landscape as a whole. You will like also the wealth of practical tips in every issue which you may clip for your notebook. The garden department of SUNSET is going to be a gold mine of information, full of nuggets, small but valuable. The box on page 21 and the "Tips for Tenderfeet" on page 50 give you some slight idea of what to expect in future SUNSETS.

AS a realization of your wishes for more descriptions of western homes, we are beginning in this issue a series of articles (see page 15) which we know you will like immensely. Every house described in the series, or in our other house-plan articles, will be one that has been designed by an outstanding architect of the west coast and will be full of ideas which you can adapt to your own home. We have big plans under way for developing a new building program for this magazine, but the secret is not quite ready to be divulged. You may be sure, however, that every house presented will be typically western and that we shall be working hand in hand with the best architects of this section, for the sake of better planned, better built and more beautiful homes.

WE might go on at length, telling you of all the good things in store for you in the coming issues of SUNSET magazine. We should like to tell you how the book page is to be conducted; what the cooking articles will include; the unique way in which the problems of interior decorating are to be discussed, and something of our general plans for making SUNSET the one magazine of home-minded, outdoor-loving western families. This February issue strikes a new note in magazine making; and it is merely a promise of what is to come. Won't you tell us how you like it, and what you would like to see in future issues? We are anxiously awaiting your letters.—THE EDITORS.

P. S.—How do you like the "good ideas" scattered through the back of the book? They are to be a regular feature.

Anti-knock!

RED CROWN GASOLINE

use AIR MAIL

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

THE VITAL BREATH OF COLOR

Painted for Mohawk by Willy Pogany.

THERE is a charming legend which relates how, when Time was young, Aeolus, god of winds, blew upon the rainbow and colored all the world. Just so the skilful co[illegible]sts of Mohawk take the wo[illegible]ed for Mohawk loom[illegible]heir brilliant dy[illegible] wonders, r[illegible]g color

The latest Mohawk shades are at your dealer's—colors restrained or riotous, as your taste prefers, but all in perfect balance, like the lovely patterns they animate. You'll find among the many weaves the very rug your room requires — for beauty, cheer and lasting comfort. . . . Pay what you will, your rug can always be "a Mohawk."

Vertical bars denote the pleasing proportions of color in the rug illustrated.

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You will enjoy reading the new illustrated Mohawk Course in Home Decoration, by Agnes Heisler Barton. Ten cents in stamps will bring your set at once. Address:
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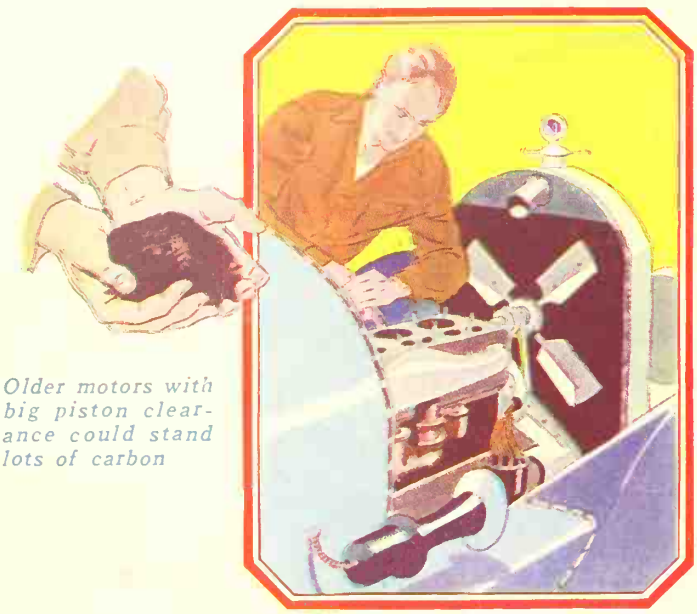
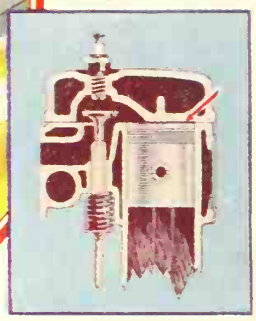


Older motors with big piston clearance could stand lots of carbon

The new high-compression motors have as little as 1/32 of an inch between the top of the piston and the cylinder head — flint carbon is ruinous to them, even in small quantities



A handful of flint carbon . . .

and only 1/32 of an inch to put it in

YOU'VE probably seen mechanics working on one of the older type motors—scraping layers of carbon off the piston heads—a big handful of it from one motor!

But the newer engines could never stand such carbon deposits. Some of them have only the thickness of a knife blade between piston and cylinder head—no room at all for carbon.

What causes carbon?

The carbon that builds up in your motor comes from burned oil. And it is a strange fact that often the highest priced lubricants will give you large quantities of gritty, hard carbon.

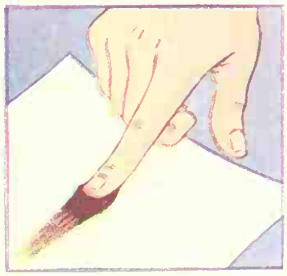
In spite of all this it is easy now to avoid carbon-forming oils. For science has perfected one oil that is vitally different.

Only a little soft soot

Shell Motor Oil, the result of a new refining process, forms *less than one-third* the carbon of even the *costliest* oils; no *hard* carbon, only a little soot that blows easily away through the exhaust.

Its lubricant value is far greater than old type oils. Careful refining leaves all its "body" intact, ready to resist even the most violent changes in temperature.

Insist on Shell Motor Oil every time you buy. It is almost a necessity in today's motors.

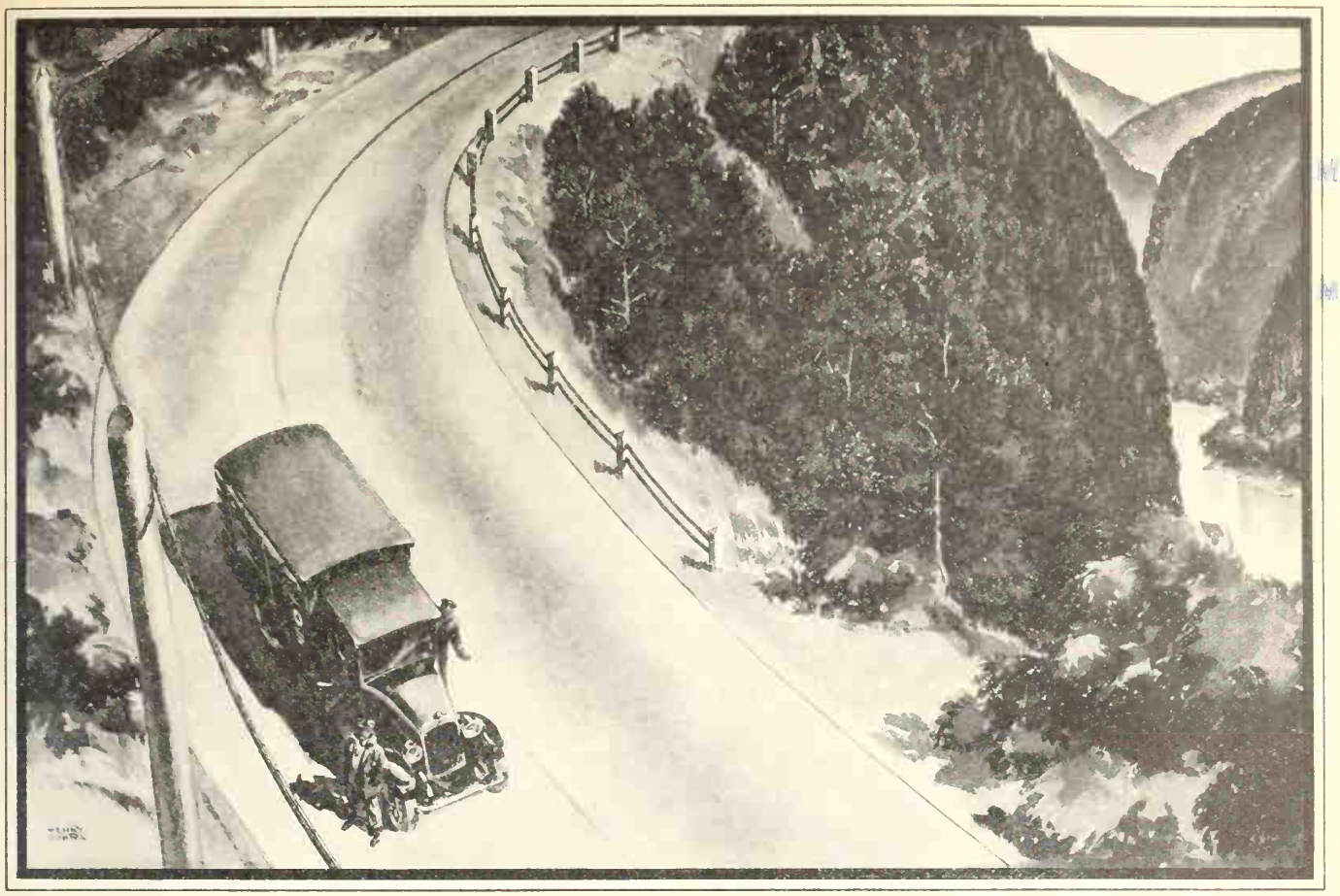


Not only does Shell Motor Oil form 2/3 less carbon — the little it does form is soft, soot-like, a kind that blows easily away

SHELL MOTOR OIL

Shell 400, the new "dry" gas that burns cleanly and keeps out of the crankcase, is the ideal running mate for Shell Motor Oil. Even Shell Motor Oil can be ruined by "thinning" with a "wet" gas

MAY 8



Getting there ahead of the trouble

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

DURING the afternoon of March 17, 1928, an alarm bell rang in a telephone test station in the heart of the Alleghany mountains. This meant that a puncture had been made in the air-tight sheath of a busy inter-city cable. The men on duty knew that the injury was somewhere within 50 miles.

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There is no standing still in the Bell System. Constant progress in accuracy and better and better service at the lowest cost is its goal.

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IN THIS MARCH ISSUE OF

SUNSET MAGAZINE

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

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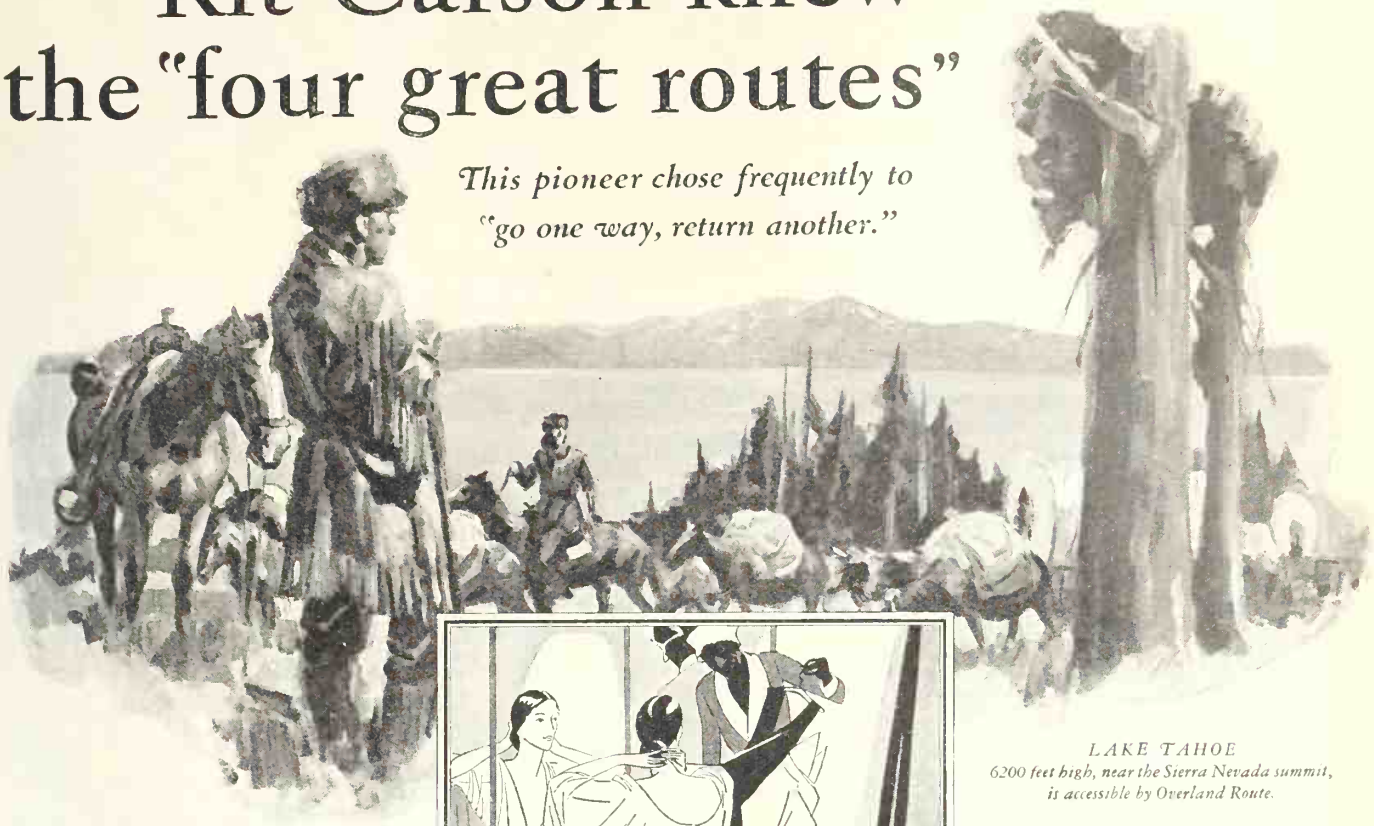
VOL. 62 MARCH, 1929 NO. 3

Kit Carson knew the "four great routes"

This pioneer chose frequently to "go one way, return another."



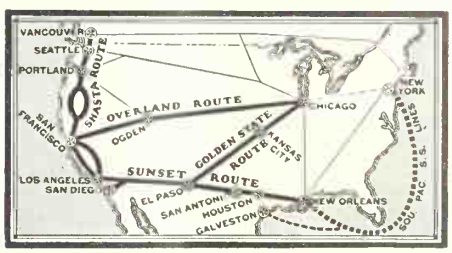
LAKE TAHOE
6200 feet high, near the Sierra Nevada summit, is accessible by Overland Route.

TODAY—EVERY DETAIL OF FINE TRAIN SERVICE

KIT CARSON! Back and forth over a stage 1500 miles square, routing Indians, leading Fremont through the mountains, crawling barefoot over cactus needles to save Kearny's army in the conquest of California, spiking Spanish cannon at San Francisco, and dashing away again over Arizona and New Mexico to honeymoon with Josefa Jaramillo, his dark-eyed bride—here was a man who knew the West and all its trails!

Kit Carson passed from the scene just as the first overland railroad (Central Pacific, forerunner of Southern Pacific) built eastward from the western ocean in 1867. The rails of Southern Pacific's OVERLAND ROUTE today follow close to the path made by Kit Carson to California.

SUNSET, GOLDEN STATE and SHASTA ROUTES also follow many a league of Kit Carson's gallopings. At Klamath Lake, in Oregon, Carson and Fremont fought a famous Indian battle near where the Siskiyou and Cascade lines or SHASTA ROUTE divide to embrace Crater Lake.



Southern Pacific's four routes are pioneer western lines, and inheritors of the best natural routes as found by early-day frontiersmen. These four routes discover for you a new sector of America. Use them to make your next trip East a "tour of the States." Only Southern Pacific offers four routes. You can go one way, return another, getting variety and contrast and more for your money. Stop over anywhere.

On one roundtrip ticket embrace the Southwest and its desert, the old South, the northern mountains set with sparkling lakes,—all with their own cities, tradition and romance.

Southern Pacific

Four Great Routes

Send your name and address at once to F. S. MCGINNIS, 65 Market St., San Francisco, for interesting illustrated booklet with animated maps, *"How Best to See the Pacific Coast"*.

SUNSET GOLD

"If you call a gypsy a vagabond, I think you do him wrong,
For he never goes a-travelling but he takes his home along."

SO do we all! For we are finding that home is a state of mind as well as a place of residence, and that the home-feeling can be as happily present in a cabin in the mountains, or on shipboard, train or automobile en route to a vacation spot, as in one's usual place of abode. We of the West, where all out-doors calls us constantly, have been testing the truth of this statement for years.

How, I wonder, can members of a family properly appreciate their home if they never leave it? No doubt there are many who find complete contentment there, but most of us must get away occasionally in order to feel the thrill and delight of getting back. That in itself is one splendid reason for travelling.

There are other reasons why it is good for us, as well as pleasant, to get away from home occasionally. We grow more open-minded, due to the contacts that travel forces upon us: slower to condemn the unfamiliar, as styles in architecture, home furnishing, foods, gardens—yes, even styles in human conduct. We carry home with us, consciously or not, new ideas along all these lines and put the best of them into practice, adding thus new interest to everyday living.

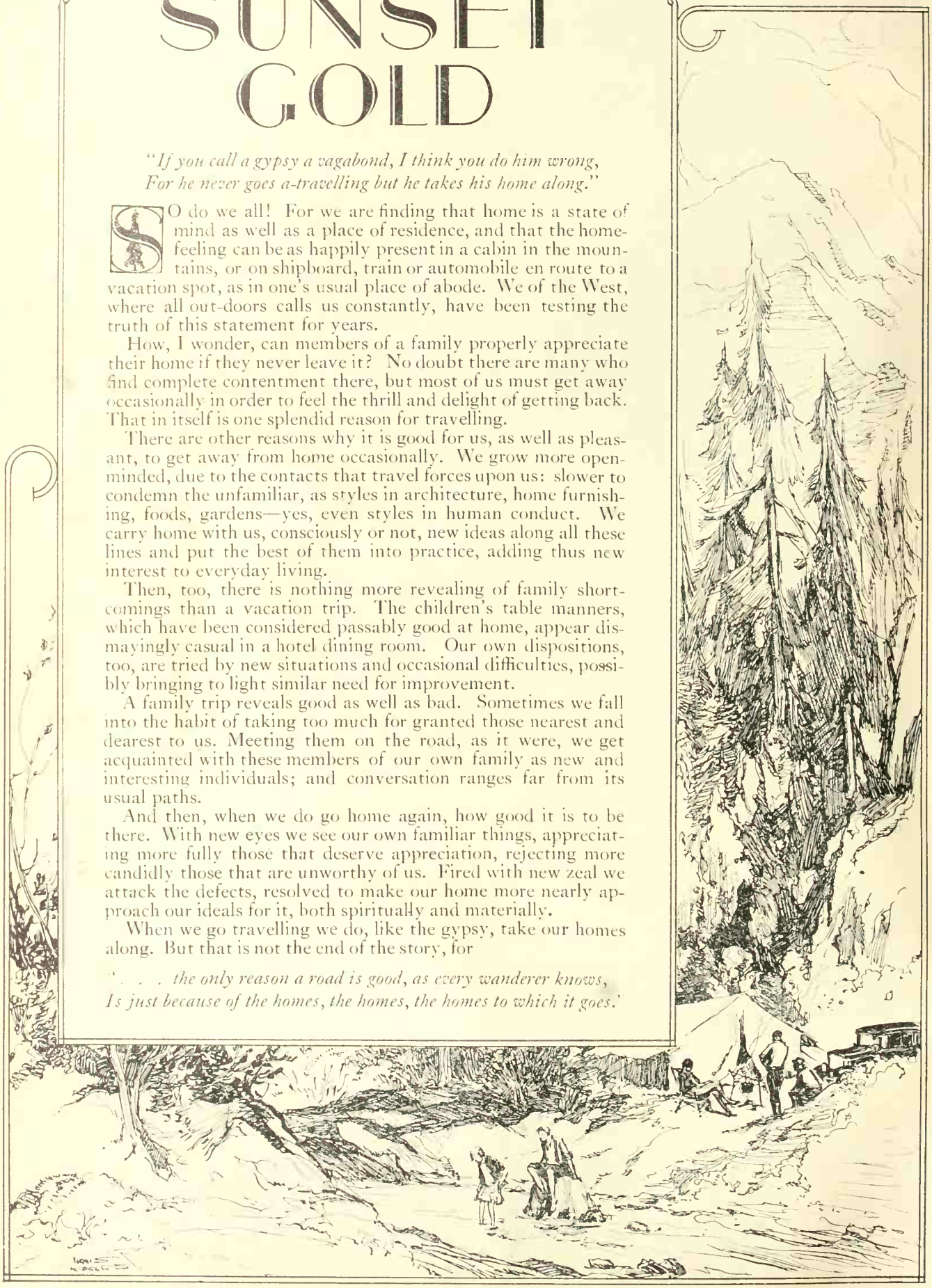
Then, too, there is nothing more revealing of family shortcomings than a vacation trip. The children's table manners, which have been considered passably good at home, appear dismayingly casual in a hotel dining room. Our own dispositions, too, are tried by new situations and occasional difficulties, possibly bringing to light similar need for improvement.

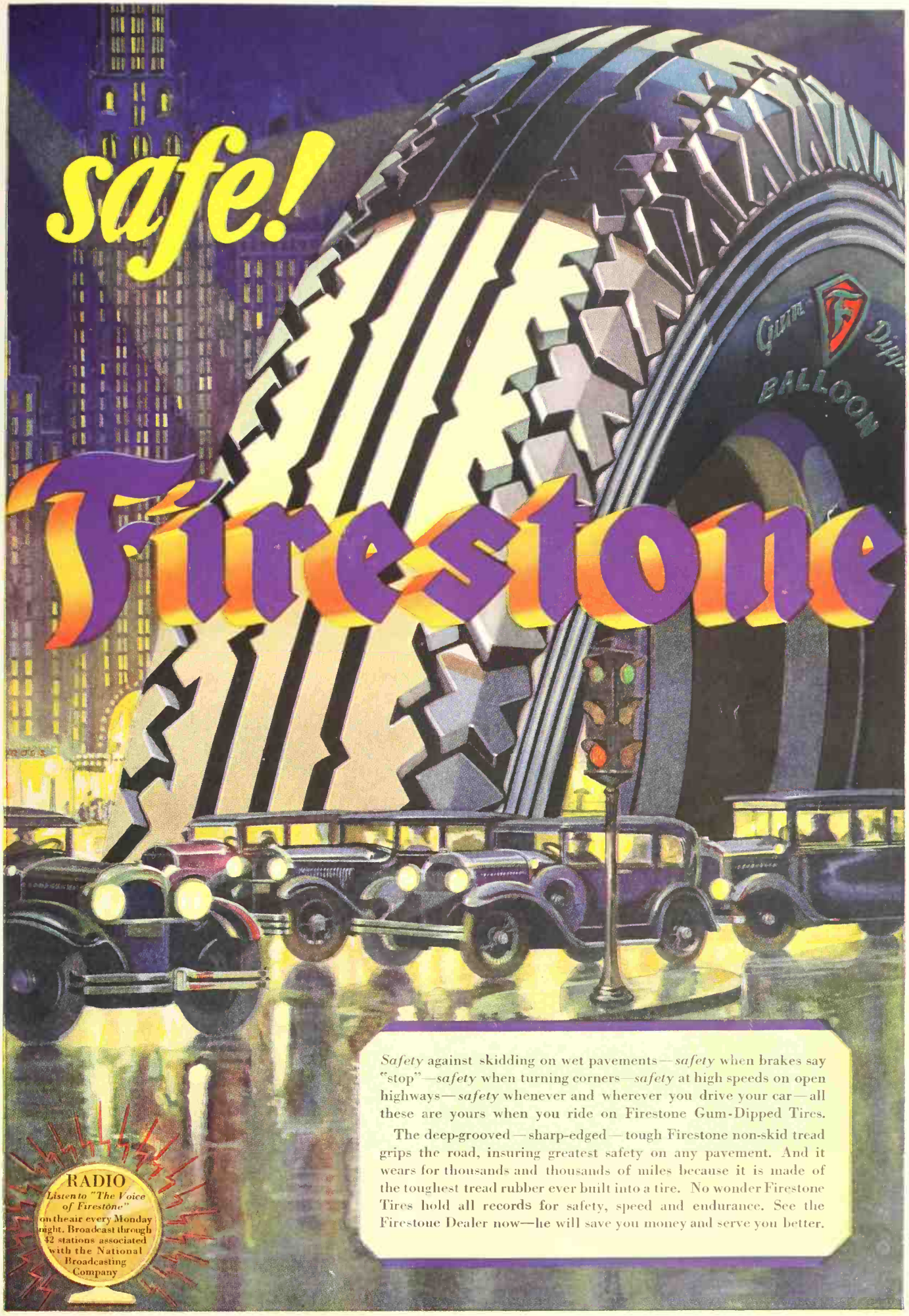
A family trip reveals good as well as bad. Sometimes we fall into the habit of taking too much for granted those nearest and dearest to us. Meeting them on the road, as it were, we get acquainted with these members of our own family as new and interesting individuals; and conversation ranges far from its usual paths.

And then, when we do go home again, how good it is to be there. With new eyes we see our own familiar things, appreciating more fully those that deserve appreciation, rejecting more candidly those that are unworthy of us. Fired with new zeal we attack the defects, resolved to make our home more nearly approach our ideals for it, both spiritually and materially.

When we go travelling we do, like the gypsy, take our homes along. But that is not the end of the story, for

". . . the only reason a road is good, as every wanderer knows,
Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to which it goes."

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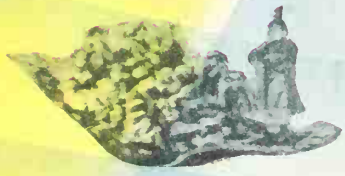

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SUNSET *Travel Service*

If you are going East, West, around the world, or on a short vacation trip, write us for information. Tell us just what your problems are and we will do all we can to help you. Address Sunset Magazine, 1045 Sansome Street, San Francisco

I have seen so many beautiful photographs of Mt. Baker in your magazine that I am now possessed of a desire to visit this region. Can you tell me something about the trip from Seattle, rates, accommodation, etc.? I am passing through Seattle this summer on my way to Southern California.—B. O., Iowa.

The Mt. Baker region is easily reached by interurban, train, or automobile. Your route takes you through Everett, Burlington, Mount Vernon, and other communities in the Skagit Valley. At Bellingham, 104 miles north of Seattle, you travel by highway to Glacier. Here you enter the Mt. Baker forest and follow the Timber Valley of the Nooksack River to Shuksan.

At two lodges in the Mt. Baker Forest rates are $4.00 a day for tents, and $5.00 a day for cabins, including meals, with 10 per cent reduction by the week. There is a daily stage from Bellingham to both lodges.

From Seattle the round trip to Bellingham is $12.00, and from Bellingham to the lodges (round trip) $8.00. Camps and hotels are operated from June 15 to September 15.

You are in for a delightful trip and considering the attractions to be seen and enjoyed, a rather inexpensive one as well.

If you care for additional information, write us again or drop a line to Bellingham Chamber of Commerce, Bellingham, Washington.

I have been trying to induce an old friend of mine to fly from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City. Although she has no fears for our safety, she will not go because she says she objects to being strapped to a seat all day. I have told her this is not so. Am I right?—E. M. H., California.

Perfectly. There are no straps! Everything possible is done for your comfort. You may move about the cabin at will except when taking off or landing. The cabins provide leg room and are equipped with every convenience, including a complete dressing room. The cabins may be heated or cool as desired so you may wear your usual clothes. Your friend will find the trip you are contemplating most comfortable, indeed, and it takes only six hours to make the flight.

We hope you will write us and tell us about your experiences en route.

TO travel intelligently, comfortably, conveniently it is necessary to know where you are going, how you are going, and why you are going. Be it for recreation or business, a well planned trip—and a lot of fun, this planning, too—is a satisfactory trip.

Because of its location at a great world port, Sunset Travel Service is the logical and convenient bureau of information for western travelers. This Service has nothing to sell. It is free. It was established to render aid to those who for one reason or another are desirous of obtaining travel information.

Out of the scores of letters received last month, we have selected the ones appearing on this page as typical of those which Sunset Travel Service is most frequently called upon to answer. They are stimulating questions, these, and to anyone interested in travel they will be a source of information and pleasure. From the letter of B. O. in Iowa asking about the Mt. Baker region, to that humorous note from the girl in Nevada who dislikes horses you will find them helpful guides, as well as touchstones to crystallize your own travel questions of now or the future.—*The Editors.*

I am going to Europe this summer. What is the most convenient and safe way to carry money?—M. L., California.

We suggest travelers cheques. These cheques are spendable as cash by only the proper owner. They cost but seventy-five cents for every hundred dollars, and, to our mind, offer a reasonable method of insurance against losing your money or having it stolen. A helpful service to travelers is also included in this charge.

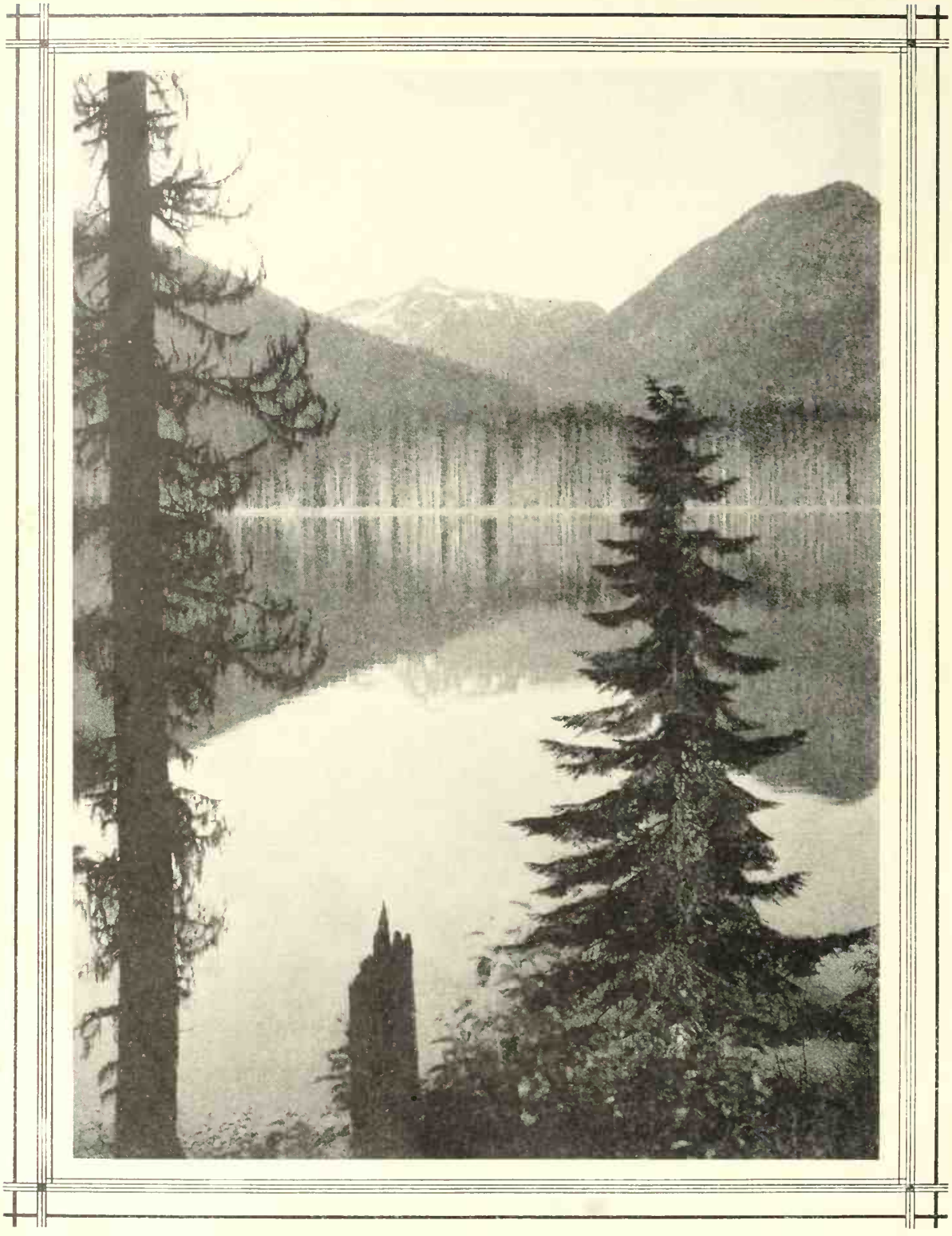
I am taking my two children, age sixteen and nineteen, with me to Australia. Am I required to have a passport for them as well as for myself? And where are passports procurable?—Mrs. L. W., Oregon.

All passengers sixteen or over are required to have passports for admission to Australia. For passports apply in person at least three weeks before date of sailing. There are U. S. passport agencies in the U. S. Customs Houses in New York, San Francisco, and New Orleans, in the Westminster Building, Chicago, and the Federal Building, Seattle. As you live in Oregon the latter will be the most convenient for you. Those who do not live in one of these cities, should make their application at the U. S. District Court or the State Court in their town which is authorized to naturalize aliens. When you go, take with you (1) a friend who can testify to your identity; (2) a copy of your birth certificate or an affidavit from a relative or a friend showing when and where you were born; (3) two photographs of yourself, about 3 x 3 inches. Naturalized citizens must take along their naturalization certificates or the certificate of the person through whom they claim citizenship.

Citizens or subjects of other nations should make inquiry of their diplomatic or consular offices concerning passports.

As you are a western magazine, I thought, perhaps, you could suggest a good "Dude Ranch" where I could take my family for a real western vacation. I was born in the West—raised in the saddle—and I want to prove to my boys the fun there is to be had on a ranch, and to teach them how to ride a horse "cowboy style."—E. M. P., New York City.

We could suggest a number of good "Dude Ranches," but we do not print names on this page. We are, however, mailing you a delightful booklet on the "Dude Ranch" which suggests such a wide and inviting variety to choose from (*Continued on page 69*



Harrison Lake, B. C.

Stretching lazily in the sun seventy miles east of Vancouver, Harrison Lake dozes peacefully, a smooth expanse of water with filigrees of timbered shore

GOOD NEWS *for* GOLFERS

Telling in Detail Just How to Build the Home Putting Green

By

Gerald J. O'Gara

IN the days when the ladies wore leg-of-mutton sleeves, croquet was all the rage as the world's greatest garden sport. With the advent of golf, croquet dropped out of fashion. But one need not go to a golf club to enjoy one of the most thrilling features of golf—putting. In England, many of the old croquet greens have been transformed into putting greens. Equally easily, we westerners can have putting greens on our lawns or in our gardens.

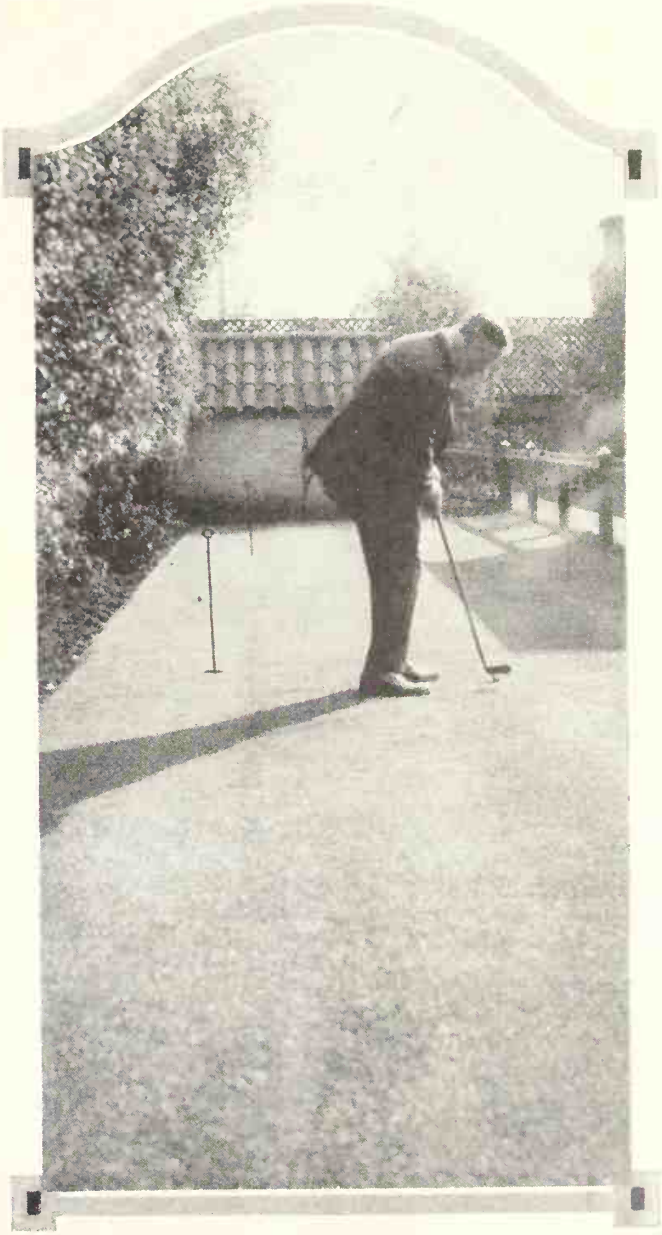
Golfers realize the importance of putting. It is fifty per cent of the game of golf. Championships nine times out of ten are won and lost on the putting green. In friendly foursomes, the man whose putter is keen wins the bets. And the lady who can get down in two putts from any place on the green usually wins the sweepstake tournaments. So the golfer fully appreciates the value of a putting green at home where he can improve his score.

THOSE who have never played golf will be amazed at the amount of pleasure a home putting green will afford. Putting is the one department of golf that is simple and entirely uncomplicated. Practice, not theory, makes the fine putter. And it doesn't call for strength or youth either. Dad and mother can enjoy a putting match with a daughter who is in college and a son who may be just old enough to want long trousers. It's fine exercise, too, moderate, fascinating, inexpensive and, best of all, right at home where friends and neighbors can join in the sport.

Now is the time to choose a spot for a putting green. The sunniest available location is preferable, where the grass will get the maximum morning sun. A shady location will result in the green rotting as the undersurface water will not evaporate.

For three holes, space twenty feet square is ideal. One can do with less. But the size mentioned will provide four changes for each of the three cups.

If more than three holes are desired, one may figure a space thirty feet square for six holes and forty feet square, or of equal area, for nine holes.

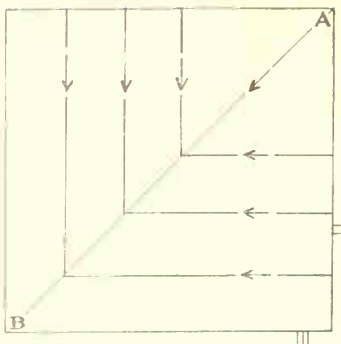


PHOTOGRAPH BY A. D. MILLS

C. E. Cutter of San Francisco playing on his home green

NATURALLY the green should be as level as possible. But before grading, drainage must be provided. If the soil is sandy it will be more or less self-draining, provided the upper surface is slightly crowned. If the sub-soil is clay or other heavy dirt, tile drain pipes should be installed. Run the main pipe diagonally through the green from the highest to the lowest point. Into the main pipe lead three laterals on a herringbone plan.

The drain pipes should be about seventeen inches below the surface of the ground. For nine inches above them, cover with a rock filling—this will keep the pipes from becoming clogged with soil—and have eight inches of soil between the top of the rock and the surface.



Run your drain pipe diagonally from highest to lowest point as shown above. Into the main pipe lead three laterals on a herringbone plan

The best material for drains is rough, unglazed two-inch tile which is far more porous than the glazed product. In fitting, the joints should be left open.

For soil, any garden loam or sandy soil mixed with well-rotted cow-manure will do. It must be well spaded and worked and the upper four inches in particular thoroughly fertilized.

THESE early months of the year can best be used for working the ground and thoroughly germinating the weeds on the top-surface, removing them just as soon as they appear.

September is really the best time of year to seed. Then one does not fight weeds. In San Francisco, May to September will do. Depending on your climate, you may seed in March or earlier. But beware seeding at a time when cold nights will kill the young grass. Often, delaying seeding a month puts the green just as far ahead in the long run and makes it ready for play just as early.

The best mixture for the home putting green consists of equal parts of blue grass, mixed German bents, and poa trivialis, a rough-stock meadow-grass. The usual lawn grass, of course, is Kentucky blue grass, with chewings fescue, Pacific rye or white Dutch clover (the last-named coloring badly in winter). But these grasses stand too upright and loose for a putting green, which demands a well-matted surface.

On the other hand, creeping bent, the variety much used on golf courses, will grow too wild for the average amateur gardener to control. The mixture recommended is that suggested as best for western gardeners by Sam Whiting, professional for the Olympic Club, San Francisco, and grass expert for the United States Golf Association at the Department of Agriculture's experimental laboratory at Palo Alto, California.

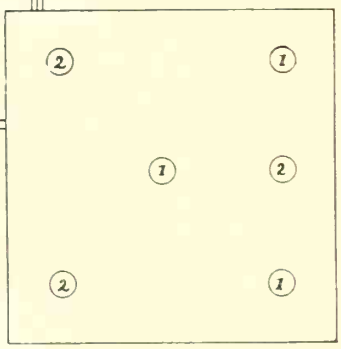
For an area twenty feet square, ten pounds of seed will be needed. Throw the seed in the raked surface, rake it over once, roll it so that the surface is tightly packed and then water it. Give it a little water each day until it is full grown, which will be in about six months at the outside.

Then you are ready to drill your cups. The best implement is a regulation hole-cutter, which removes the sod cleanly and neatly and gives a cylinder of grass and turf that fits exactly into the old holes which you wish to fill. But you may improvise a hole cutter with a trowel. Only be sure not to cut the grass roots any more than necessary in the process.

THE standard hole is 4¼ inches in diameter and 6 inches deep. You can buy metal hole-cups of exactly this size, or you may use a flower pot. Tin cans are dangerous, for the ragged edges are likely to cut the player who puts his hand in to remove the ball. Care of the green is quite simple. Only when it is young will it require rolling. When it is full grown, the mowing machine will give the green all the rolling it needs. Cut the green close and as often as necessary to keep it smooth and well-matted. In some cases this will be every three or four days, in summer three times a week. Weeding should be done by hand with a weeding fork. Between March and October, every other month feed the green plenty of good fertilizer. Well-rotted cow manure, sheep manure, bone meal, fish meal and the commercial fertilizers that seedsmen carry are all good. Twice a year, top-dressing is in order. Mix fertilizer and soil in equal proportions and rub into the green with the back of a wooden rake.

Charles Rogers, Paramount player, gets in a few practice putts on the green in his Hollywood home

WHEN you drill your holes for the first time, you may place one of the three in the center of the green, the other two close to the western corners. But no hole should be within four feet of the edge, for in putting you must be prepared to overrun the cup now and then—it's a good fault—and you do not want to have your ball roll off the green or against the fence every time you do. When you change holes the first time, you may put two holes near the eastern corners and move the center cup to a point toward the western border and one-third of the distance between the north and south ends. So the holes may be rotated as often as necessary, always putting the new holes as far as possible from those most recently used. For the wear and tear of walking around a hole makes it essential that when it is not in use the surrounding grass shall have



Showing positions for cups. Those marked 1 are initial positions; those marked 2 show how holes may be rotated to be as far as possible from last position

complete rest. If you do not care to golf during the winter, you may easily convert your putting green into a lawn simply by filling in the holes. In fact, giving the grass a vacation for a few months will do it a world of good.

The putting green can easily be made to fit into the general scheme of your garden. Shrubbery, not too high, for that would cut off considerable of the much-needed sunshine, helps to beautify the borders of a putting green. Or you can spot a few low-growing shrubs or flowers in three or four places in the green.

THE green that has been described is the ideal layout. Of course, you needn't follow exactly the directions given to have a useful and thoroughly enjoyable putting green. If you already have a lawn that is fairly level, there is no need to uproot it in order to convert it into a putting green. Just choose part of it—it may be only six feet wide and twelve feet long, mow it close and drill your putting holes—then it is ready for use.

Mr. C. E. Cutter violated several of the rules laid down above and yet the six-hole green at his home in San Francisco is a model of perfection. The size of the plot is 80 feet by 12. Mr. Cutter's garden was sand. He put in eight inches of sandy loam, covered that with eight inches of a clay soil, planted cocoos bent (that is supposed to be difficult for amateur gardeners to grow) in February—a bad time of year, the experts say—and was playing on the green in May.

When the green is ready, the only thing remaining is to get a lot of fun out of using it. If you are a golfer already, you no doubt have your own individual style of putting—every golfer has. But if you have never played the game, you may find the putting style of most of the champions good to copy.

Choose a putter that is of a length and lie—that is the angle which the shaft makes with the ground—comfortable for you.

NOW take your stance with your feet about fourteen inches apart and in a line parallel to that which you wish the ball to take. The ball will be on a line just in front of your left foot. The weight is almost entirely on the left foot, the body leaning in that direction. The right forearm and elbow rest easily on the right thigh. Now you grasp the putter with your left hand nearest the end of the shaft. The fleshy part of the right hand overlaps the left thumb on the shaft and the last two fingers of the right hand overlap the first and part of the second finger on the left hand. The right thumb is placed on the upper side of the shaft as you address the ball.

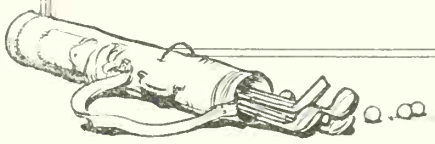
PUTTING, as the champions do it, is a right-hand process. The left acts merely as a steadying influence. Swing the putter—like a pendulum—moving only the wrists, first back and then forward to the ball and through it, following its flight as you complete the arc of the pendulum. Always keep the blade of the putter on the line you wish the ball to take. The power, on both back and forward swing, is furnished by the right wrist. For longer putts, it will be necessary to bring the arms into play. For short ones, the back swing will be shorter and the forward movement will be more of a tap—not a jab—than a swing.

You can practice chip shots on your putting green, too. Chipping with a mashie off the green would ruin the turf. But you can play the ball off an old door mat up to the holes and develop remarkable accuracy.

Whatever your putting method, its success depends almost entirely upon practice. And there can be no more enjoyable place to practice putting than in one's own garden—a few minutes in the morning, or in the evening before dinner or, when the days get longer, in the gloaming.

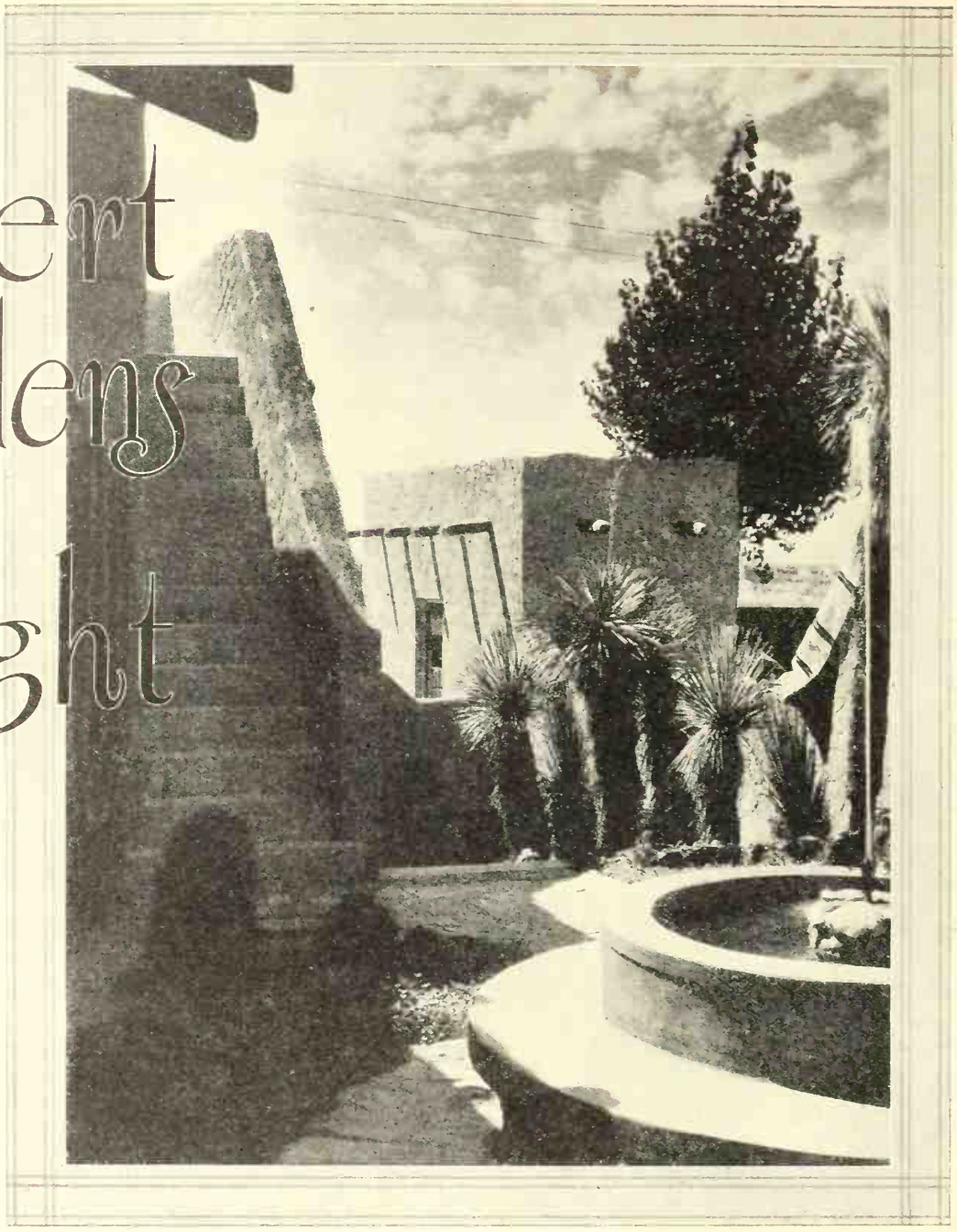
THE GRASS FOR THE GREEN

THE best mixture for the home putting green consists of equal parts of blue grass, mixed German bents, and poa trivialis, a rough-stock meadow grass. The mixture recommended is that suggested as best for western gardens by Sam Whiting, professional for the Olympic Club, San Francisco, and grass expert for the United States Golf Association at the Department of Agriculture's experimental laboratory located at Palo Alto, California.



On a Seattle golf course. Who could keep an eye on the ball with such a panorama of beauty spread before him?

Desert Gardens of Delight



A two-storied Hopi house at Tucson, Arizona. The many levels of this house are all roof gardens. Native desert plants occupy the patio

WITH study and perseverance the gardener in a semi-arid country can have almost any type of garden that he desires.

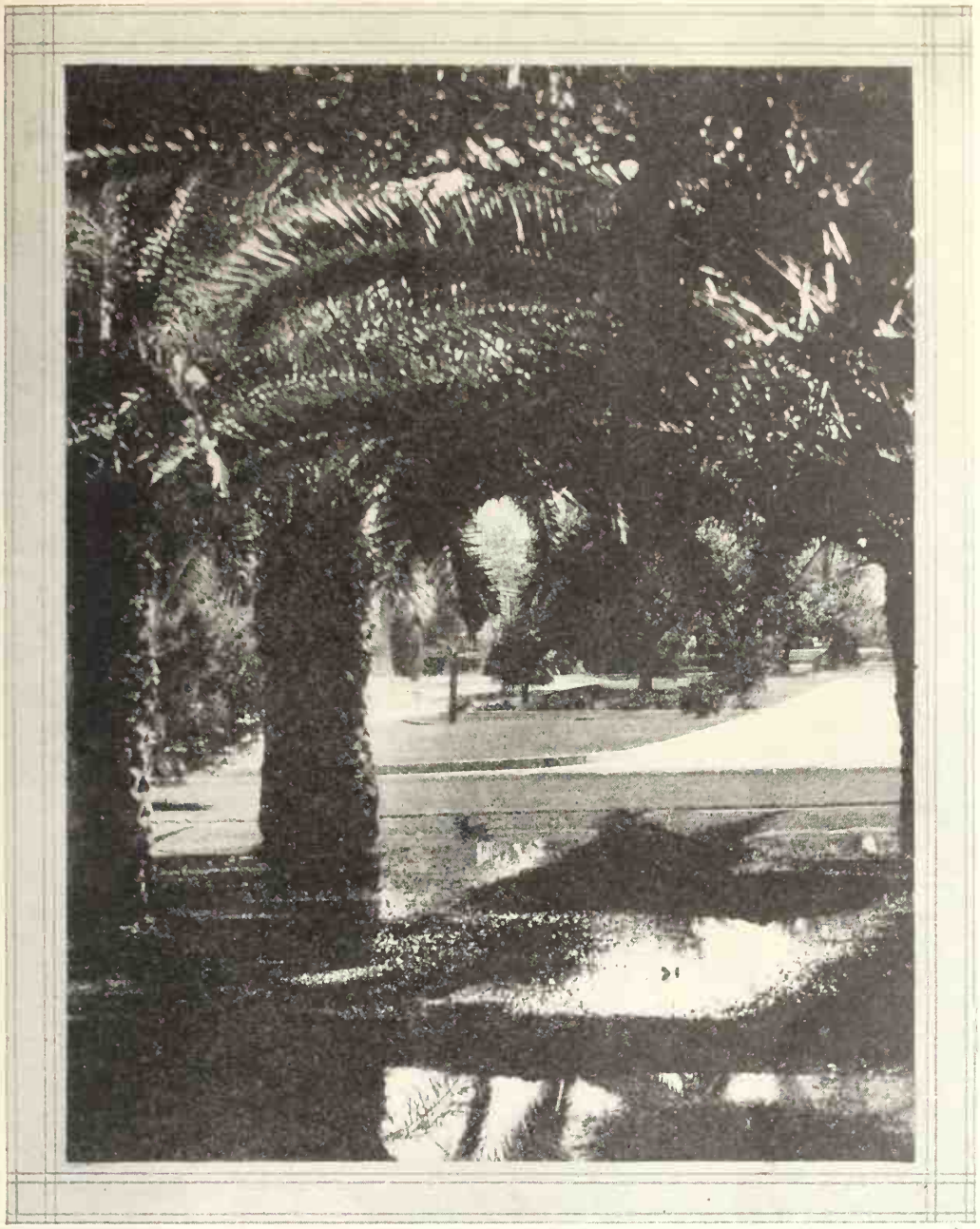
Harold Bell Wright, the author, has an interesting and unique garden at his home at Tucson, Arizona. A Hopi house perched on the top of a small acropolis much as the ancient Hopis perched their pueblos, it is surrounded by luxuriant masses of native desert plants made up of cactus, poli verde, mesquite, and bird of paradise. In the spring these plants are crowned with amazingly beautiful and exotic blossoms. When the flowering season is over, the great variety of form and color possessed by the plants themselves, and especially those of the cactus family, make luxuriant groups of arresting interest. In place of the conventional grass, Mr. Wright has preserved the native creosote bushes whose delicate leafage tempers to the eye the sun-baked caliche earth. During the flowering season these plants are daintily powdered with tiny yellow blossoms which give charm and variety to the landscape.

The advantages of such a garden are obvious. It will grow in poor alkaline soil. When established it requires almost no moisture. It has the charm of being unique. It is the type of garden that truly becomes the somewhat stern, geometrical lines of that increasingly popular form of architecture, the Hopi house.

On the other hand, when a garden lover whose idea of a home is an Italian villa hidden away in a quiet garden finds himself located in the Southwest desert for life, he, too, may have a suitable garden. Though the garden of such a villa requires evergreens—lofty, dignified evergreens; evergreens that are lacy and exotic, broad-leafed and linear, squat and complacent; though it requires vistas; symmetry; shady, flower-jeweled recesses, rhythmic shadows, great canopies of overhanging shade; lofty skylines; and above all, almost impenetrable privacy, all of which seems forbidden to the desert—nevertheless, by taking thought such a garden may be had in an amazingly short period of time.

OBVIOUSLY in the planning of such a garden the first task for the gardener is a search for desert-loving and drought-resisting substitutes for the plants that usually make up such a garden. His efforts will be rewarded by the discovery that such substitutes exist in almost every plant family.

By drought the absence of moisture



PHOTOGRAPH BY BUEHMAN

View from the president's house on the campus of the state university of Arizona. This charming and unusual garden was built on "made" ground

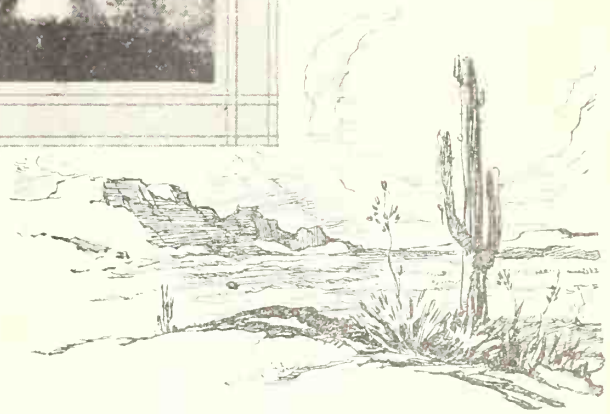
By

Mary Martin Sawtelle

from the air is meant throughout this article and not the absence of moisture through irrigation.

While evergreens are usually associated with colder regions where the air is laden with moisture, as well as where there is an abundance of rainfall, it is a fact that many of the loveliest of our evergreens are natives of hot, dry, sun-kissed regions. The lovely conical blue-leafed Arizona cypress is a native of the desert whose name it bears, the athol tree or evergreen tamarisk which grows from cuttings and which is unsurpassed for quick screening in Arizona is a native of desert Asia. Other evergreens that flourish in the Southwest are the *Schinus molle* or pepper tree; the eucalyptus, *rudis* and *rostrata;* the poli verde, a lovely, flowering native desert broom; several varieties of the cedar, notably the Himalayan cedar; the hardier arborvitae; junipers; and members of the cypress group other than those already mentioned.

MRS. L. K. Manning in the beautiful garden which surrounds her lovely Italian home at Tucson has achieved delightful effects through the use of native desert plants in combination with the regular sophisticated stock. For masses of overhanging shade she has employed almost exclusively the Arizona ash, a stately though somewhat slow-growing native, and the alamo. In this garden, corners are massed with native yuccas; combined with the climbing roses are night-blooming cereus brought in from the desert; and somber evergreens are given color by the proximity of the poli verde. The desert natives are a real asset to this garden's finished, formal beauty.



Of course, such a garden should be planned only where excellent soil conditions exist and where an abundant supply of moisture through irrigation is available.

In the planning of any desert garden there are four fundamental things to keep in mind. The first is the soil requirements of the plant selected. If the plant requires rich, non-alkaline soil, the gardener must supply it. The early acceptance of this point is responsible for many of the delightful diminutive gardens growing in

regions whose only soil is disintegrated caliche rock; and its neglect, for many of the puzzling failures. Many varieties of palms, for example, have almost no tolerance for alkali.

The second is the grouping of plants according to their relative moisture requirements. When desert brooms and moisture-loving *pittosporum tobira* are placed in the same group, the need of the one is the destruction of the other. In such a case the pittosporum should be replaced by the light-feeding euonymus or some such desert plant as the jojobe or the manzanita.

Third, the youngest stock available should be used. Plants, like human beings, adjust themselves to severe changes more readily the younger they are. Moreover, in one year they will make up the difference in growth.

Fourth, the gardener should determine whether plants are not only drought resistant, but heat resistant as well, and cheerfully reject those that do not belong to the latter class as well as the former. The mulberries and the California privet are cases in hand. Both grow beautifully in the Southwest, but during the extremely hot months of late June and July the leaves scorch painfully, giving the appearance of plants suffering from severe blight. The Japanese privet is a delight twelve months of the year.

WHILE the greater number of flowering trees, shrubs and vines cannot withstand extreme heat, there are a number that supply the masses of strident color that gardens adjacent to the desert seem to need. The oleander, pomegranate, Spanish broom, poli verde, bird of paradise, *tamarix parviflora*, evergreen jasmine, evergreen trumpet are all hardy, reliable perennials; and, of course, many varieties of roses.

Many early spring flowers and bulbs grow satisfactorily, but only the most enduring of the summer stock withstands the heat. Enough cannot be said for the place of the petunia and the zinnia in the desert summer garden. They furnish a blaze of color during the season when little else is blooming, and they bloom from the last of April to the middle of November. Moreover, during the entire season they are self-seeding, thus replenishing the bed with fresh new stock during a season when transplanting is a somewhat hazardous undertaking. With proper mulching, the petunia stock will show very little deterioration over a long period of years. The blossoms on my five-year-old stock were four inches in diameter last season. Again this winter, the same stock is furnishing a wealth of winter flower.

The Arizona gardens depend, for grass, upon clover and blue grass where the gardens are small or where irrigation by flooding is available. These grasses, however, do not have a great deal of heat resistance unless swamped with moisture. The native Bermuda, while not as vivid and effective as the other grasses, gives a hardy, reliable carpet which rehabilitates itself readily with a little care during the hottest weather after long periods of neglect. The roots survive the winter months without irrigation.

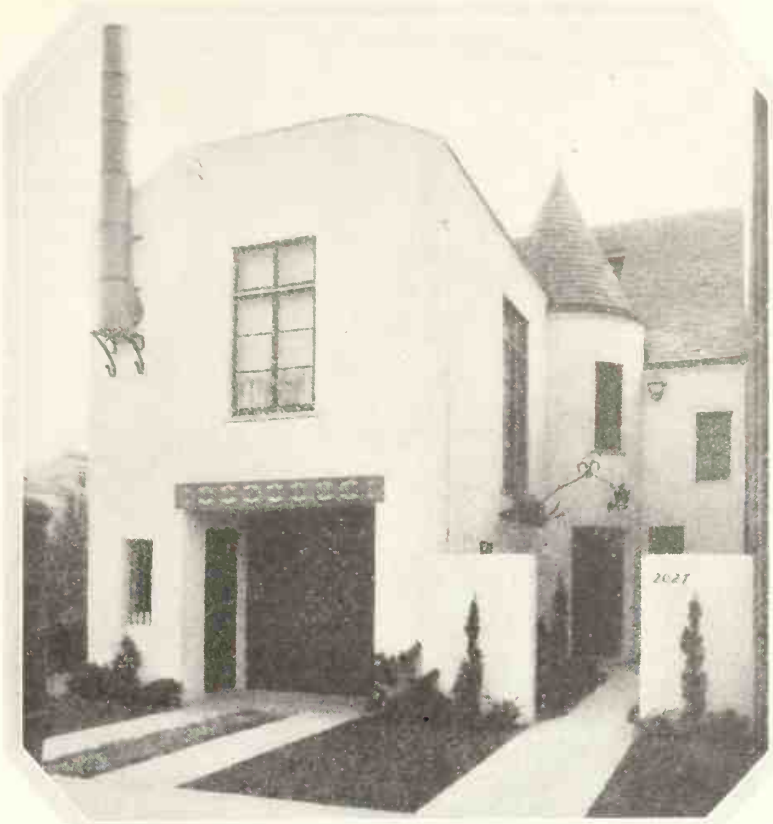
In deciding upon any garden in the desert, not only the volume of water but the method of irrigation available should be taken into strict account. The ideal method is, of course, by flooding. Where the nature of the ground and the proximity to buildings make this method impracticable a series of shallow gravity ditches is the best solution. Even though delightful results have already been achieved in the gardens of the Southwest, gardening here is still in its infancy. Such results as have been accomplished have been arrived at through the efforts of individual enthusiasts and scattering nurserymen who have through patient experimentation established a small but reliable garden stock.

The yucca, often called "The Candle of the Lord" because it is a bell by day and a candle by night, is always at home in the desert garden

WITH the vast immigration of people of culture and means into Arizona during the last ten years, interest in and thirst for information on how to garden in the desert has received a vast impetus. As though in anticipation of this cry in the wilderness a great outdoor laboratory at Superior, Arizona, known as the Southwestern Arboretum is carrying on careful experimentation with plants gathered from all parts of the world in order to determine which ones can be successfully added to the garden stock of the desert. Already through careful selection from parent stock that manifests unusual heat and drought resistance, many specimens hitherto considered forbidden to the desert gardens have been developed and are now available for desert gardening.

The man responsible for this desert arboretum where new plants are born for arid gardens is Col. William Boyce Thompson who also founded the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research at Yonkers, New York. In addition to trying out new varieties in this interesting plant observatory, much attention is given to propagating the native plants of the Southwest, the beauty of which has hitherto been obscured by the unfavorable conditions under which they have been forced to exist. The aim is, of course, to add more of these plants to the gardens of the future.

With sunshine, science and intelligent enthusiasm all working together for the same end, it is a safe prophecy to make that the future gardens of the Southwest will rival in interest and beauty gardens grown where climatic conditions are more propitious; and where the stock available has long been established. And what could be more fascinating than to develop a garden in an arid land; to help the desert "blossom as a rose?"



Designed by William Garren, Architect

Photographs from the Studio of Ralph Young

A New-World Chateau

on a twenty-five foot

City Lot

as described by

Katherine Ames

IMAGINE the consternation of a California pioneer at being offered a twenty-five foot lot on which to build his home! In the good old days that would barely have accommodated his stable. Yet the great land grants of the West have been so pared down that today, in San Francisco, it is common practice to sell ten or twelve thousand dollar homes crowded into twenty-five foot lots.

When it comes to planning an attractive, livable house in such limited space, the architect finds that he has a genuine problem on his hands. It takes one with real imagination to break through the conventional theories and produce something as utterly charming as the attractive home of Mrs. Sophia Moller, located on Jefferson Street, between Broderick and Baker.

By angling the house around, so that the entrance comes cornerwise, William I. Garren, the architect, contrived not only to create a delightful little courtyard, but he managed in this way to bring the afternoon sun into an otherwise sunless living room, facing due north. It is this courtyard with its heliotrope and roses, its glossy green shrubs and its rows of potted geraniums clamped to the wall with wrought iron fastenings, which first attracts your attention. A daring chimney, stepping stones across the lawn, and an old-world tower shadowing the doorway, hold it. An old world chateau in a new world! It arrests you at once, and later you are to discover how thoroughly expressive it is, inside and out, of the personality of its owner.

Mrs. Moller comes from Sweden, bringing a traditional appreciation of rareties, and an abhorrence of gimcracks and gingerbread. Quick to see the possibilities of Mr. Garren's plan, to trust his judgment and share his imagination, it is not surprising that between them they should have achieved this house of six rooms and three baths, with a breakfast room and a sun-porch, a courtyard in front and a garden in the rear, with an old world tower and a *sgraffittoed* fireplace—all on a twenty-five foot city lot!

"*Sgraffitto?*" I had never heard of it, either, but it is one of the most attractive decorations I have yet discovered. It is a process once in general use in the Middle Ages, but not often found today in this country. Successive coats of plaster in different colors are put on a wall, in this case on the hood of the fireplace. While still wet the top coat is scratched through, in a sort of stencil design, exposing the under, and vari-colored, coats of plaster. The result in this instance is a floral design above the fireplace, in

Brass gates, dull, like bronze separate the living room from the dining room, which is raised a few steps above. The living and dining rooms are to all intents and purposes one lovely large room

soft amethyst, cedar and brown. These colors, blended with green, are repeated in the rug and draperies and upholstery. Needless to say the fireplace dominates the room and has been wisely chosen as the keynote for the color scheme. This scheme, by the way, is rather amazing in that you are not conscious of any definite prevailing color, no "blue room," "rose room" or "green room," yet you sense the harmony of the whole immediately. The artist responsible for the *sgraffitto* is Simon Pelanc, of San Francisco.

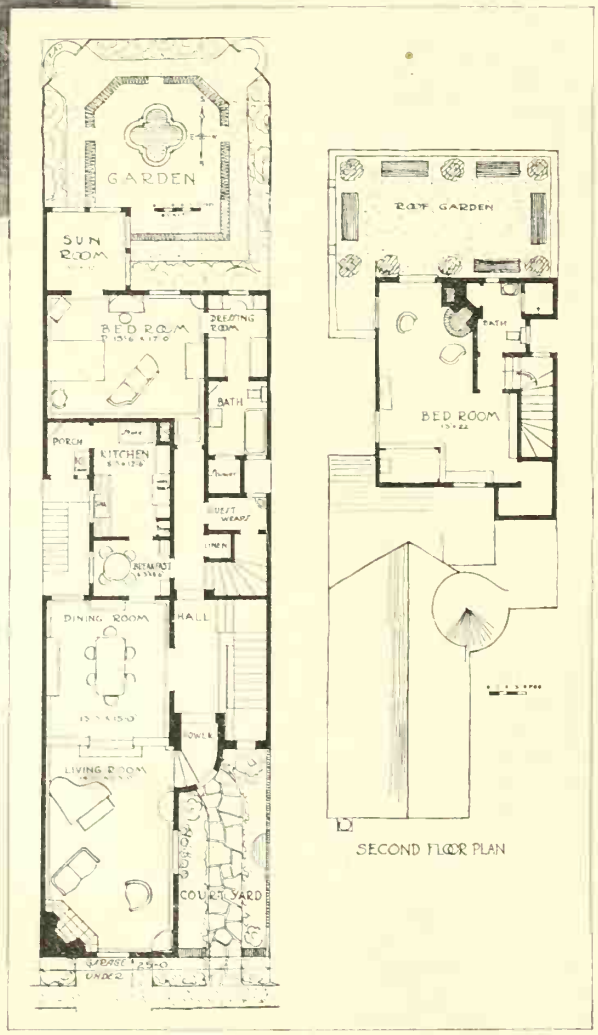
BRASS gates, dull, like bronze, separate the living from the dining room, which is raised a few steps above it. These grilled gates repeat unobtrusively the flower in the *sgraffitto,* as do the heads of the andirons. The living room and dining room are, to all intents and purposes, one room, with continuous sage green walls and ceiling, rounded, by the way, at the corners, to give a delightfully modeled effect. Mahogany partitions reach half way to the ceiling, suggesting a more definite separation, and providing the *raison d'etre* for the gates.

WITH a horror of too many windows and doors, "which look like a hospital," Mrs. Moller has confined herself in this room to two French windows which reach from ceiling to floor, with western and southern exposures. That leaves the east side of the living and dining room an uninterrupted sweep of soft green wall. You can't imagine how effective it is, and how unusual, broken only by light fixtures made of panels of lalique glass, with surfaces either etched or leaded, mirrored behind. These too, hark back to renaissance days when lalique glass was tremendously popular among the artists of Europe.

There are no dangling chandeliers in this room, and only one choice etching on the wall. Later Mrs. Moller plans to hang three more. Nothing else. The room truly is a notable example of fine simplicity, without even a hint of austerity, due, no doubt, to the richness of the hangings, the rugs, and the upholstery. I remember, too, a particularly handsome carved high-boy, one of the finest I have ever seen, and an odd-shaped glass jug.

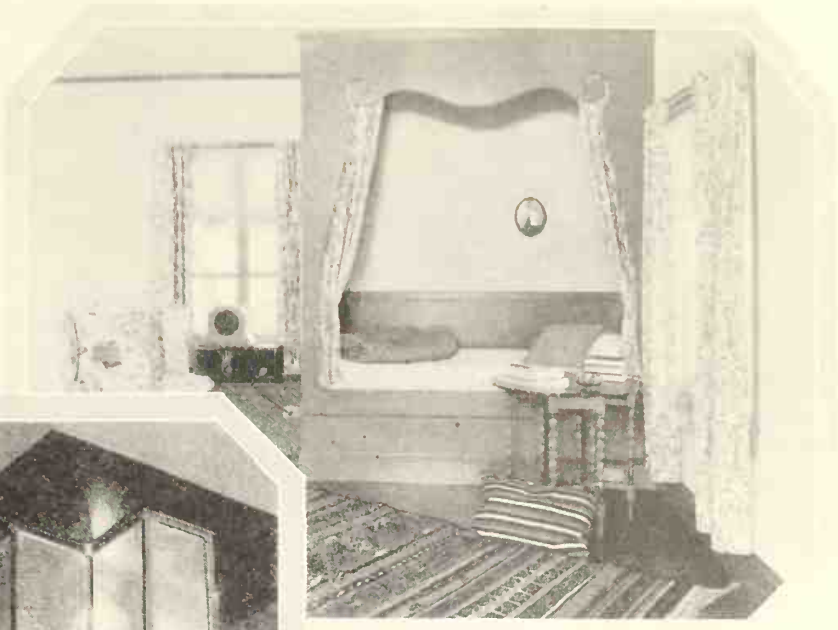
But the room of rooms in this attractive house, with due regard for the sunny, spacious bedroom with its wicker furnished sun-porch and its commodious dressing room and bath, is the son's room on the third floor.

Below is shown the plan of this charming house. In reality the garage occupies the first floor, the living quarters the second and the boy's room the third

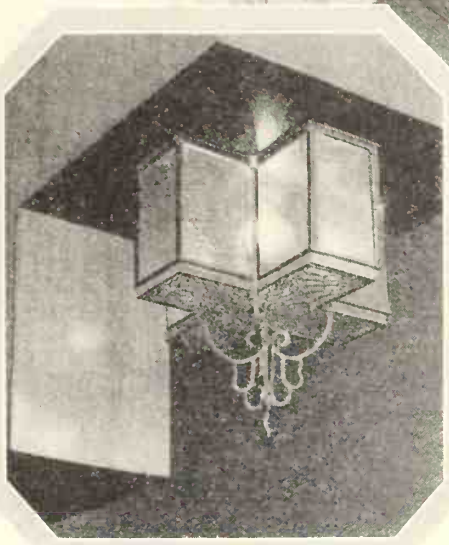


This room was designed and built for the fourteen-year-old boy, in that difficult transition stage between boyhood and manhood. Like the

living room it has one dominating feature, a Swedish peasant wall bed, canopied with wood. This bed was copied from a picture Mrs. Moller found in a Swedish periodical, and adapted by Mr. Garren. The hangings in the room are of chintz, a quaint figured Swedish pattern in gay colors, a reproduction of a pattern Mrs. Moller remembers having seen her grandmother cross-stitch.



Just the sort of room a boy would like



An attractive modernistic lighting fixture sheds a mellow light over the entrance hall

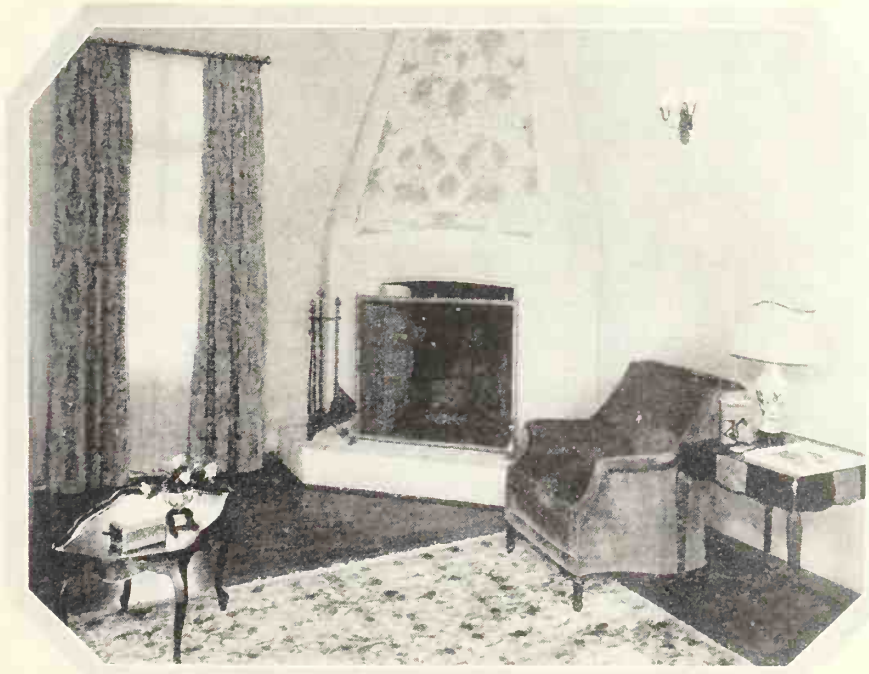
THERE is color, color everywhere in this room—a cheerful, sun-flooded room to begin with. On the table and on the wall are evidences of Mrs. Moller's own weaving. In many cases she has gathered the greens and heather herself in the woods and made her own dyes. On the wall, too, is a sampler she cross-stitched, a rollicking mid-summer dance in peasant costume. The rugs are hand-woven peasant work, in gorgeous reds and magentas, the sort of things they use in Sweden for lap-robes when sleighing, or to throw over the bed for extra coverlets at night.

There is a fireplace here, and bookcases, and a comfortable chair upholstered in a fascinating blue and white print: a map of America it is, with ships and whales and polar bears. Beside it stands a steel lamp of unique design and beautiful proportions, made from a Swedish hand-scale, with the quaint marking of the weights still plainly visible.

It is a glorious room, for man or boy, chock-full of character, comfort, and warm, rich color, a room where a boy may keep the radio running day and night if he chooses; a place where he may welcome his young friends and entertain them without interfering with his mother's guests. It is a room for study, a room for work, a place for boyish dreams. And over the tip of the tower is a close-up view of the Golden Gate, where you may sit either day or night and watch the ships of the world sail in and out again.

Editor's Note: This is the second in a series of articles on "little visits to western homes." For April we have scheduled the description of an equally interesting (but of quite different type architecturally) house located in southern California. Stock plans of houses presented in these articles are not available through the magazine; your architect will, however, be able to incorporate in his plans certain features which particularly appeal to you. All the houses to be discussed in this series have been designed by reputable architects of the west coast.

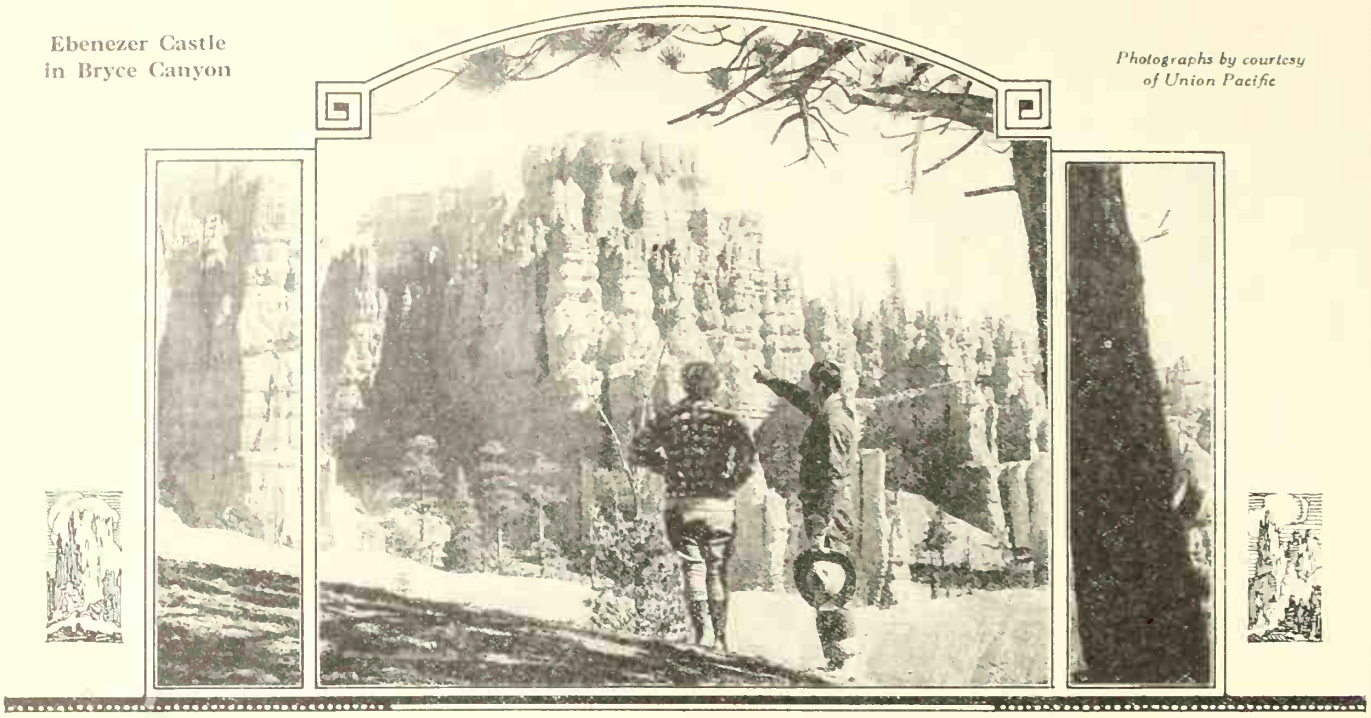
Whether you are definitely planning to build or are as yet only dreaming of the home you will have some day, we are sure you will enjoy mentally walking through the attractive houses "open for inspection" in this magazine.



Needless to say the fireplace dominates the room and has been wisely chosen for the color scheme. This scheme, by the way, is rather amazing in that you are not conscious of any definite prevailing color, yet you sense the harmony of the whole immediately

Ebenezer Castle in Bryce Canyon

Photographs by courtesy of Union Pacific



The Story of Utah's Dixie

as told by

Frank J. Taylor

UTAH'S "Dixie" stretches across the southern end of the state and overlaps into Arizona, ending abruptly at the great gash, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

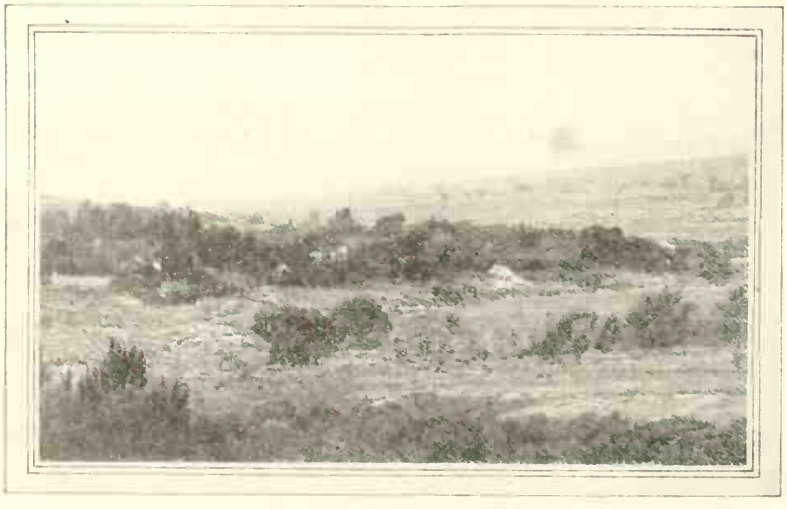
A vast land of mountains, of deserts, of forests, one glance at the map reveals the geological romance of this everlasting wilderness. There are the Prismatic Plains, the Pink Sand Dunes, the Vermillion Cliffs, the Sandstone Buttes, the Marble Canyon and a host of others equally intriguing.

In Utah's Dixie lie three of the most colorful national parks: Zion Canyon with its great red and white cliffs, or thrones; Bryce Canyon, with its hundreds and hundreds of pink and orange temples, suggesting some ancient city still lighted by the sun's slanting rays; and the North Rim of the Grand Canyon itself, the world's greatest chasm, defying description.

Here are found also two national monuments, Cedar Breaks, a brilliantly colored cut in the earth's surface, and Pipe Springs Monument, where a great stream of cold water gushes from the soil of the hot, barren desert. And bordering the north rim of Grand Canyon is the Kaibab National Forest, greatest unbroken stand of timber in the United States. Here and there on the sides of cliffs are found the ruins of the homes of an ancient race of prehistoric people.

Pipe Springs? Thereby hangs a tale. In the early days, the Mormons built a stone fort around the spring, to defend themselves from the Apaches. It still stands, though the Indians no longer wage war. One time two frontiersmen fell into an argument by the side of this spring and to prove his point one old timer walked away twenty paces, took aim at a brier pipe in the outstretched hand of the other, fired through the bowl and knocked the bottom out of the pipe without damaging it otherwise. There were marksmen in those days, when the hand on the trigger meant life or death.

Utah's Dixie is so called because it represented the fondest dream of the Mormon leader, Brigham Young, who visioned a great Rocky Mountain state of Deseret, embracing all the land drained by the Colorado River and its tributaries. Deseret is now sliced into six of the largest states of the Union, which indicates the magnitude of Brigham Young's scheme.



Toquerville, Utah, as seen from a hill overlooking the town

DIXIE embraces a wide range of climate, from semi-tropic in the southern part, where the elevation is but two thousand feet, to alpine on the plains atop the

mountains. To the old Mormons this was to be a land of cotton, of oranges, of figs and other semi-tropical produce. Dixie was to make Deseret economically independent of the hostile United States.

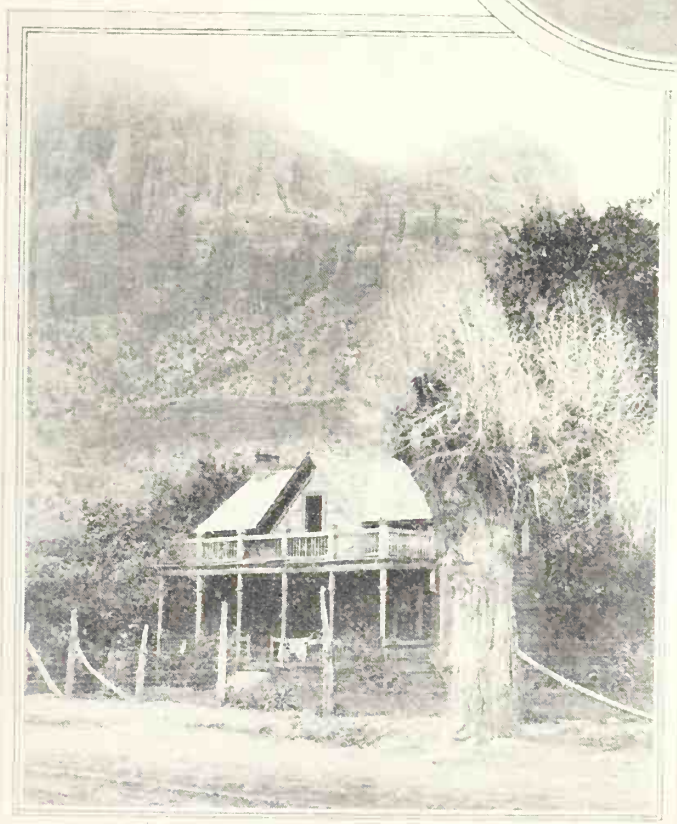
IT was a daring dream. It is doubtful if any people less zealous than Brigham Young's followers would have attempted to turn this isolated desert into a garden. The scheme was successful only in part, and today the sand and sage is dotted with green spots, oases surrounding springs or beside streams, islands of greenery where toiling Mormons have reared out of the desert a score of trim little towns surrounded by gardens and orchards and farms.

The very names of the towns suggest the struggle between starvation and salvation engaged in by their inhabitants. There is New Harmony, Gunlock, Hurricane, Rockeville, Mt. Carmel, Orderville, Cannonville, Tropic and St. George, the latter the hub of Dixie, and Fredonia, over the line in Arizona, so named because it meant freedom to the old Mormons who fled Utah rather than abandon their surplus wives at a time when federal officials were busy crowding the jails with polygamists.

For all its natural phenomena, there is no surprise in Utah's Dixie greater than its people. Isolated by mountains, cut off from cities by lack of transportation, until very recently at least, this region is a veritable last American frontier.

View from Zion National Park from Scouts' Lookout on the West Rim Trail. At left, old Mormon meeting house in Orderville

There are scores in Utah's Dixie who have never seen a steam train nor ridden in an elevator. There are others who saw airplanes overhead before they met automobiles on the ground. When the Great War called the youth of Dixie to the army, many a young man used the railroad for the first time in his life. Stephen T. Mather, former director of the National Park Service, on his first visit to Kanab, one of the leading towns of Dixie, discovered that few of the young women had ever been over the mountains to the railroad line. He sent ten of them to Yellowstone Park at his own expense. It was the adventure of their lives.



Safe in the shadow of a great rock stands this old house at Springdale, Utah

RIDING across Utah's Dixie one day, I listened to an old Mormon Bishop, whose tale interested me mightily because it was the story of the founding of this Dixie. The Bishop, a hardy old citizen, with hands of toil and careworn face, looked anything but a churchman. He might have been taken for a deacon of a country church, but he resembled more the farmer that he was, except when the topic turned to religion, whereupon he became the missionary.

"My father came to Utah with Brigham Young," the Bishop told me. "He settled in the Salt Lake Valley and developed one of the finest farms in the colony.

"Then one day Brigham Young sent for him and said to him, 'Brother, take your family down to St. George and help start the colony there.'

"My father never hesitated a minute," the Bishop declared proudly.

"He gave up his farm and sacrificed his most prized possessions. The roads to St. George were little more than mountain trails then and all he could take was his family and a few things in a small cart.

"At St. George, he started a new farm in the desert. My father was a good farmer and it wasn't long before he had one of the finest places in the entire new colony.

"Then one day word came again from the head of the Church: 'Brother, take your family over to Kanab and help build the colony there.'

"Kanab lay one hundred miles across the desert and there were no roads, but only trails, and father had quite a large family to move by that time. But again he did not hesitate. Once more he gave up his farm, packed such of his goods as he could in wagons and set out for Kanab.

"I was two years old at the time. It was not long before my father was well established on a new farm in Kanab. Here he lived the rest of his days. My father had two wives and by them thirteen children. We got along all right because everybody worked."

A view of Tower Bridge in Bryce Canyon

DOWN in Utah's Dixie, the Church is still the principal power in the community. There are few residents of this area who are not Mormons. Consequently, the Church still performs many civil functions.

"If a man commits a sin in our community," the Bishop explained to me, "he may be tried by civil authorities and he may be acquitted, but he is not through until he has been brought before the Church for trial independently. He may be found guilty by the Church, regardless of the civil trial, and he may be punished. He may be sent on a mission, or he may be ordered to contribute something to the Church in addition to his tithes, or he may be excommunicated for a time. But the Church is the final authority."

Kanab is a typical community of Utah's Dixie. Prettily situated where the Prismatic Plains meet the Vermillion Cliffs, on the banks of Kanab Creek, which makes life livable in this parched region, Kanab is one of the beauty spots of southern Utah.

Long lines of cottonwoods stretch out along the road to greet the traveler as he emerges from the hot and dusty desert into the refreshing greenery of Kanab. The homes are almost entirely of brick, hidden behind trees and shrubs. There are no big houses in Kanab. No one is wealthy, yet every home is neat, substantial and surrounded by a garden.

Winding around through the wide, unpaved streets, we came to the old Mormon church, just as Sunday school was being dismissed. The church yard and the street were alive with lively, frolicking youngsters, each in his Sunday best. Plurality of wives is no longer practiced in Utah, but in Dixie children are still the bumper crop.

A Mormon marries to have children. It is part of his belief that countless spirits await only the necessary bodies to take up residence on this earth. That, the Bishop told me, was the reason for polygamy as practiced by the old Mormons. Kanab and other towns of Utah's Dixie bear witness of those days in the form of numerous houses with plural front doors, so to speak. The Mormon with two wives had two front doors, one for each wife and her family. Though sheltered under the same roof, they were quite independent as families.

"My father had two wives," the Bishop said. "Sometimes he would come in one door, sometimes in another. He had five children by my 'aunt' and eight by my mother. It seemed a perfectly natural arrangement. There was a good deal of rivalry among the children, but my mother and my aunt were on the best of terms. My own attachment for my aunt was almost as great as that for my mother.

"However, polygamy is no longer practiced in this region. It is forbidden by the Church and I do not think that any of us would care to see it revived."

The outstanding structure of Kanab, aside from the Mormon Church, was the big brick school house on the hillside. The citizens of Dixie have not permitted their isolation to cut them off from culture.

Prominently located on the main street was the dance hall.

"We believe in enjoying life," the Bishop told me. "Every week, almost, after religious meeting in the Church, we adjourn to the dance hall, open the dance with prayer, and spend the rest of the evening dancing."

The contentment of these people with their lot, out there on the fringes of the desert, surrounded by mountains and wilderness, calls for one's admiration.

"We seek contentment from within," an elder told me.

That is fortunate indeed, for it is a long way without to the fleshpots of civilization.

A FEW years ago a party of railroad officials made the hazardous two-hundred-mile journey across the mountains, the desert and through the forests to see if there might be anything in Utah's Dixie of interest to outside visitors.

What they found at Zion Canyon, at the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, at Bryce Canyon and at Cedar Breaks exceeded their dreams. Here was the most colorfully tinted spot on earth, known only to a mere handful of Mormons, and they too close to it to appreciate it fully.

The Mormons, as a matter of fact, were too busy wrestling with nature for a livelihood to waste much time on natural wonders. A delicately tinted desert may be a thing of beauty, but it is just as fearful to a hungry man as plain, white, burning sand can ever be.

THE highway now connects North Rim of the Grand Canyon, Zion National Park, Bryce National Park and Cedar Breaks National Monument with Cedar City, Utah, on the Los Angeles-Salt Lake Highway and on the Union Pacific System

The officials at once made plans for a series of lodges to accommodate visitors, and placed the pressure of their influence behind a program for the construction of a chain of good roads throughout this entire region.

BY the coming season, the results of their efforts will be appreciated not only by the traveler arriving by the railroad, but by motorists as well. The roads are not yet paved highways, but they are excellent motor roads, for mountain and desert country, and are easily passable.

The highway now connects North Rim of the Grand Canyon, Zion National Park, Bryce National Park, and Cedar Breaks National Monument with Cedar City on the Los Angeles-Salt Lake highway and on the Union Pacific System. A tour of the region, once Cedar City has been reached, requires at least four days, for distances are enormous and there is much to see up here on the backbone of the Rockies.

From a geological point of view, Utah's Dixie is a fascinating study. Once the floor of a great inland sea, it has undergone tremendous transitions in the change from sea bottom to mountain top. Enormous faults in the earth's surface bear mute evidence of these changes.

It is, without doubt, the most spectacular study of erosion in the world. Great cuts in the mountain sides have left such blazes of color as Cedar Breaks and Bryce Canyon, with their myriads of silent monuments to the power of wind and water.

Zion Canyon, in shape, resembles Yosemite Valley. Its valley, its cliffs are much like those of Yosemite, only vastly more colorful, and lacking, of course, the movement of the waterfalls. The Great White Throne, the various temples, the Great Organ, the soft colors, changing with the sun's lights and the shadows, make Zion Canyon a bewitching place indeed for the explorer in Utah's Dixie.

For those who like statistics with their views, it is worth while noting that Zion Canyon is fourteen miles long, and varies in width from a mile to only a few yards in its upper narrows. The Great White Throne mentioned heretofore towers more than 3000 feet above the stream at its base. Bryce Canyon is a giant amphitheater, from one to two miles wide, about three miles long, and 1000 feet deep. Cedar Breaks is a series of vast amphitheaters eroded to a depth of 2000 feet, and covers about 60 square miles. The Grand Canyon itself is 220 miles long, a mile deep, and some 12 miles wide in places.

During the park season, various motor bus tours are in operation from Cedar City, Utah. One-day, two-day, three-day, and five-day tours are available, the last covering all the chief points of interest that have been so briefly discussed here.

Through miles upon miles of pines and aspen, past meadows dotted with deer, under trees up which scamper the white tailed squirrels, the new road winds off to Bright Angel Point on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. Here the Canyon rim is one thousand feet higher than at the south side. Here on the very brink of the sea of silent pastels, the visitor may sit by an enormous window and try to think of something adequate to say. But no one has succeeded in doing it yet!

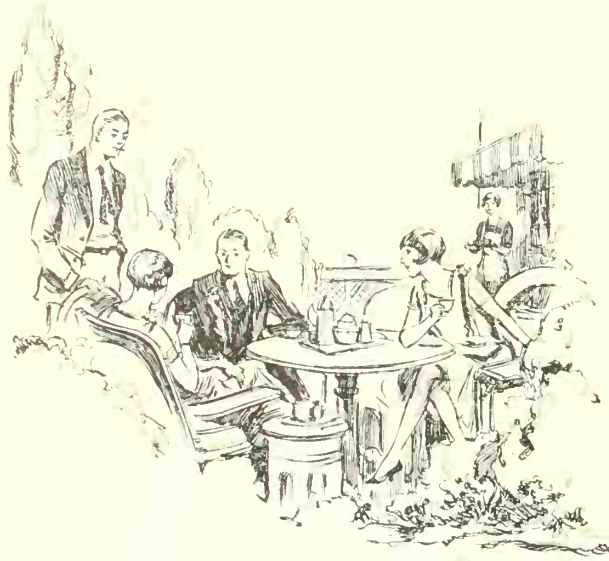
The East Rim Trail in Zion National Park offers plenty of thrills

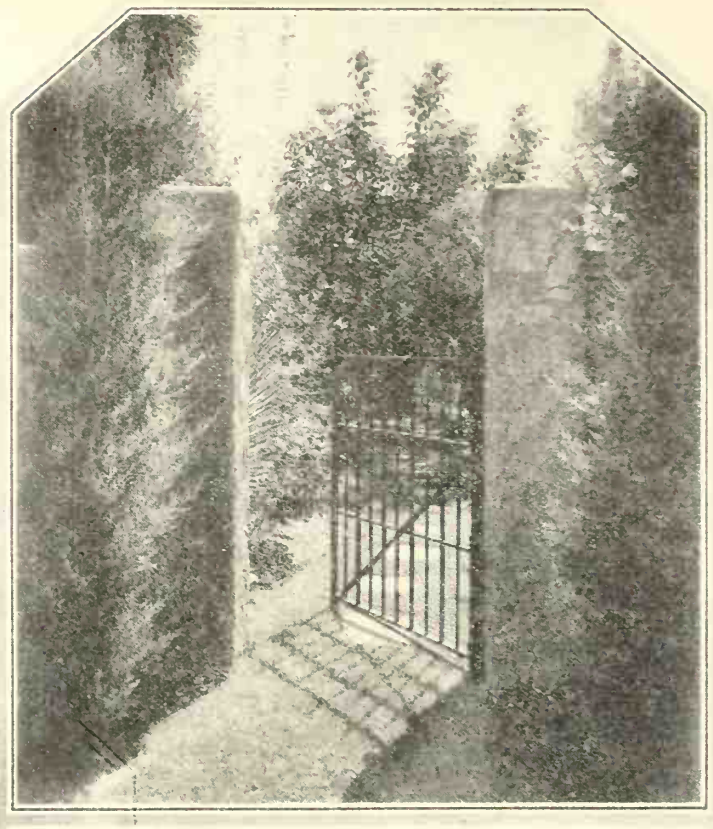
The Western Garden Must Be Livable

By

Arthur Hawthorne Carhart

Member American Society Landscape Architects





"He who enters the Garden's gate, Is never afraid or desolate,
On little paths that wind and wind, He shall unwearied pleasures find.
He shall learn beauty's last secret, And he shall forget, he shall forget."

FROM "THE GARDEN OF THE WEST" BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

WE who live in the West are very fortunate, particularly when it comes to gardening. With the long growing season many tasks are eliminated and in the luxuriant sunshine plants grow and flowers bloom with little effort on our part. All of which means that here on the coast there is more time for actual living in the garden—time for reading in quiet nooks, playing with the youngsters, serving tea under a gay lawn umbrella or simply resting in the shadow of distant mountains. It is not enough, therefore, to have our gardens places of beauty. We must fill them with that essence which, for want of a better term, we shall call "livability."

Livability in a garden, and that same quality in a house, often seems merely the investment of the house and garden with one's own personality. While this is generally true, the stamping of garden or house with one's individuality is not a matter of chance. It usually results from thorough study, planning, and well ordered development.

It is not always necessary to procure the services of a landscape architect to obtain livability. But it is the function of a knowing landscape designer to secure this element in every garden. He studies the person who is going to use the garden most; he learns the needs of the household, and then drives directly toward planning a garden for those users. In that manner he differentiates his work from the horticulturist who makes a free design for the primary purpose of selling a customer a larger order of nursery stock than he would otherwise buy. It is easy to see that if your landscape designer definitely sets up the goal of making your garden of particular service to you it will almost inevitably reach a high plane of livableness.

Now, how can we get livability into our gardens? How can we do it ourselves or how can we know that the man we have entrusted with the design is getting it?

It seems that I am always mentioning the idea of a good connection between house and garden as one of the primary steps in good garden design. But it is not a false note even though struck repeatedly. Approaching the garden plan with livability primarily in view it is probably the first portion of the garden design to consider. That transition sector of the garden, where the house is blending from stiff structural lines to the softer features of the plant-decked garden living room, should be the part of the garden which says, "Come, it is but a step out here into the garden; I'll show you how easy it is if you'll just take the first step outdoors!"

Livability, like other elements of a successful garden composition is dependent largely on design. No hit-and-miss garden can achieve this

quality. The first step in the design of the livable garden is this transition between house and grounds. "Hooking up the house and grounds," we often say in discussing design.

After you are in the garden the general design of the garden declares itself. If it has not that well ordered, lucid expression of theme, if it is helter-skelter instead of nicely designed, the garden is just as unattractive, uninviting, as full of turmoil as a dowdy, unkempt, unrestful, overcrowded living room.

In the most livable garden, therefore, there must be good elementary design. Without that basic scheme, that coherent theme, that understandable composition of garden design, there is no rest, no character, no comfort in the garden.

In assembling the elements of design and the materials in which they are to be worked out, there are certain steps and certain types of materials which will aid in achieving livability. One thing that will help is making that connection zone between house and garden into some sort of a living terrace.

This can be paved with flagging or bricks set in sand, it may have a trimmed hedge along its edge marking it from other units of the garden, it may have a tree overhanging it or shade may be supplied by a bright awning. If there is good footing and shade where garden furniture may be placed, then such a terrace becomes a major element in human use of the garden areas.

A paved area on which garden furniture may be set need not be directly connected with the house. Often it is at a far corner, or at the junction of two paths. I say paved area for I have learned that without good footing under the furniture one does not use the garden living facilities as they should be used. Another reason for paved panels for your most used garden living space is that sod will wear out if you use it continuously.

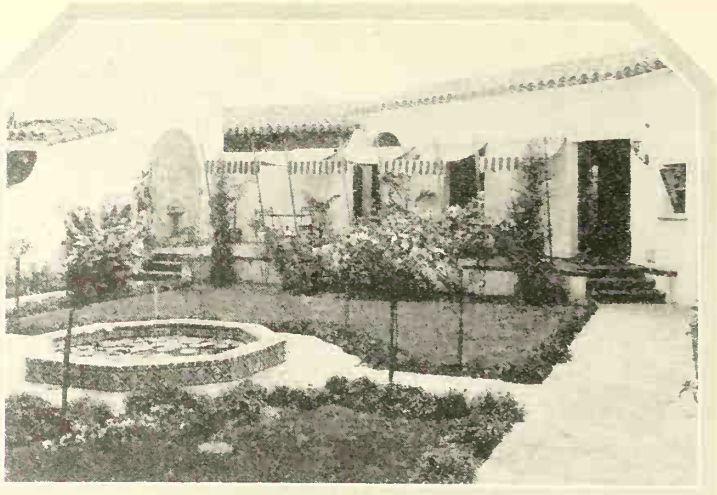
So plan a paved area, perhaps no more than 6 by 8 feet, at some point in your design; a point where it will be easily reached and used. Some of the most effective paved spaces I have seen have no roof over them. Shade is given by a large tree or bright lawn parasol. Shade and a few hickory, iron or reed chairs protected with paint or lacquer, and the trick is turned.

If the garden is large enough a shelter is one of the best ways in which people may be taken away from the four walls of the house and into the shrub walled rooms of the garden. Thatched for Japanese or rural English, tiled for some of the Italianesque or Spanish designs, a good staunch timber shelter painted white or apple green for Colonial, any sort of good tasteful shelter, roomy, not too enclosed, giving shelter and shade, will bring people to it. Comfortable chairs and a table are equipment that will go with such a shelter. Pathways, which are a basic part of the skeleton of a garden, may not seem important here. Yet it is the path system which takes the user to and by details which constitute the charm of the garden. Personally I prefer a garden walk, something fairly substantial, to a grassy trail. I say this in spite of the fact that in my own garden I have two paths that are entirely sod. But the shelter reached by those paths is to be hidden in a clump of Colorado blue spruce; there is to be a fireplace in that nook where coffee and steaks may be brewed or braised, and I hope on shadowy nights one may sit there and get the effect of a little shelter somewhere in the Rockies. The illusion would never come with a formal-edged stepping stone pathway within the circle of firelight.

Paths have their function in producing effects, in bringing livability into the garden. Well studied circulation in the garden permits the user to get to all sections of the garden with reasonable ease. A poorly planned path system may make the whole garden appear awkward; not only appear so but be so. Direct, simple, serviceable paths are perhaps more conducive to carrying folks into the garden and keeping them there than almost any other factor.

In the livable garden there are seats along these paths; or a wide, comfortable step may serve as well.

This Rocky Mountain garden insists upon being used



Decidedly livable is this enclosed garden in La Jolla

Stone seats always suggest chilly reserve to me. Perhaps they should not; but they do. In the livable garden I rather prefer a good wooden seat painted white, or green, or some other harmonizing color. Or the canvas chairs that are so popular on verandas or in summer camps are another solution. Nor should one forget that chance for real comfort that can be found in well-made hickory furniture.

In certain designs, in certain styles, where accent points in harmony with the garden style must be used, the stone seats are the only proper type to use. But where the comfortable wooden chair or settee will serve you will use it in truth as well as look at it.

Style has something to do with the livability you can put into your garden. The classic or near-classic or even the pseudo-classic garden is likely to be stiff, uncongenial, just a bit unfriendly. And in such a garden there is not much chance to unbend and become carefree, happy and natural. The finest use of a garden comes when someone romps in it, where there is laughter, and when someone shouts and dodges, and runs, and throws pillows. A prissy garden never can encourage such joyous human use of this protected bit of outdoors. But the other kind, the livable garden, one in the English rural, the rural Italian, the homey Spanish, does invite a bit of roistering grass-stainy play. A garden is livable when people play in it.

THERE is one other important element of design that seems almost a superfluous thing to mention. It is important whether we are designedly seeking livability or not. That important element is enclosure.

Your garden is yours. It is a place to get off dress parade, relax, rest, play, be yourself. If the neighbors can rush to the window and peep and peer, if the passerby can see Uncle Dave playing leap frog with Johnny, or the two of them having a wild game of tag even to the detriment of a few of the gaillardia blooms, then practically everyone who inhabits that garden will feel that he must preserve a certain foolish dignity and care-free garden play will not come.

Livability does not lie in any one element. Chairs and table alone will not bring it. Design will not bring it altogether. Paths will help but are not the saving factor. It depends on whether you plan your garden to serve human use. If people live in it, if you plan it so it is easy for them to live there, then you will have a livable garden.

And after you get it all planned, planted, and on the way toward developing into the design you have visioned for it, then you must form the garden-living habit. It is easily formed.

For Your Outdoor Living Room

You Will Need

An enclosed garden.

A paved or flagstone area for a table and chairs.

A shelter or vine-covered pergola.

Comfortable benches.

Plenty of sunshine with nooks of shade.

Restful, inspiring vistas.

A lawn umbrella which can be moved from place to place.

An outdoor fireplace or grill.

Room for the children to play.

EXPERIMENT, as a family, to find how many things you can do enjoyably outdoors that you have always heretofore done inside the house. Late Sunday morning breakfasts are a joy served on the terrace, when there is enough sun to warm the air and enough shade to prevent glare in the eyes of the breakfasters. In this connection, here is a thought: if you will run an extension cord from a convenience outlet in the house, waffles may be baked on an electric waffle iron outdoors as well as in; percolator, toaster and grill also will function equally well outdoors. Many kinds of kitchen work, such as vegetable preparation, can be carried on in the garden, placing everything on one tray to save trips back and forth. Father may read his evening paper in a comfortable chair in the same heavenly spot, with never a care as to where his cigar ashes fall. If you have an outdoor fireplace or grill, by all means make frequent use of it for cooking simple suppers.

Perhaps you will want to devote part of the open space in your garden to the improvement of your golf game and to family entertainment as well by establishing a home putting green such as Mr. O'Gara describes in his informative article on page 11 of this issue.

Don't work at your garden all the time! Learn to sit down in it and invite your soul, or you will be like those housewives who are uneasy when they are not scouring and dusting. Learn to be lazy, to relax; only then will you fully enjoy your garden.

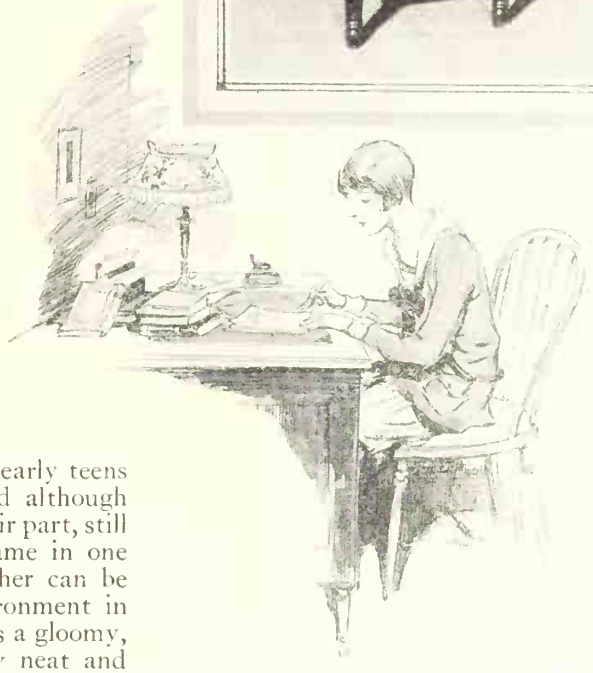
Are Your Children *Proud of* Their Home?

By Mary McDuffie Hampton

Photograph, courtesy of L. Kreiss & Sons

It is rather fun to study when one has a real desk all one's own

EVERYTHING and everybody from preachers to cigarettes have been blamed for the theoretical degeneracy of the modern generation. Without entering into argument as to whether or not this generation itself is any worse than any other older generation's younger one, I do feel that many things such as genuine happiness of a deep but simple sort have become an illusion rather than a reality to too many youngsters. But I have something new to blame this time, and that is their parents' choice of furniture!



During the past six years I have watched the children in two separate and opposite homes develop from their early teens into early maturity. And although other influences played their part, still a startling amount of blame in one case and credit in the other can be laid to the physical environment in these homes. One house is a gloomy, musty place, punctiliously neat and painfully unlived in. It is a house where the lights are seldom lighted in their chilly drawing room. Mrs. Staid is one of those last-century women who worships formality and neatness, and destroys every joy of home before the importance of silent, stiff orderliness. Fires never burn in the fireplace for fires make ashes and dust. Shades are never raised because the sunshine fades the drapes. Books are not allowed in the drawing room, for this is a place in which to receive the guests who, alas, never come.

The two Staid girls, therefore, long since learned to have school duties or dates to keep them away from home. If by chance the girls do stay at home in the evening they do not feel at home. They have become definitely alienated, and the worst of it is I can recall one definite occasion which was an actual turning point.

Mrs. Staid had gone south for a month and had left the house in charge of her two daughters, just entering college then. The girls telephoned me one morning and begged my help in rejuvenating their depressing and antiquated house. They had decided to "cheer it up" in their mother's absence, and their father had willingly consented.

We began one Monday morning and worked feverishly all day. Shades which had guarded dreary drapes were let fly to the very tops of the windows. The fireplace was cleared of its brass jar filled with cattails which had reposed there ever since I had known the house, and some genuine logs were piled in their place. Box after box was packed full of cluttering, old-fashioned knicknacks and carried off to the attic, and the largest and most comfortable chairs were drawn up about the fire. The baby grand piano was cleared of photographs and its fringed velvet cover, and opened invitingly for whomever it might tempt. The great desk table was dragged from its smug place against the wall to an open one near a window. All in all, the room was transformed. It came alive!

Evening came and the logs flamed

up in the fireplace. That night Mr. Staid sat down beside his unexpected fire with his two girls and spent what I know to be one of the few evenings of his life at home. One of the girls even dared reveal on the piano her amazing technique for jazz. It was a fascinating evening. Three weeks of happiness followed for those Staid girls. Friends were brought in, the piano sang, the fire crackled, the lights burned. And then, Mrs. Staid came home.

SINCE this is an article and not a tragedy, it is sufficient to say that amid arguments and tears the whole room was thrust back into its old, punctilious gloom. The Staid girls began to devote themselves to school frivolities and have scarcely been home since, other than to sleep and eat.

Then there is the other home which to me exemplifies an ideal environment for potential men and women. The Livewell home includes a splendid boy and girl about the same ages as the Staid girls. Passing by that house almost every evening, one sees floods of yellow light pouring out through windows whose shades are not drawn. Frequently there are people within, particularly on week-ends, and there is then much laughter, and perhaps dancing.

True, there is the influence of the splendid personalities of the father and mother who guide these children and this home, but that in no way lessens my argument that surroundings have had much to do with their success. Mrs. Livewell herself is keenly conscious of just this. Often she has said, "I do not consider myself the autocrat of my household in matters of comfort or taste. My idea of a home is a place where my husband and children as well as myself find rest and comfort and satisfaction."

Teen-age children are not really so difficult to please, nor do they actually demand much. But when they do begin to have notions about the furniture or the vases, these spring invariably from the deep-seated source of developing taste and pride in their home and play an unrealized part in the youngsters' happiness. Every mother knows how upsetting it is to a child to be made to sleep in a strange bed. Understanding parents invariably respect the instinctive demand of every child for his own place at the table. And there never has been a maturing girl to whom the "best china" was not a source of interest and pride. This is only the wholesome growth of taste and instinct.

Of course, not for a moment do I advocate making spoiled prigs out of the all too easily spoiled developing youngsters. But there is a broad and safe distance between spoiling a child on one hand, and on the other, giving an interested sympathy to his little likes and dislikes.

The personal interest of children in their homes cannot be over-valued. While it must not be allowed to dominate the home or the happiness of the parents, still there is no reason why the small voice of the minority should not be listened to. In buying new homes or in redecorating old ones, in rearranging individual rooms or in merely readjusting small details within them, the boy and girl consulted will respond with an intense interest that is often of actual value. And this interest always translates itself subtly into a most desirable bond between the developing youngster and his home.

A SPECIAL room which the growing youngster may consider wholly his own is the ideal possibility. Here the youngster may express whatever tastes are sprouting. Innumerable girls can find the ultimate of happiness in fifteen yards of material of their own choosing, out of which ruffled bed-spreads and curtains can be made, together with permission to paint the old chest of drawers, according to the prettiest magazine advertisement they have found. A little boy finds immeasurable delight in a room where on special occasions his electric train can be left as his ingenuity has arranged it or, later, where mechanical drawings may lie undisturbed upon his own desk. He feels a mannish emancipation in removing conventional pictures and replacing them with treasured knicknacks and school trophies which to parents may seem most absurd. But this is good. It is a wholesome outlet of self expression in a healthy channel.

In the Staid household funny little requests are regarded as ridiculous presumptions. In the Livewell household they are readily granted. And so, the time has come when the Livewell children think no place is more fun than home. Mrs. Staid, on the other hand, is one of those women who rants most loudly about the degeneracy of the modern generation. But we who know her blame not the younger generation but Mrs. Staid herself—Mrs. Staid, and the furniture—and ideas, too—with which she set up housekeeping thirty years ago.

What Every Youngster Wants

A room of his own, and freedom from thoughtless intrusion.

A desk and good reading lamp for home study.

A really comfortable bed, with good springs and mattress.

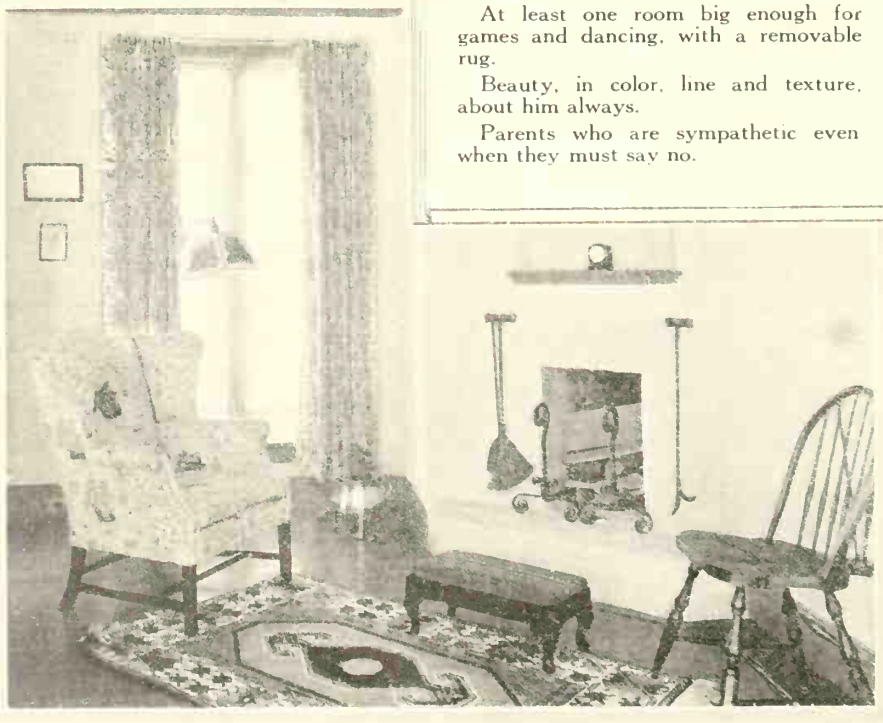
A living room that he can be proud of, but that is not too grand for everyday use.

Plenty of provision for music: piano, radio, phonograph and band instruments are not too many to suit him!

At least one room big enough for games and dancing, with a removable rug.

Beauty, in color, line and texture, about him always.

Parents who are sympathetic even when they must say no.



One more view of the boy's third-floor sanctuary described on page 19 of this issue

Refuge *from a* World *of* Reality

By

A. Marshall Harbinson

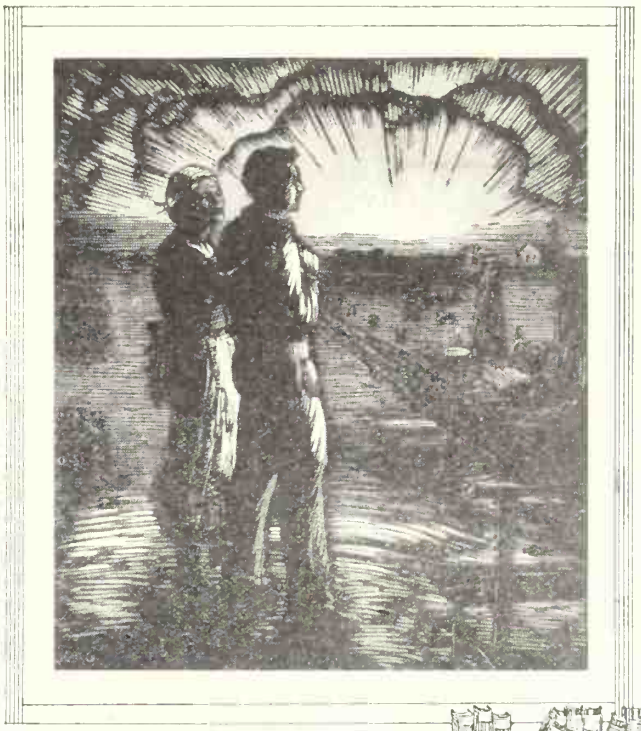
Four New Novels, Recently Translated into English and Reviewed with a Fervent Request for More Good Stories Well Told

AFTER two hundred years of being classed with cigarette fiends, legs and Sunday golf, the novel at the beginning of the Twentieth Century came at last into a position of respect and dignity. The day of sneaking off behind the barn to read is over. Novelists no longer have to waste time as did Henry James and Jane Austen on insisting upon the dignity of their art. Neither does it appear from the books we have read this month that many of them waste much time on thinking up a good story.

It is of no little wonder to us that more readers do not turn to biography for entertainment. Out of the welter of contemporary fiction, only an occasional novel arises that contains a really good story. Although we may merchandise our reading by writing about books, we still like to think of the novel as a refuge from the world of reality and as a stimulation to thoughts grown sluggish during a prosaic day. When we read a novel, we want to be entertained, to lose ourselves in an engrossing story, to be led, despite our better judgment, into staying up later than we should, to be carried away into the fresher air of a world created by an artist who, eliminating non-essentials, selects and welds his material with such subtlety and cunning that we, once given into his hands, cannot but follow where he leads.

Many of the contemporary novels have for us just one redeeming virtue; they succeed most admirably in putting us to sleep. And so it is that often when we really want to indulge in a literary spree, we must turn back to our book shelves and re-read the novels of other generations. For us, there is little kick in the pap brewed in the Joycian barrel and flavored with the tincture of Ulysses.

We can distinctly remember when the definition of a true novel was "a good story well told." Now, however, if someone were suddenly to pop up and ask us to define one we would be out of luck. A novel, it appears from a survey of the recent output, can be almost anything. In the face of the resultant gasps of the intelligentsia who might get wind of this sacrilege, let us take for example "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" by Arnold Zweig, translated from the German by Eric Sutton and published by The Viking Press ($2.50). Here you have a novel which Dorothy Canfield says, "paints the protrait of an epoch and draws up an indictment against a civilization;" and stirs Arthur Schnitzler to write that "of all the novels of recent years, there is none that affected me so profoundly." Here, you see, your novel is something else again. It is a painter of portraits, a drawer of indictments, and something that affects the author of "Casanova's Home-Coming" profoundly. We agree with Miss Canfield as whole-heartedly as we believe Mr. Schnitzler. We will further add that Sergeant Grischa is a stupendous panorama of life behind the German lines during the late World War.



From the jacket of "Peder Victorius" by O. E. Rolvaag (Harper Brothers)

It is an informative book. By the time we finished it (we are not going to tell you how long *that* took us) we knew a thing or two about what was what in the German Army. What is more, we had seen in our mind's eye as fine a collection of word pictures of the bitter decade of which 1917 was the center, as has ever come to our notice. It is a forcible preachment, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, the work of a young writer who has plenty to say about the heartless, relentless mechanism which makes a world war go round. It is a detailed series of accounts of the thoughts and actions of ever so many characters held together with the ever recurrent theme of the Sergeant's difficulties.

The hero of this tremendous "portrait of an epoch" is a big, simple minded, simple souled Russian by the name of Grischa. But in spite of all the realistic details employed in delineating the man, the mud upon his boots and the lice clinging to his body, he still remains just so much animated clay to us. He appears as an abstraction led to the slaughter so that the author's thesis might live. When Hardy hanged his Tess there was a wailing and gnashing of teeth, the echo of which still resounds around the world. On the other hand, the fate of Sergeant Grischa, as

an individual, was as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. He, poor fellow, was lost in his own epoch and indictment; swallowed up in the great moral preachment the author hurled in the face of civilization. And so, we can only recommend "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" to you as a sincere work of a brilliant realistic writer who deserves to get along in the world.

"THE Wanderer," by Alain-Fournier, translated from the French by Françoise de Lisle (Houghton Mifflin Company, $2.50), comes to us highly recommended. It was written fifteen years ago by an unknown French youth who was later killed on the field of battle. Havelock Ellis, who writes the introduction, says it is an exquisite masterpiece. And it is. But for all its exquisiteness and for all the perfection of its workmanship, we found the reading of it more of a duty than a joy. The young writer's method and style are studiously realistic, yet the effect he creates is one of mystical romance. Fournier has, as William Lyon Phelps says of Defoe, a "telescopic imagination and a microscopic eye." In "The Wanderer," distances are vague and confusing. Augustin Meaulens, the hero of the book, hops into a buggy and before you can say Cock Robin, he is lost in an unfamiliar countryside. How this could have happened, unless, of course, he had suddenly and unwittingly ridden into Fairyland, we are at a loss to say. Meaulens meets with strange adventures and still more strange ghostly people who have gathered at the Lost Manor to celebrate a wedding feast. When he finally walks home, after his buggy ride, he cannot remember where he has been, nor does he know how to find his way back. An odd tale this and one that we can recommend for the simplicity and beauty of its telling, for the eerie quality of the countryside it depicts and for its rugged characterizations.

The three and four generation novel, it appears, is still with us. In the literary waves which preceded Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga" and in the backwash which followed, there appeared as flotsam, jetsam and ligan a whole cargo of novels of this type. We have just finished reading "The Rebel Generation" by Jo Van Ammers-Kuller, translated by M. W. Hoper (E. P. Dutton, $2.50). You just know that the author has spent considerable time in intensive research by the way he drags into the first part of the book certain authentic data, conversations of genuine prewar stock and other 1840 records.

The book starts out with the genealogy of the Cornvelt family in which Louis Cornvelt begets—by Agatha Spieghel — Henry, Katie, Nicholas and sundry other children of both sexes. It is an extraordinary list of children, in that every boy is followed by a girl. Having succeeded in this rather neat biological achievement of rotating a human crop, Louis and Agatha rested on their laurels, not bothering in the least to endow their children with any other striking characteristics worth mentioning. And this novel contains the most complete collection of stupid people! But, of course, this is beside the point, as the author is not concerned so much with a story of his characters as with his thesis, which is that the younger generation always appears as the rebel generation to the older, and that even in the evolution of Dutch women there are those bold, free spirits who will defy conventions to make their parents lift their hands in holy horror and ask what the world is coming to next. After reading "The Rebel Generation," we lifted up our eyes unto the hills and prayed the Lord to deliver us from novels that had any other function than telling a good story well.

Without in the least intending to, we find that the books we have reviewed this month have all been translations from one language or another and that we haven't followed the Christian precept of doing unto other novelists as we would like reviewers to do unto us if we were by any strange chance ever to write a novel of our own. Before putting the cover on our typewriter, there is still another translation we want to consider, so that we may go home happy in the thought that we have said our usual kind word for the day.

In "Peder Victorius," (Harper Bros., $2.50), O. E. Rölvaag has given us another saga of the Norwegians in the Middle West. In "Giants In The Earth," he wrote of the immigrant pioneer, and in "Peder Victorius," he tells the story of the second generation. Like its predecessor, this book was written in Norwegian and translated into English by the author in collaboration with Nora A. Solum of the Department of English at St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota, where Mr. Rölvaag is professor of Norwegian literature. Such a double-flip-with-a-half-twist of linguistic gymnastics is sufficient excuse for writing a modern novel, but Rölvaag is not one to take any such advantage of his willing readers.

"Peder Victorius" is a *story* (note the italics) of a young boy of Norwegian parents who in his personality exemplifies the spirit of the New America, living on the far reaches of the Dakota territory. The author has found beauty in the dirty, rugged face of the soil, and although his manner of writing is realistic, he does not knock one down with a spade to prove it. Rather, he takes a shovel and turns up the rich, fertile loam and shows you what lies underneath.

"PEDER VICTORIUS" has a distinct historical flavor. But at no time did we feel that this flavor dominated the piece de resistance itself. The 80's were golden years for both Dakotas. The story as it is unfolded shows how the different cultural forces operate in the new country. To Beret, the mother, the territory is a new Norway that should be fashioned on lines of the old. She clings to her native language and customs with the same tenacity with which she clung to her husband, who, as a pioneer, came to conquer a virgin land.

With his square back to the old, Peder, her son, looks forward with young eyes upon a new land he calls his own. In this new land, Rölvaag plants the roots of his characters and they, by force of their own personalities, stand up as grist for the mill which the author grinds out and molds into a novel leavened with a story well told.

Books and Men

By JAMES COURTNEY CHALLISS

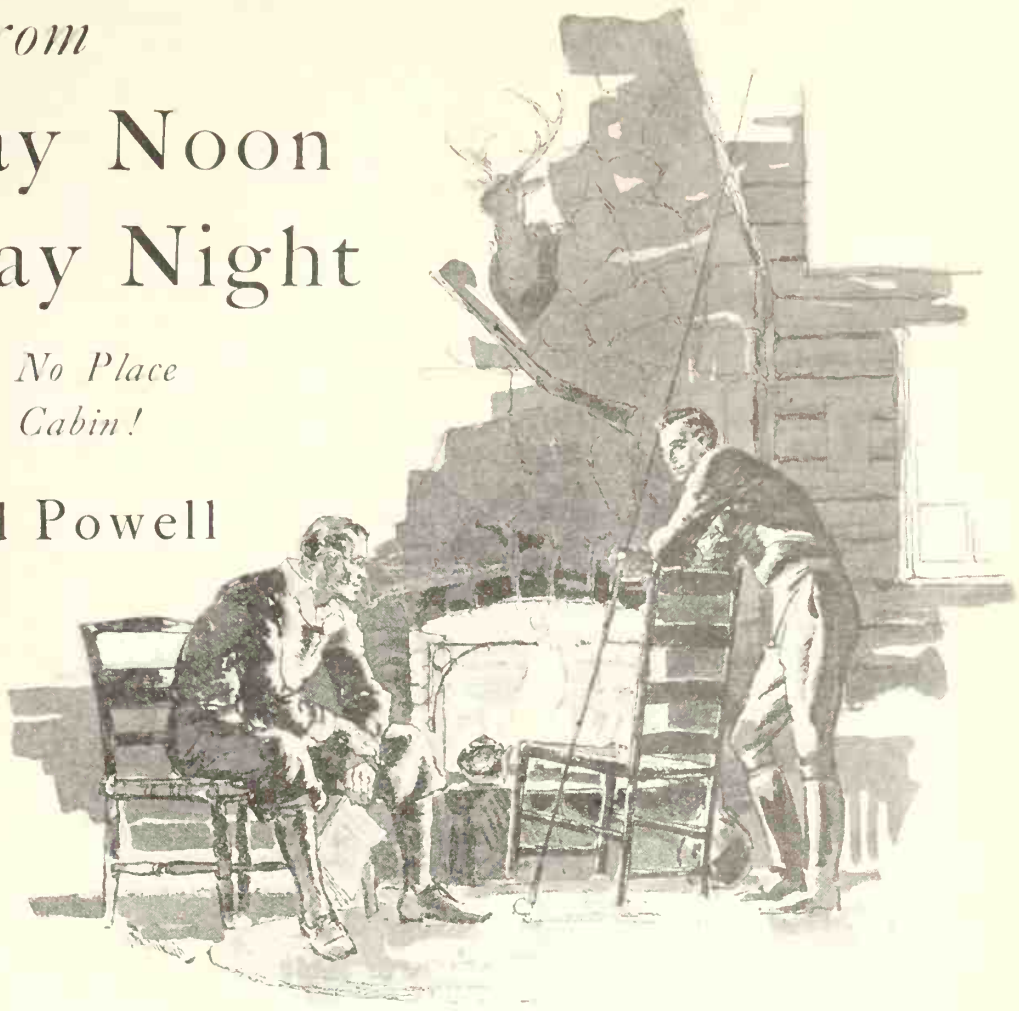
How closely men resemble books!
For instance, when one merely looks
At covers dull, or bright with sheen,
He ne'er can tell what is between
Until he reads. A gaudy dress
May be the cloak of emptiness,
While bindings plain and poor and thin
May hold a wealth of thought within.

Like books, some men are good, some bad,
Some humorous, some dull and sad,
Some shallow, others strong and deep;
Some swiftly move, while others creep.
Some are but fiction, others truth,
Some reach old age, some die in youth;
But just a few can dimly see
The goal of immortality!

From Saturday Noon to Sunday Night

There Is No Place Like a Cabin!

By Tod Powell



The delights of a cabin are by no means limited to week-ends

WOULD you enjoy the picture of a cozy log cabin nestling brown amid the trees on some timbered islet in Puget Sound? Or do you prefer the idea of a rustic cottage whose front porch opens onto the sapphire pool of Tahoe? Would you have your veranda parallel the stately Columbia or does the prospect of a place snuggled in the fern-carpeted forests along the McKenzie or Rogue fill you with more joy?

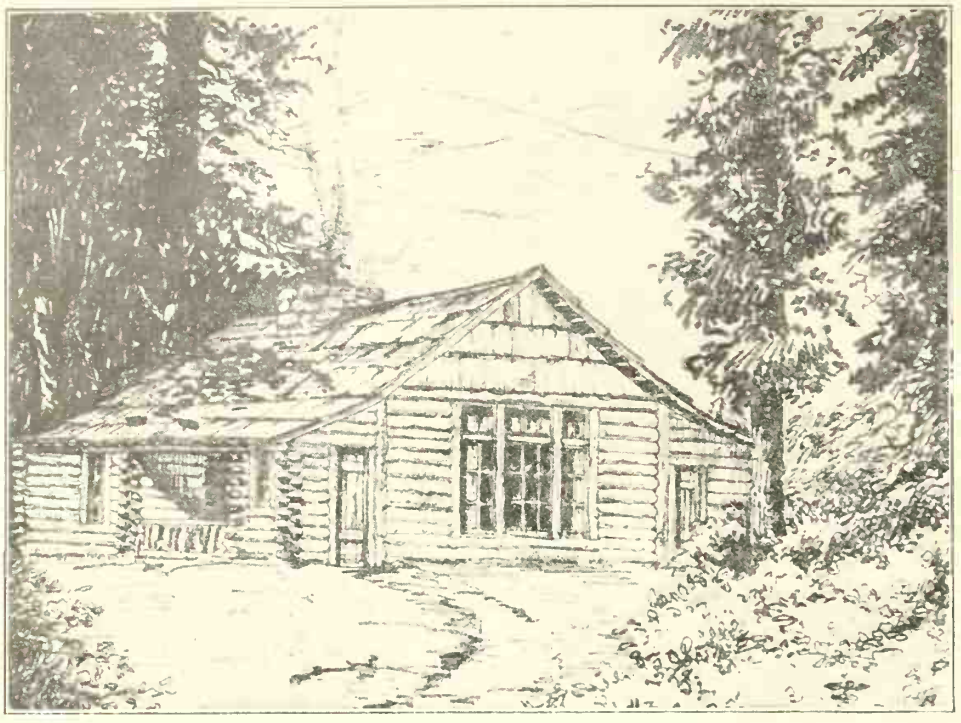
Would you like a gay painted fisherman's home at Carmel, or beside the Golden Gate at Sausalito? How do you like the Coos Bay country, or Humboldt Bay? Or—of this we hear less but should know more—a 'dobe place up somewhere Taos-ward; a pine *jacal*, Navajo style, in the White Mountains of Arizona, or a stone-walled resting-place at the foot of some Colorado canyon-wall? Take your choice! For comfort, for convenience, for availability, I don't know any better means of getting away from the cities and the crowds than the establishment of a cabin at some location that suits you.

Don't make your cabin too formal; getting away from formality is the reason you need a cabin. Don't make it too elaborate in the way of furniture; on the other hand don't be ashamed to invoke the aids of civilization to make your outdoor stay comfortable. What I mean is, forty-pound mattresses are a bit more adapted for hotel use than they are to bunk-frames in a pine-log home, but don't think for a minute you must make your bed of spruce boughs and a Hudson Bay blanket. Make your cabin, at first, just what you need to get along and then on each successive visit add some improvement, convenience or accessory. So will the joy of home-building be added to the joy of home-owning and both be maintained long after they otherwise would perish. Never finish your cabin; keep on adding little gadgets here and there. Nails may do for cupboard door handles and drawer pulls at first, but as time goes on you can have a lot of fun replacing them with your own whittling of odd-shaped bits of madrone or gnarled pieces of other available hardwood.

ADDITIONAL furniture offers an unending opportunity for you to exercise the jolly old creative urge. Build a better veranda, improve your hearth, when you cannot find anything more interesting to do, saw wood against the needs of the winter visit you always plan to make. Nobody ever had too much fuel at a cabin; it is always coming in handy to create a cheerful blaze in the fireplace even when the weather really isn't cold enough to require a fire.

Once I knew a man who set out to create the most complete cabin possible. He finished off his place down to the minutest detail, worked out everything according to a plan. There wasn't a rough spot on his floor or a salt-spoon lacking from his kitchen. Of course he had help, hired help, to do it. And what do you think he did when it was all complete? Stayed away from it! Yes, sirs and ladies, the kick was gone when he finished the work of building, for he didn't fish and he didn't hunt and he couldn't even take a camera out and burn up film in a manner that gave him any satisfaction. He just sort of vegetated in his steam-heated apartment in town. You couldn't drag him out to that swept and garnished mountain-bungalow for a week-end more than once or twice in a year, though it was easy to reach and owned a most attractive setting.

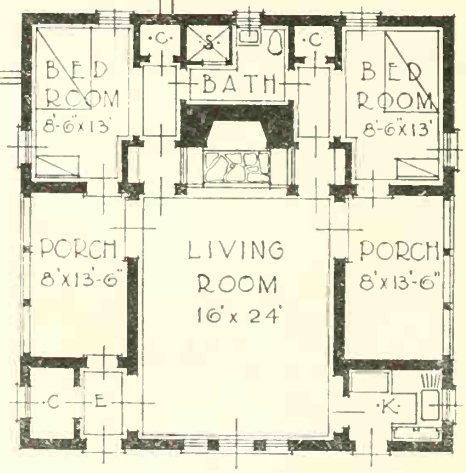
THERE are two or three things to watch if you want to make a success of your sojourns in the little brown home in the woods. One of the most important is the water supply. Take no chances on using bad drinking water, for a contaminated spring, no matter how clear it may look and how refreshingly cool it may seem, can spoil a vacation about as quickly



Woodsy enough to satisfy the most ardent camper, this 35-foot square cabin offers all the comforts of a small city home

foodstuffs will pay you. So, too, will care of your mattresses and bedding. A wire stretched across the room, high up, is a good place to hang such things when you're absent. Then vermin cannot reach them and, if rain should get in, they have a chance to dry out before you need them.

Garbage disposal is something else that needs attention. Dig a hole a convenient distance away—not too close, not too far. Into this throw whatever of your wastes you cannot burn and cover them up. The earth excavated in making the pit does admirably, sealing in



George Leland Chandler, Architect

Did you ever see anything more compactly livable than this plan?

as anything. If you are not absolutely sure your water supply is all right, either boil the water thoroughly, or take good water from your home with you, in demijohns or jugs or bottles or what have you. Should an ardent officer of the law halt you for explanations anent the glassware, give him a drink; it won't hurt him.

TAKE care of your foodstuffs. A certain amount of staples should be kept in the cabin, so that you need never bother with an extensive grub-list when the spirit summons you to trek for the hearth-stone in the hills. You ought to be able to pick up a few perishables at the corner store and be on your way, anytime, and that presupposes coffee and tea, flour, cornmeal and baking-powder, salt, sugar and pepper, all filed away neatly on the shelves of your cabin.

Friend, put not your trust in paper packages and cloth sacks. If you do, the sharp teeth of varmints, the small bodies of ants, will find a way into your cache of foodstuff and when you need chow you won't have it. Pack your grub in tins and make sure that they are water-tight. Pry-top cans are about as good as anything for tightness and convenience in opening. They will keep out the rats and mice and it won't make any difference if the oak tree beside the front porch does bend down in some storm and rub a hole through your patent roofing; the water won't get into the sugar and the flour won't get moldy.

It is just as well—in fact, better—to seal up the whole cabin so that it is ratproof. If the structure is of wood you can caulk the corners, cracks and knotholes with pieces of tin cut from the cans you would otherwise throw into the garbage pit. This proofs the place against the entry of many crawling, uncleanly pests and is a worthwhile activity, if it do no more than balk the depredations of a single packrat.

This mischievous and annoying varmint is no respecter of persons. He will carry off spoons, knives, forks, tea-strainer, corkscrew, can-opener or whatnot, leaving in exchange a wondrous lot of duffle that may be all right for a rat but is a total loss so far as housekeeping is concerned.

Once when I was far from civilized haunts one of these clever and industrious little devils carried away my pet and only pipe, leaving in its stead a most useless withered potato.

Of course if you have a cement foundation or your cabin is a well-mortared stone one, Mr. Rat can't bother you so easily. Even in that case, however, proper care of your odors and keeping flies from feeding on what you may throw away. But burn all you can; you will be surprised at how much you can get rid of that way.

ABOUT cooking. If Dad is an outdoor man he will probably know something about cooking. Probably he won't know as much or know it as well as he thinks he does, but don't pick on him on that account. Let vanity run its course; nominate him chief cook. Then mother will have a genuine vacation, a real surcease from the everyday job of providing breakfast, lunch and dinner in the urban home.

Along the Primrose Path in Western Gardens

By Sydney B. Mitchell

WERE this a botanical outline of the very interesting primula family, scattered over Europe and western Asia, I should indeed be rash if I tried to cover its more than a hundred species in a single page. But my object is merely to comment on the garden possibilities of a few of the easier species and their hybrids. The real primrose enthusiast may care to try growing many of lesser importance, plants whose homes in the high Alps unfit them for our conditions. Again, the man with a greenhouse may aim to grow pots of Chinese primroses which will make the seed catalog pictures seem modest. My bid, however, is only for the interest of the more common gardener who hopes by a moderate expenditure of energy to bring spring earlier to his garden.

The ordinary gardener's best bet is the common primrose (*Primula vulgaris*) and its more striking development, the polyanthus primrose. The common primrose, a native of the British Isles, makes a low cushion of rough leaves from the center of which appear numerous flowers on single stems, not merely in the primrose yellow color which is most common but in a considerable range, including white, lilac, and purple. This plant is easily raised from seed sown as soon as ripe or in the following spring. There are also some pretty double forms, which have to be obtained as plants and must be increased by dividing the clump, preferably in fall, a practice also possible with the single forms. None of these are showy, but would make a nice edging to a shady walk where they would not be too noticeable in summer, in front of Japanese anemones, let us say, or, in gardens along the California coast, in front of fuchsias or *Abelia grandiflora*.

Far more important in the garden are the polyanthus primroses, so called because they have several flowers in a head, on a much taller and sturdier stem. The individual flowers are often much larger in size than in the common primrose, and the vigor and free flowering of the plants so increased that they are most effective garden subjects in early spring. The colors extend from whites and yellows to bronze, apricot, and orange red, through shades of lilac rose to crimson, and even blue and purple can be obtained.

Single plants are ineffective; masses are needed to give the best effects. Of course the obvious thing is a "primrose path," yet there is scarcely a better way to plant them, particularly if the path is shaded by trees, for these primroses do not crave the sun. A broad band, varying from a couple of feet to as many yards, if room allows, on either side the walk, can be very lovely. These primroses also make excellent foreground plants to groups of daffodils, with whose colors they particularly harmonize. The best effects are not obtained where the colors are much mixed, as this looks spotty.

Many of the primroses are very effective in the garden, and for cutting, also, as illustrated above

SEED may be had, in England, at least, which will give a range of creams and yellows with deeper eyes—the celebrated Munstead strain—or only bronzes and orange reds, like Sutton's Brilliant Mixture, or only shades of blue. The last scarcely equal others in vigor or size, and are best planted separately. The polyanthus primrose is one of those plants in which the amateur may specialize, select his own seed from his best plants, and work up his own strain according to his taste. The best of

these I have grown came from the selections of a Californian and an English amateur.

Sow the seeds in flats in late summer or early spring and when the plants are large enough put them out, preferably in well dug and enriched soil. They do best in situations at least semi-shaded, a north or east aspect or in the partial shade of deciduous trees. They also like water. Consequently they are better adapted to gardens from British Columbia to San Francisco than to southern California, with its drier, sunnier conditions. I have proved by experience in Berkeley that they can be allowed to dry right down like a bulb in summer, but with this treatment the flowering season is shorter—February to April—and they become subject to mealy bug, while if planted under some rock wall on the edge of a lawn where they get constant summer watering they begin flowering in December and are altogether more healthy. I have even grown them under eucalyptus trees, but give them a better place if you can.Eventually they grow too tight and deteriorate, wherever they are, and are best replaced by new plants raised from seed. But if you want to retain a particularly fine form, divide the clump in early fall and replant in good soil.

In those gardens along the coast where the winters are not cold, *Primula malacoides* should always have a place. For formal beds or groups in front of the foundation planting we have nothing in its season—February to April—which will give its cloud of lilac pink flowers rising in tiers from nice clean green leaves. There is also a white form, and clearer pinks are coming. It is really best treated as an annual, sown in flats in August, pricked out and planted in the garden in October, then dug up and thrown out after flowering, leaving the space clear for summer annuals.

IN the comparatively frostless sections, *Primula obconica*, so much grown in eastern green houses, will do quite well outdoors, preferably in the semi-shade of deciduous trees, where the ground can be cultivated. They come easily from seed sown in midsummer and planted out in early fall. The colors here are more varied than a few years ago, and good pinks and roses are obtainable as well as the usual cold lilac tones.

For the north Pacific coast, or where plenty of moisture can be provided further south, there is a wonderful group of primulas from western China. They are really bog plants, and along a sluggish creek or marsh, natural or artificial, they make great cushions of leaves from which grow candelabra-like stems with a series of flowers developing up them as they grow. Where they get moisture and some shade they often naturalize from their own seed, in English and Irish gardens. The best known of this group are *Primula japonica*, typically a red-purple but available in a variety of paler pinkish shades; *P. pulverulenta*, a somewhat similar plant with ruby-crimson flowers but also now available in pink shades in the Bartley strain; *P. Beesiana*, another red purple; *P. Bulleyana*, apricot; *P. Cockburniana*, orange red and only a biennial; and a number of hybrids between these latter, giving a variety of lovely colors including violets, cream, apricot, orange, fiery reds, and many intermediate.

Other species not difficult where some shade and moisture can be found are *Primula denticulata*, with globular heads of flowers from white to lilac in color; *P. capitata*, with rosy-purple flowers and powdered leaves. The tall yellow hybrid *Primula kewensis*, while not hardy in cold sections, does well outdoors from San Francisco down to southern California, and is not too exacting in its demands for shade or moisture.

For further information on primulas I suggest the several pages on this genus in William Robinson's *English Flower Garden*.

There is scarcely a better way to plant primroses than bordering a shady path

Architecture of the Gods

From an Etching by

LOUIS ROGERS

[SUNSET MAGAZINE · MARCH 1929]

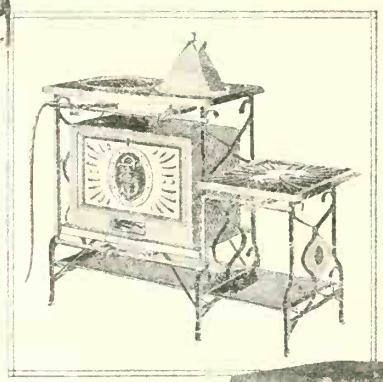
Baking-Day

Dorothy E. Shank Tells of the

MANY of us can remember the nervous tension which existed during the baking days of old. At the end of such a day we were informed that it had been a lucky or an unlucky "bake day" as it happened. If the day was lucky there was great rejoicing—the time and effort that went into the preparation of the baking were well rewarded. But, if the cookies were burned or the cake a failure tears were likely to be shed for the wasted food as well as for the work.

With the coming of all the modern inventions has come new joy in work for the homemaker. There are many labor-saving devices on the market for her use and most of them save her time as well as work. They are relieving her of the old time anxiety and presenting her with hours in which to refresh herself by recreation or spend her energy in other kinds of work.

One of the first gas stoves

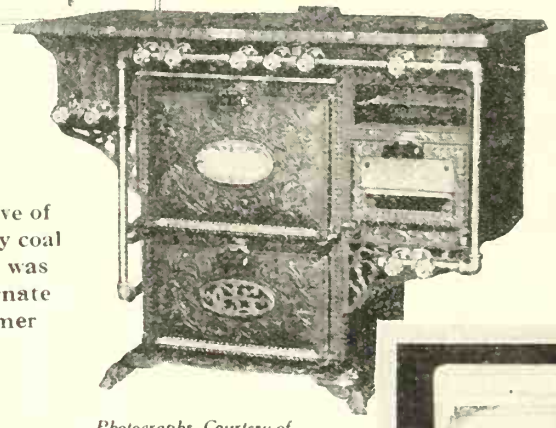


We have gone a long way from the time when the first gas stoves were introduced into the kitchen. Then the oven had to be lifted on and off the burners whenever its services were required. It is no wonder that in those days the baking was uncertain and that much of the cooking was done on the top of the stove over the surface burners.

The next modern improvement was a real gas range quite imitative of the old coal ranges, very heavy and similarly ornate and designed. The oven was below the cooking top and the broiler below the oven. This was quite an advance over the first type of stoves. Then the oven was put at the side of the burners; and today we have the cabinet type of gas range equipped with heat controls. Baking days no longer leave breaking backs in their wake.

The kitchen has assumed a place of importance and prominence in every real home. The color, lines and convenience of the modern stoves far surpass any golden dreams of our grandmothers. No one ever even dreamed in those days of the possibility of controlling heat in ovens by means of an automatic device, and so it was a long time after the introduction of gas stoves before a mechanism was thought out which proved to be of great value in assisting women with their baking.

Meanwhile modern methods had brought to the homemaker the need for measuring accurately each of the ingredients used in any recipe. Only in this way would she be able to duplicate that particular recipe whenever she desired. Gradually this idea has been adopted and when we now use a new recipe we see that the quantities of materials to be used are measured by standard measures rather than with any cup that happens to be close at hand or any size spoon in the drawer. No more "handfuls" of this ingredient or "pinch of that"; no more "size of an egg or walnut," or "milk to make the right consistency" in the directions. Every ingredient is now accurately and carefully specified so that failures from incorrect measures are no longer frequent.



Imitative of the early coal range was this ornate old-timer

Photographs, Courtesy of The American Stove Company

Even with all of this care sometimes baking failures resulted. "If only I could manage my oven I know I could be a good cook," was the plaintive cry heard too frequently. What then could be done so that a successful recipe would always bring assured results? The one remaining need was to know at what temperature each food should be baked in order that the same result could be obtained each time. It was quite evident that no matter how carefully the recipe was prepared, no matter how accurately the ingredients had been measured and mixed, the baking could be spoiled in the oven by using the incorrect temperature.

A THERMOMETER can be used to tell when the desired temperature has been reached in the oven and the gas can be increased or decreased by hand to try to maintain this temperature during the baking period.

The latest step in this march of household progress is the use of ovens which are equipped with oven heat regulators. They automatically control the temperature as long as desired so that it can be maintained at any degree which would ordinarily be used for baking. The temperature wheel can be correctly set and if only one temperature is necessary for the entire baking then the food may be forgotten until time for it to be removed from the oven. If it requires

Oven heat regulators are a most important recent development

Insurance

Evolution of Oven Heat Control

two temperatures for baking it is a very easy matter to readjust the wheel setting. Measuring the heat is just as important as the correct measuring of ingredients for perfection in results. The modern recipes are now just as specific in the baking instructions regarding the proper baking time and temperature as they are about the quantities of ingredients and methods of mixing them.

Time and temperature information is important not only for baking cakes, cookies, bread and like products, but it has led to the preparation of a whole meal in the oven at one time, thereby saving time and fuel. When meals are prepared in the oven there is less danger that they will burn than when they are prepared on the top of the stove. There is less rapid evaporation of moisture, and watching is unnecessary. For these meals everything can be prepared in advance. The meat is seared at 450 degrees for about 30 minutes and then the temperature reduced to 275 degrees, the rest of the meal put in with the meat, and all baked for 3 hours.

Meats are superior in flavor and juiciness when they are seared at one of the higher oven temperatures and then are baked for several hours at one of the lower temperatures. In this way they cook evenly without overbaking on the outside and being underdone on the inside as is often true when they are baked only at high temperatures.

VEGETABLES can be prepared and placed in a baking dish with a comparatively small amount of water, covered and baked with the meat after the temperature has been reduced. A small amount of salt should be added with the water. When cooked in this way they retain their full flavor.

It is time consuming to prepare three meals every day, especially if each meal must be watched most of the time it is on the stove. It is a matter of extreme disappointment if the meal is not a success. How can one know for certain that it will be satisfactory when there are so many things to attend to?

How may one be sure of the results when guessing baking temperatures is sure to bring varying results? An oven which feels hot to one person will feel only moderately hot to another. If the temperature is tested while the hands are cold an oven which is barely warm will feel hot indeed, and on the contrary if one's hands are very warm a hot oven will feel but moderately hot.

GUESSING is too uncertain. Evidence of the unreliableness of the old time guessing methods is apparent at contests where the temperature of a heated oven is guessed. In one such contest where almost 6000 people guessed how hot the oven was, the guesses ranged from 12 degrees Fahrenheit to 5751 degrees. Apparently the average person is not familiar with the actual temperatures in a baking oven as registered in degrees. But there is no need for people to guess temperature, as that is what thermometers and oven heat regulators are for. Both of these devices tell the temperature registered in the oven, and the heat control holds it constant as long as desired.

How much simpler these modern methods are; how much safer; how much more sure! And how much less worry is connected with the baking!

WITH these ultra-modern gas stoves come complete temperature charts and recipes which have been so carefully worked out that even the most inexperienced of cooks can have no difficulty in following the directions. One make of stove on the market has the temperature chart recorded on the inside of the oven door so the housewife sees at a glance just where to set the control for the various dishes. Every woman should, however, study her particular stove and read all directions carefully in order to insure best results.

The day has come at last when the modern woman may prepare her dinner vegetables, meats or desserts, place them in the oven, set the regulator and then spend the afternoon on the golf links, at bridge or in the shops. When she returns in the evening, dinner is waiting to be served—thanks to oven heat regulators. And what is more, that same efficient piece of household equipment—the gas stove—may now be had in attractive colors to bring beauty into the kitchen.

This very modern gas range is finished in soft rose color

Range, courtesy of Spark Stove Shop; smock, Quality Garment Shop
Photograph, Ralph Young Studios

Time and Temperature Table

(Clip and paste this on a card for your recipe file)

TEMPERATURE	ARTICLE	TIME
500°	Baked Potatoes	20-30 minutes
	Searing Roasts	20 minutes
475°	Baking Powder Biscuits	12-15 minutes
450°	Pie Shells, no filling	12-15 minutes
375°	Butter Layer Cakes	20-35 minutes
	Cookies	10-15 minutes
350°	Loaf Cakes	45-60 minutes
325°	Angel Food Cakes	1 hour
	Sponge Cakes	1 hour
300°	Meringues on Pies	12-15 minutes
275°	Whole Meals	3 hours
	Roasts (previously seared)	3 hours

A *Poet* in a *Raccoon* Coat!

A Sketch of an Interesting Westerner Who is a Demi-God to Young Poets and a Democrat to His Indian Neighbors

By Walter Mallon

PARTLY because I have a fondness for Chinese food, but principally because I had heard that Santa Fe's only Chinese restaurant was the favorite resort of one of America's favorite poets, Witter Bynner, I went one night to the New Mexico Royal Cafe.

And sure enough, before I had finished my chop suey, in walked Bynner with a group of his friends. I had seen his picture, but I was hardly prepared for this very tall man who looked simply enormous in a voluminous raccoon coat.

He reduced his circumference considerably by removing the coat, but increased his height thereby; and revealed a high shining bald forehead when he took off his hat. His eyes were no less sparkling because he wore horn-rimmed spectacles and his height seemed more than it actually was because he stood so arrogantly erect. And when he threw back his head and literally whooped with laughter, not only everyone in his group, but practically everyone in the restaurant laughed with him, so infectious was his mirth.

And the joke, whatever it was, immediately called forth an anecdote which the tall man told in a rich, clear, cultivated voice which stamped him at once, in my mind, as a Harvard man and commanded my own attention and that of many of my neighbors as well as the group around him. They fairly hung on his words, apparently knowing that whenever Witter Bynner told a funny story it would be worth listening to.

It was. Again the whoop and a devilish, almost dangerous gleam of mirth in the tall man's eyes. He literally doubled up with laughter at his own splendid story, clapping himself in the stomach with one hand and with the other grabbing the arm of his nearest neighbor for support in his uncontrollable paroxysm of mirth which made him look rather like a great frog about to explode. As soon as he had got his breath, he whooped again and all the rest of us shook in our chairs.

Presently Bynner got up and went over to shake hands with a policeman, waving to one or two other persons in the restaurant as he did so, and clapping another on the back as he passed; and at the same moment, luckily for me, one of the young men in the party who had tipped back in his chair, lost his balance and fell over backwards almost at my feet.

I SAY luckily, for since I helped to pick him up and became good-humoredly involved in the conversation that followed, I was asked, to my delight, if I would join the poet's group.

It proved an amusing evening. Conversation was intelligent, amusing and unconventional, the entire party was friendly and received me without question. And

(*Cont'd on page 61*

The Golden Gate

By Witter Bynner

The sun is setting pallid as a moon
Behind the airy mountains of the fog.
Clouds march in wonder through the Golden Gate.
The base of Tamalpais, reaching down,
Alters its outline to a cloud. Bright rocks,
With eddies gathered round them and with gulls
Huddled along their tops, vary and jut;
The crowds of water toppling high with foam
Crumble and fall and mingle and are gone,
And bubbly spindrift pulses on the sand.
A small wild-aster glimmers from the cliff,
Two shadowy sea-birds hasten to the sea.
And in the hush a song-sparrow begins
To tell the music of some inland rill . . .
And through the mingled blue of bay and sky
The moon is risen golden as a sun.

Reprinted from Sunset, December, 1915.

Witter Bynner with two of his Indian friends

What Is Your Mental Health Score?

By Gladys Denny Shultz

The foundations of adult mental health are laid in childhood

ARE you happy?
Are you as successful as your talents entitle you to be?
Do people like you?
Do you like other people?
Is your home life a source of pleasure and satisfaction?
Do you love the work you are doing?
If you should lose all your worldly property tomorrow, could you still enjoy life and be cheerful?

If we have a stomach ache we can go to a doctor and find out whether it is imagination or appendicitis. Perhaps the day will come when, if we are unhappy, we can go to a specialist who will tell us whether it is our liver, the work we are engaged in or something that happened to us in childhood, and prescribe for us accordingly.

In fact, psychiatrists can do it for us now, but there are not enough psychiatrists at present to take care of all the people who find life not to their liking.

There is, however, a great deal we can do toward diagnosing our own difficulties. Just for fun, take the little mental health test with which this article begins. Can you honestly answer yes to all the questions? Then give yourself just as high a mental health score as you feel like doing.

IF you must answer no to all, your mental health is decidedly bad and you had better start to work immediately to improve it. If you must answer no to several, one of two things is the case. Either your environment is undesirable or there is something wrong with your own attitude.

The mentally healthy approach is to assume that the fault lies in yourself. Examine your own conduct at every point to see it if can be responsible for the reaction you are getting from the people about you. Look over the rules for mental health that follow. Are you breaking one or more?

Rule 1. Maintain good physical health. If all of us were in perfect physical health all the time, I wonder if we would have any mental conflicts or complexes! Not that we would have no problems, but that we would surmount them just as a tank surmounts a shell hole. At least we know that many, many of our mental ills are so wrapped up with physical difficulties that it is hard for even an expert to determine whether the physical condition is caused by the mental difficulty or vice versa. All of us have experienced the lowering of morale that comes with bodily indisposition. And indeed, the greatest brand of heroism I know is that which maintains cheerfulness under physical discomfort or suffering.

THERE is a corresponding form of cowardice of which a good many of us are guilty. The big, strong man, for instance, who started life with the constitution of an ox, and has been trying throughout his mature life to see what he could do to it. He gorges rich, heavy foods; he stays up to all hours of the night drinking and otherwise storing up the material of which grouches are made; and on all the many mornings after the night before that sprinkle his life, he is as mean as the proverbial bear with a sore head.

Of course he doesn't feel well—but whose fault is it?

Quite as guilty is the woman who makes a nervous wreck of herself rushing from one social or club activity to another. Or the martyred creature who drags about in a state of ill health which rest and competent medical care would quickly cure.

We cannot be mentally healthy until we realize and put into practice the rule that we owe it to the world, to our friends, to our family, to ourselves, to have the best physical health that nature aided by medical science can give us.

Diet, rest, exercise; prompt medical attention when something seems to be wrong; not too much work to interfere with mental poise, but enough to keep the faculties at the best pitch. Each person is under obligation to find the plane of diet, rest, exercise and accomplishment at which he functions best, and stay on it.

Rule 2. Face reality. What is it that you kid yourself about? Most of us deceive ourselves about something, you know, and it is largely by reason of this that psychiatrists make a living.

There is the woman, for instance, with the bold, unpleasant personality, who by her aggressive manner antagonizes the men she meets. She won't admit that there is anything about her that men should not like. So she decides men just don't like bright women. This explanation, so much more acceptable to her vanity than the real one, makes her close her eyes to the countless bright women admired by the very men who escape from her as quickly as they can. In all her dealings with men, therefore, whether social or business, she is handicapped.

There are thousands of ways in which we close our eyes deliberately to the real facts about ourselves and the world, and each of these is a source of mental ill health. For we cannot any more build our lives by false standards than a contractor can build a building by incorrect plans. Our character structure wabbles, or perhaps crashes completely, just as would a building so constructed.

THE rule here is to admit the things we've had our fingers crossed about—each of us knows the crazy places in his own edifice—whether it's our looks, or disposition,

or the unworthiness of someone we love. Not till then are we in a position to correct the difficulty, for we cannot fight blindfolded. If they are things we cannot overcome, our self-inventory will surely disclose other points of satisfaction that can be developed instead, according to the seventh rule.

Rule 3. Have a philosophy of life. I know a man who has evolved this one as the most satisfactory for a person of his temperament: "I will give as freely to others as my strength will allow. I will never ask a favor from anyone else."

OF course he thinks of giving in a spiritual as well as material sense. Ingratitude never bothers him, for he gives because he wants to, not for the return it may bring him. He need not hesitate to like someone for fear the person may not return his affection in kind. Indeed, he is pretty well armored against any blows life has to offer. And in the working out of his philosophy, his uncalculated generosity of friendship and material gifts invokes the sincerest love and gratitude. As for favors, he never needs to ask one; they are thrust upon him.

Personally, I can't think of a better philosophy than this one to carry us through the everyday heartaches and disappointments. But whether we take our philosophy ready made from some one else or figure out one of our own, we do need some guiding principle to steady us and see us through when catastrophe comes. Otherwise our mental fibre is apt to warp under the severe trials which sooner or later fall to the lot of most of us.

Rule 4. Find work you are happy in, then give yourself to it wholeheartedly. That would seem too obvious to mention, yet many cases of mental ill health are traceable directly to a business or occupation that is distasteful. The poet is not likely to be happy or pleasant if he has to dig ditches, nor the ditch digger if he is forced to write poetry. It is therefore only good mental therapy to find for yourself work you like to do. Then, whether you gain signal success or not, you will have thoroughly enjoyed every minute that you spend at the job. That is success in itself.

Rule 5. Learn to play. This obvious thing again is one of the rules that the psychiatrist finds very often broken. Adults as well as children need it. Putting business or domestic cares out of mind for a time, devoting yourself to some pursuit that you find pleasure in, whether it be golf or collecting butterflies—that is good medicine for the mind.

Rule 6. Learn to appreciate the things enjoyed by your fellow men. This, of course, is the key to social adjustment, upon which depends the satisfaction we enjoy or miss from those about us. The man of such "superior" intellectuality that he cannot stand the radio or the automobile is at a real disadvantage in a society which gains so much pleasure from these two things, and you will find that he is not an especially happy individual. Not because he doesn't like radios or automobiles, but because he chooses to scorn innocent amusements which most nice, intelligent people enjoy. That person is very likely to be happy who can find something to interest him in the thing that interests the people with whom he is thrown, whether they be tramps or princes. The old adage says, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do;" mental health adds, "and like it."

Rule 7. Compensate for the qualities you lack by developing to their greatest extent those you have. There is an interesting theory that most illustrious people owe their greatness to the fact that they lacked social or other charm or good looks, and so turned for satisfaction to the concentrated effort which made them great. There are enough instances of this, at any rate, to prove that it is well worth attempting.

The charming, pretty, popular, older sister in a family I know never did anything with her talent for writing. It was the younger sister, not pretty, shy, not so conspicuously talented, who became the famous writer. She had to write to get the satisfaction from life that her sister got simply by living. No one ever heard of the sister who had been so richly endowed. The other is known to everyone who knows books.

The ugliest woman I know is one of the most charming. She gave up her face long ago as a bad job, and so devoted herself to being pleasant to the people about her that she is easily the most popular woman in the circle where she moves.

For every drawback, we have a compensatory trait which can be developed and which will, if the experience of thousands can be taken as proof, more than make up for the handicap.

IF you have gone over these rules and found that you observe every one and still cannot be happy or successful, or popular, then your environment really must be at fault and it is good mental therapy for you either to improve it or to find a new and better one. But before you condemn the environment irrevocably, take one last look at those rules.

Are you sure, absolutely, that you didn't kid yourself when you said you hadn't broken any?

It is so easy, so very easy, to feel that everyone else is wrong in his estimate of your qualities—that you are not appreciated fully. Then the first thing you know, you are pitying yourself tremendously, and that is a miserably hard habit to break. Perhaps one who feels sorry for himself does derive a certain sense of satisfaction from the feeling of unrecognized superiority; but I fear that in his honest moments he realizes all too well the true state of affairs, and then he is unhappy indeed.

Probably the most important of all the rules for attaining mental health is the one which adjures us to face reality. Certainly before one can weed out an undesirable trait he must recognize its presence and admit to himself that something must be done about it. It is that ability to be honest with oneself which makes it possible for an adult to discover that he is violating certain of the other six rules laid down here, and then to set about the building up of his mental health.

Of course it is not easy to make any noticeable change in one's adult character. But we do change from year to year, for better or worse. Then why not for better rather than for worse?

The Bubble Vender

By Claribel Weeks Avery

I am the man that sells balloons,
Golden, violet, rosy and green;
Bubbles that float in the air like moons,
Baubles that shine in the sunlight keen.

Once I blew on a pipe of clay,
Globes that were born but of sun and dew;
These will be longer of life than they;
These are more gaudy and rich of hue.

You who worry to no avail,
Buy a balloon—they are big and bright.
See how a featherweight world will sail!
Buy a balloon, and be gay tonight!

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Whether You Do or Do Not Play Bridge, You Will Want to Read This Article

What to Serve for

The Bridge Luncheon

By

Barbara Reid Robson

Who Likes to Prepare the Sandwich Loaf Pictured Above

THE informal luncheon is one of the most delightful and sensible ways of entertaining. Instead of inviting guests for bridge or a sewing bee at two in the afternoon and serving elaborate refreshments just in time to spoil their dinner-appetites, an informal luncheon at one o'clock has grown to be the prevailing custom here in the west. Then the hostess is at ease and free to enjoy the afternoon with her guests.

But what to serve at such an informal luncheon is always the question. Two courses, a main dish and a dessert, with a beverage, are usually considered sufficient. But of what should these courses consist? We all know that a fruit or vegetable salad, a sandwich loaf, a souffle or a creamed dish is suitable for the main course, and any number of different desserts may be fitted in to "top off" the luncheon. But isn't it comforting to have a friend give one a new tried recipe or a suggestion of a different garnish for the main course of one's next luncheon party. And don't we all like to try a luncheon menu that we have enjoyed at the home of a friend.

HAVE you ever kept a file, not only for menus and recipes that you have found successful, but also for those given to you by friends or those clipped from reliable magazines, newspapers, and booklets? If you haven't, perhaps you would enjoy starting one now by clipping some of my favorite luncheon menus and recipes which are given on these pages. Should you clip the individual menus and recipes, you will find it easier to keep them in good shape if they are pasted on cards and slipped into their proper place in a filing box.

Some of the recipes may not be new to you, but perhaps you will find a suggestion or two that will appeal to you. And these hints on how I prepare the menus will doubtless help smooth the way when you try them out on your family or friends.

In Menu I, it is a good plan to prepare the molded fruit salad the day before serving. Don't bother to make the cheese sticks. Your grocer undoubtedly can supply you with delicious ones. The imported sticks are expensive and really no better than those bearing the familiar words, "Made in America." If the cheese sticks are not available try the tasty cheese biscuits. They may be prepared two hours in advance if kept in a cool place, but you must of course pour the melted cheese and butter over them at the very last

Five Informal Luncheons

Menus Prepared in Advance

I

Molded Grapefruit Salad
Cheese Sticks or Cheese Biscuits
Olives Tart Jelly
Spanish Bun Cake
Tea or Coffee

II

Novelty Sandwich Loaf
Salted Cashew Nuts
Coffee
Chocolate Marshmallow Pudding

Menus Prepared Partly in Advance

III

California Cheese Souffle
Potato Chips Pimento Cup Salad
Bread and Butter Pickles
Apple Ginger Cake
Coffee or Tea

IV

Ham Sandwich de Luxe
with Garnishes
Toast or Bread Sticks
Coffee
Sweet Sherry Delight

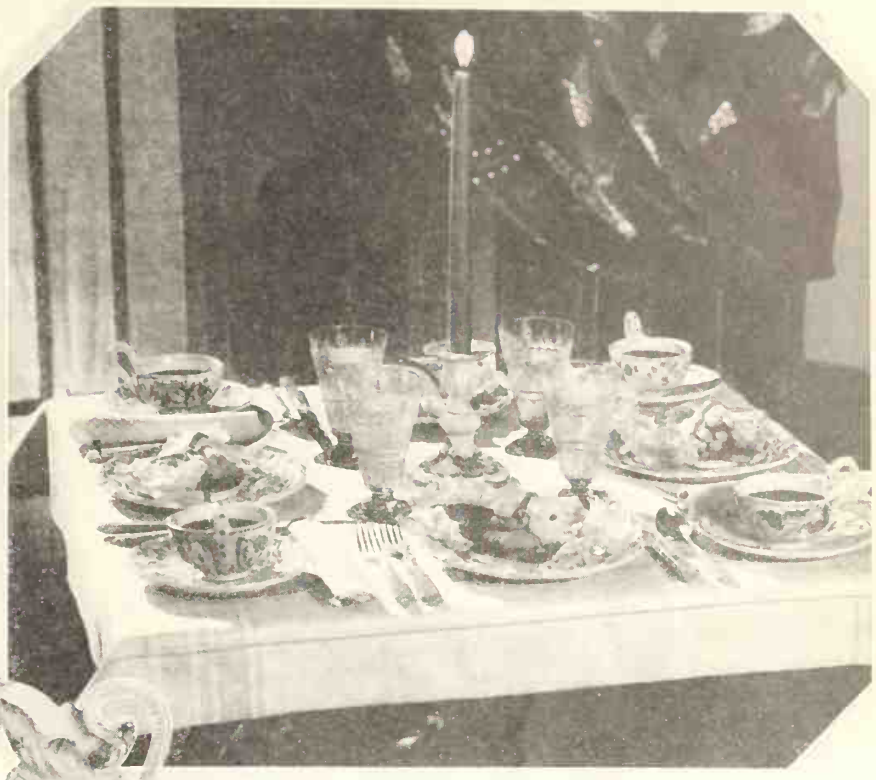
Last-Minute Menu for the Hurry-Up Luncheon

V

Fruit Cup or Salad
Salad Wafers
Corn Waffles with Crisp Bacon
Currant, Guava or Wild
Bramble Jelly
Coffee

minute, just before baking. The Spanish Bun Cake may be prepared a day in advance, but is most delicious when made the day of the luncheon.

WHEN I serve Menu II, I like to prepare the sandwich loaf soon after breakfast. When it stands two or three hours it has a more mellow flavor and is more easily cut and served. If you make the chocolate pudding the night before it will be off your mind. The salted cashew nuts from India are sure to prove a pleasing novelty. For Menu III, I plan to get everything ready for both the cheese souffle and the ginger cake before making either. Don't worry if this cheese souffle has to await the arrival of a late guest—it won't fall. Though the apple ginger cake may be made in advance, any ginger cake or bread dessert, as you know, is doubly delicious when served warm. So plan to put it into the oven about the time you start the cheese souffle—one-half to three-quarters of an hour before serving lunch. Chopped celery alone or in combination with apple or pineapple and mayonnaise makes a tasty filling for the pimento cups.



Photographs by Ralph Young Studios

Swedish glass, Danish and Italian pottery, Irish linen, and French table silver with smart green handles make an attractively cosmopolitan table. Menu IV is being served

At such an informal luncheon as this, it is quite in order to save service by passing sugar, cream and bread sticks on one tray

THE sherry delight in Menu IV you are sure to like, and it may be made the day before, but the ham sandwich is a "last minute job." Should you wish to serve the bread sticks, call your grocer or baker to see if he has them on hand before making them yourself. Either the French or Italian sticks are always crisp and tasty. The crisp chow mein noodles are a most pleasing garnish for the de luxe sandwich and are a delightful addition to many a luncheon dish.

Nearly every housewife has on hand at all times the necessary ingredients for Menu V, so it is an excellent hurry-up impromptu luncheon, especially adapted to the one-table bridge party. Canned seedless grapes, or fruit put up in pure wine syrups, you will find an intriguing touch to your own favorite recipe for fruit cup or salad. Many hostesses prefer serving the fruit cup or salad first as an appetizer, to be eaten while the first waffle bakes, but if you desire either may be served equally well as a dessert.

Molded Grapefruit Salad

2 cupfuls of canned or prepared fresh grapefruit (a No. 2 can contains 2 cupfuls of pulp and 1 cupful of juice)
1 cupful of grapefruit juice
1 package of lemon gelatine
1 avocado
Rubyettes or maraschino cherries
Equal parts of mayonnaise and whipped cream

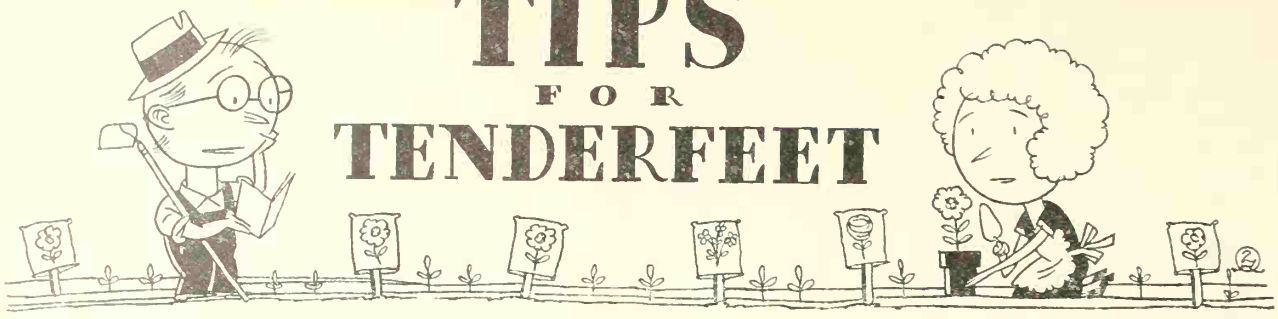
If fresh grapefruit is used peel it, remove all fiber, seeds and cores, and break up the pulp into small pieces, saving the juice. If canned grapefruit is preferred simply drain off juice and measure fruit and liquid. Prepare gelatine as directed on package, substituting the fruit juice for part of the water. When it begins to set add grapefruit and pour into a wet mold. A ring mold is always very attractive. When set and ready to serve turn out on a plate, garnish with slices of avocado, rubyettes and dressing. Double the recipe if using it as the main dish for a bridge luncheon for eight.

Pimento Cheese Biscuits

Half of an 8-ounce package of pimento cheese
¼ cupful of butter
4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder
2 cupfuls of flour
½ teaspoonful of salt
2 tablespoonfuls of butter
½ to ⅝ cupful of milk

Melt the cheese and the ¼ cupful of butter in top of double boiler over boiling water. Sift dry ingredients into a bowl. Work in the 2 tablespoonfuls of butter with a pastry blender, two knives, or tips of fingers. Add milk gradually, mixing to a soft dough. Toss on a lightly floured board, pat out lightly to ½ inch thickness, and cut. Place biscuits in baking pan, pour melted cheese and butter over them, bake 10 to 12 minutes in a hot oven (400 degrees). This makes about 30 tiny biscuits. To serve eight increase the recipe at least one half. It is unnecessary to serve butter with these. (*Cont'd on page 56*

TIPS FOR TENDERFEET



ADDING two or three new varieties to your rose garden each year affords a pleasure akin to that of the antique collector when he comes upon a new "find." Garden lovers of the Pacific Northwest will welcome Columbia and Imperial Potentate, both of an exquisite rose pink color, free from mildew, and luxuriant growers. The lasting quality of Columbia especially recommends it for house and garden decoration. If to these you add Mrs. Dunlop Best, an orange, coppery tinged rose, you will have added a wealth of beauty to your garden.

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Pathetic Portrait No. 1

The newly-weds who bought their lawn mower before they bought their house

Oregon and Washington which have a climate so much like that of the south of England and Ireland favor the growth of similar plant life. Irish yews, junipers, hedges of English holly, sweet brier originally brought around the Horn, and the hardier varieties of heather find a friendly soil in this Pacific Northwest. Likewise the lovely rhododendrons, azaleas, daffodils, peonies and lilacs grow luxuriantly.

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Garden walks or steps of gravel may be kept free from weeds by pouring on them a strong salt solution.

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There is no excuse for an unsightly house, shed or fence on the Pacific coast. The rapidity with which climbing roses hide all architectural blemishes is astonishing to the Easterner. While your nurseryman should be consulted as to the varieties best suited to your locality, such choice climbers as Mme. Alfred Carriere, Climbing Cecile Brunner, Gold of Ophir, the single Cherokees, the Wichuraiana hybrids and a number of others flourish along the coast.

Ornamental shrubs may still be planted in March; while hollyhocks, Shasta daisy, pansy, verbena, violet and stock plants should be set out. It is now time to be planting such flower seeds as nasturtiums, asters, begonias, castor beans, cosmos, gaillardias, balsam, amaranthus and other annuals.

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Have you ever chanced to plant daffodils among forget-me-nots? Try it. To see the golden flowers rise above the masses of blue forget-me-nots is to see a never to be forgotten picture.

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If your garden permits of a pergola or if your house has a porch you can add no more graceful adornment than a wistaria vine. The Chinese variety is generally blue, sweet-scented and with shorter racemes than the Japanese climber which sends out long racemes of blue, white, or pink flowers. In buying it is necessary to get grafted stock as none other is guaranteed to flower by nurserymen.

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Sand is a valuable adjunct to the garden. Keep a sack of it on hand to be used for rooting cuttings and for planting bulbs. After all, however, the commercial preparations for this purpose are more convenient and cleanly.

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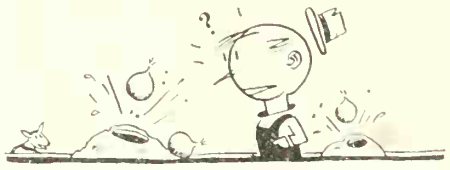
Pathetic Portrait No. 2



The chap from New Jersey who tried to plant gladiolus bulbs in gopher holes

Utilize the shady side of the house to plant lilies. Their stately elegance lends an air of delightful dignity to the garden plot. Select the most hardy and easily grown of the varieties: *Lilium auratum*, *L. elegans*, and *L. candidum*, the pure white Madonna illy, *L. regale* or *L. hansoni*, the golden Turk's cap lily. Two that bloom later are the golden *L. henryi* and the rose and white *L. speciosum*. *L. pardalinum*, a beautiful native of California, is one of the easiest.

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Native wild flowers should find a place in every garden. California, Oregon and Washington are rich in these native plants which naturalize easily in the garden. If you cannot procure the plants, a packet of mixed wild flower seeds will make a sunny spot gay with color.

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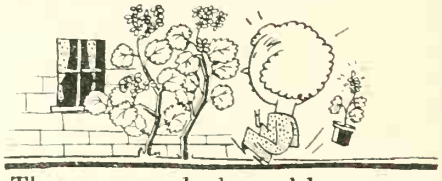
Pathetic Portrait No. 3



The woman who lugged her prize geranium from Iowa to California.

Snails and slugs are the plague of gardeners. One garden lover destroys them by gathering them in a tin can and covering with salt. Another has acquired a most interesting duck which spends the day wandering over garden and lawn ridding it of obnoxious insects and slugs.

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Most vegetable seeds can be planted during March. Among such are pole and bush beans, sweet corn, dandelions, endive, okra, corn salad, lettuce and cresses and unless the weather is cold and wet the vine seeds which are more tender should also be planted. These include pumpkin, squash, cucumbers, muskmelons and watermelons. Tomato, egg and pepper plants should not be set out until all danger of frost is over.

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Gardening is much easier if you keep your tools in good condition. See that they are sharp, and clean them each time after using. Perhaps you need some new tools this spring; check up and see.

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Space has been economized in one interesting Oregon garden by setting out pansy plants in the plot where young roses are bedded. They were raised from seed and bloomed until after Thanksgiving.

You will enjoy giving as much thought to your garden furnishings as to those of your living room. A sundial, a bird bath, a small cement pool fringed with ferns, iris or violas, a trellis overhung with roses or ivy to hide an unpleasant view, a garden seat commanding a delightful grouping of shrubs or flowers—these all contribute to the charm of the garden.

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Lawns may be made this month. The ground is warm and germination and growth of grass rapid. Scatter a good commercial fertilizer on already established lawns.

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Now is the time to see to the surface cultivation of your garden. As the dry season is fast approaching pulverize the soil into a fine surface blanket which will prevent evaporation of the moister soil below.

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A decorative feature of the gardens of Italy and Spain which may well be adopted here is the use of potted plants. Place these at accent points of the house or garden, to soften the ugliness of bare corners, on porches or at the entrances of house, gateway or arbor, to flank garden benches, at the edge of pools or on either side of the garden walk. For plants use hydrangeas, oleanders, geraniums, begonias, calendulas, yuccas, fuchsias, petunias, bay trees and boxwood. Roses and heliotropes are most charming in the tree form.

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It will not come amiss to plant a few clumps each of chives, parsley, chervil, mint, thyme, sweet marjoram, or savory, and always have fresh flavoring for your summer salads.

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To prevent the rusting away of the garbage can, try the following remedy. Brush the inside with a solution of blue vitriol (½ pound to a gallon of water) and, when dry, apply two coats of asphaltum varnish. The outside can be enamelled in any one of the numerous popular colors or in one to blend with the harmony of the kitchen color scheme.

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At most inappropriate moments drain pipes may take suddenly to leaking. This, then, is one of the many times when paint will help out in an emergency, until the plumber can be conveniently called in. The pipe should be dried, and a coat of paint applied over the leaky spot. Next a mixture of paint and putty of thick mortar consistency should be put on. While still soft the pipe should be wrapped at the point of the leak with a gauze bandage, and another coat of paint applied over the bandage.

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About Dahlias

Chas. W. Gill
A Dahlia Enthusiast
of the Northwest

EVERY year amateur gardeners come to me with their dahlia problems. The following questions are those which are most often asked me. I hope the answers will be helpful to you.

When and how should dahlia clumps be divided?

In the spring as soon as you can see the eyes, or sprouts, take them out of the boxes and turn them right side up. Use a good sharp pruning knife for dividing. There are no eyes except where the tuber joins the stalk and sometimes it is necessary to take part of the stalk with the tuber.

When should dahlias be planted?

The time varies somewhat according to climatic conditions. In this locality (western Washington) we have found that from May 15th to June 15th is best and, from information at hand is also best in all of the northern states. In the southern states where it gets extremely hot, later planting is advisable so that the plants will begin blooming in cooler weather. Along the California coast they may be planted from April to July.

How deep should dahlias be planted?

Plant five inches deep and cover with three inches of soil, filling in the balance as the plant grows.

How should we place the tuber?

Lay them nearly flat, the eye slightly higher.

Is it best to stake dahlias?

Yes. Drive a good strong stake when you plant and as the plant grows, tie it securely in at least two places so that the wind will not break the branches or the entire plant. I often plant two tubers, one on each side of the stake and when securely tied they help to hold each other up, as well as making a much more attractive clump. When planting in this way more room should be given between stakes.

What is best for a stake?

A 2x2 about four feet long makes a good stake. Paint stakes green with the exception of six inches at the top which should be painted white for the name. Iron stakes get too hot.

What distance apart is best?

Space single tubers three feet. If planting two tubers at each stake, space them four feet or more.

What fertilizers should be used?

Pulverized sheep guano is best although any well rotted barnyard fertilizer may be used if mixed well with the soil before planting. After the blooms begin opening, a commercial fertilizer containing ammonia, superphosphate and potash will be very beneficial. Sulphate of ammonia is high in nitrogen and increases leaf growth. Superphosphate is high in sulphuric acid and promotes better root growth and better tubers. Potash will produce brighter, deeper colored flowers of better keeping qualities. The above should be mixed in the proportions of 4-10-6 as listed.

Is cultivation necessary?

Yes, cultivate often and deeply until the buds appear, then just keep the top soil loose. Be careful to see that the crust is broken after each watering.

When should they be watered?

Water any time the soil becomes dry, but especially after the buds begin to open. Thoroughly soak the ground by irrigation or the sprinkler system. The sprinkler system is best because it washes off the dust and helps to destroy insects.

What diseases have dahlias?

In this locality practically none. Some will occasionally complain of stunt but close investigation will reveal thrip or red spider.

What insects molest dahlias?

Here we have thrips, red spiders, aphis, tarnished plant bugs and some years squash beetles. Cold water applied to the under side of the leaves with the hose will destroy the thrip and red spider. Nicotine sprays are also good and will get rid of the aphis and tarnished plant bugs. Arsenate of lead is best for the squash beetle. Begin spraying early in the season.

Before you blame the failure of your plant to grow to stunt or other disease examine carefully for spiders and thrip. They are so small that many people cannot see them without the aid of a magnifying glass.

Should we disbud?

If you wish large exhibition blooms, yes. Take off all but the center bud of each lateral. Some varieties set too many buds and should be disbuded even though you do not want blooms for exhibition.

Should old blooms be removed?

Cut off all old blooms as soon as they begin to turn brown at the back. Cut back to where the next bud starts. If old blooms are left on, the plants will soon quit producing buds.

Will dahlia seed produce the same kind of flowers as the parent?

No. There will be all kinds and colors. Some single, some semi-double, others double. It is very interesting to grow dahlias from seed but unless you have plenty of room I would not advise planting them because as a general rule not more than one or two in every hundred are really worth while. Very choice seed is now obtainable.

When should dahlias be dug?

A few days after frost has killed the tops dig them carefully so as not to break the tubers. Cut the stalks about one inch from the tubers, dust with sulphur and pack upside down in boxes. Fill in around the clumps with dry sand. The sand will keep the air from shriveling the tubers and prevent the spread of decay if any should spoil. Late in the winter if the clumps appear to be shriveling the sand may be moistened. The boxes of tubers must be put where there is no danger of frost. Along the California coast, in gardens where drainage is good, tubers are often left in the ground until late February. Some growers claim the tubers keep better if out of the ground a shorter time.

ORCHIDS

any amateur can grow

ORCHID lovers are becoming orchid growers. All over the land they are fast discovering that the growing of these most exquisite flowers is not difficult after all. Neither is it so expensive. The veriest amateur, with greenhouse facilities, can soon learn to grow them and so can enjoy this rewardful pastime.

The popularizing of orchids has been due in a large measure to the production of plants on a large scale from seed and also to the vast improvements brought about by hybridization.

Hundreds of thousands of orchid plants in various stages up to maturity can be found in our vast range of greenhouses—each representing an advance in beauty of flower and vigor of plant. We have spared no expense in securing the finest parent plants, including many historic and prize winning orchids from various European collections. This has enabled us by skillful hybridizing to produce hybrid Cattleyas which are larger and much more beautiful, stronger growing and more productive of bloom than the old native species.

Imagine clusters of great Cattleya blossoms in your own greenhouse — delicate flowers that will remain in full perfection for weeks! Think of having grown them yourself! That is what makes it so wonderful. And the orchid plants you buy now will be a source of delight for years and years, if given only reasonable care.

Write for our list of new Cattleya seedlings available and also free booklet dealing with the culture of the plants.

Cattleya seed is sown by the non-symbiotic method in the "incubator" at our immense orchid plant. This insures a high percentage of germination and a low mortality rate.

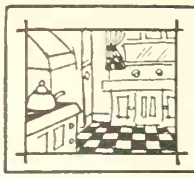
Armacost and Royston, Inc.

SAWTELLE, CALIFORNIA

Largest Breeders of Orchids in America

Chocolate Cookies! Assemble all materials
Cream shortening and sugar—Add unbeaten
eggs - one at a time (Break into a saucer)
Sift dry ingredients on large square of
wax paper. Add nuts and stir into

This month, a special prize of $5 is offered for the best recipe featuring calavos or avocados. The contest closes March 15th, and the prize-winning recipe will appear in the May issue. Address the Kitchen Cabinet, Sunset Magazine, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco.
—*The Editors.*



The Kitchen

These recipes are designed to be clipped and pasted on cards for your recipe file, or they may be pasted in your recipe scrap book

Chocolate Sliced Cookies

1 cupful of shortening
2 cupfuls of brown sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoonful of soda
1 teaspoonful of salt
¾ cupful of ground chocolate
3½ cupfuls of cake flour
1 teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon extract
1 cupful of nuts or cocoanut

Cream the shortening and sugar, add the unbeaten eggs, one at a time, and the flavoring, and beat well. Add the nuts to the dry ingredients which have been sifted together, and stir them all into the first mixture. Knead thoroughly in the bowl, form into rolls, wrap in waxed paper and place in the ice-box to chill over night. When wanted, slice thin and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) 12 to 15 minutes. The recipe makes 4 or 5 dozen cookies.—Mrs. J. R., California.

Potatoes en Casserole

Pare 6 medium sized potatoes and cut them into half-inch cubes. Put into an oiled casserole, add 4 or 5 tablespoonfuls of melted butter or cooking oil, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and bake, covered, for 1½ hours at 275 degrees (a very slow oven).—Mrs. M. M. C., Oregon.

Brown Stew of Beef With Dumplings

1 pound of round steak
½ an onion
3 tablespoonfuls of flour
2 cupfuls of boiling water

Dumplings

2 cupfuls of flour
4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder
½ teaspoonful of salt
⅔ cupful of milk

Cut the round steak or stewing beef into one-inch cubes. Try out the fat from it, and in this brown the onion, chopped fine. Dredge the meat with the flour, then add it to the fat and onion, and brown the cubes nicely. When well browned, add the hot water, and let simmer 1 hour over low heat. Fifteen minutes before the stew is done, add the dumplings, made as follows:

Sift the flour, salt and baking powder into a bowl. Add the milk, using enough to make a soft dough. Drop by spoonfuls over the stew, cover closely, and boil rapidly for 15 minutes. Serve on a platter, with the dumplings as a border for the meat.—Mrs. W. B. M., Washington.

Frosty Fruit Salad

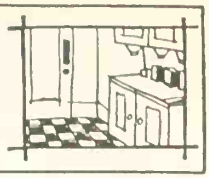
Dissolve over hot water 1 tablespoonful of gelatine in 3 tablespoonfuls of any kind of fruit juice. When dissolved, stir in ⅓ cupful of mayonnaise, 1 tablespoonful or more of sugar, and salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Add this mixture to 2½ or 3 cupfuls of mixed fruits (either fresh or canned, or both) and fold in ⅔ cupful of cream, whipped. Turn into a mold rinsed in cold water, and allow to chill in the refrigerator at least 2 hours. When ready to serve turn out on crisp lettuce leaves, and serve with mayonnaise fluffed up with a bit of whipped cream. A ring mold makes an attractive salad, or individual molds may be used.—Mrs. J. C., Utah.

Macaroni Croquettes

2 tablespoonfuls of butter
3 tablespoonfuls of flour
½ teaspoonful of salt
¼ teaspoonful of paprika
¾ cupful of rich milk
¾ cupful of cooked macaroni
3 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese

Make a cream sauce using the first five ingredients listed, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Add the cooked macaroni and the cheese, and turn out into a shallow dish to cool, then chill. Form into croquettes, roll them in crumbs, then in beaten and diluted egg, and finally in crumbs again; and fry in deep, hot fat. The fat should register 390 degrees on a frying-thermometer, or should brown a one-inch cube of bread in 40 seconds. Drain on paper towels, and serve immediately.—Mrs. J. R. H., Idaho.

Cabinet



Harvard Beets

6 beets
3 tablespoonfuls of flour
2 tablespoonfuls of sugar
½ cupful of vinegar
2 tablespoonfuls of butter
¼ teaspoonful of white pepper
½ teaspoonful of salt
½ cupful of water

Wash the beets and cook in boiling water until the skins loosen, then drop them into cold water and slip off the skins. Dice the beets and put them into a baking dish. Make a sauce of the remaining ingredients and pour over the diced beets, and bake 1¼ hours at 375 degrees.—Mrs. L. M. S., Nevada.

Easy Cheese Sticks

When I have a small ball of paste left over from making pie, I make it into these cheese sticks, which take only a moment to make, and which disappear equally fast.

First I roll out the dough into a rectangle. Then I soften a small quantity of one of the cheese preparations that are now on the market, warming it slightly and working it with a wooden spoon until it will spread easily. This I spread over two-thirds of the rectangle; then folding it together so that there are two layers of cheese between three layers of dough, I roll it lightly until it is fairly thin, and spread it on a baking sheet. With a sharp knife I cut it into strips right on the pan. A generous sprinkle of salt and one of paprika, and into the hot oven (450 degrees) they go, to emerge a few minutes later as deliciously crisp and flaky salad accompaniments.—G. C., Utah.

Rhubarb Tapioca

½ cupful of quick-cooking tapioca
1 cupful of sugar (or more)
½ teaspoonful of salt
1 tablespoonful of butter
2 or 3 cupfuls of chopped rhubarb
½ cupful of water

Mix all together in a baking dish, and place, covered, in the oven to bake slowly (275 degrees) for 1½ hours. Serve cold, with cream. This is a very accommodating dessert, adjusting itself nicely to various menus. —Miss E. L., California.

Dried Prune Jam

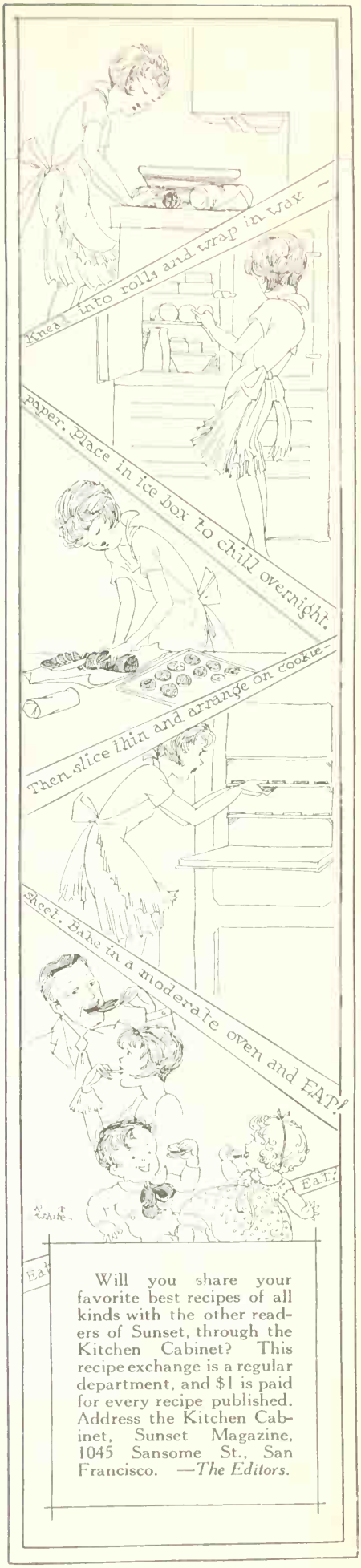
1 pound of prunes
Juice of 1 lemon
Grated rind of ½ lemon
7 level cupfuls of sugar
1 cupful of liquid pectin

Wash and drain the prunes, add 2½ cupfuls of water and let stand 4 hours or over night in a small, covered saucepan. Then bring to boiling and simmer half an hour with the cover on the pan. When cool enough to handle, pour off the juice into a cup and remove pits, then crush the prunes thoroughly with a wooden masher. Pour back the prune juice, add the lemon juice and grated rind, and mix well. Measure 4 cupfuls of this mixture into a good-sized kettle, adding water if necessary to fill the fourth cup. Add the sugar and mix well, then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire and stir in the liquid pectin. Skim, pour quickly into clean, hot glasses, and cover the hot jam at once with hot paraffin. When it is cold, cover again with paraffin, rolling the glass around so that the paraffin comes up well on the sides of the glass. This jam is sometimes slow to set. —G. S., Wyoming.

"Different" Meat Loaf

1 pound of ground veal
½ pound of ground pork
1½ pounds of ground beef
Salt and pepper
1 small onion, minced
1 egg
½ cupful of cracker crumbs
1 can of tomato soup
Sage

Mix the meats, chopped onion, and remaining ingredients. Shape into a loaf, dust with flour, and bake at 275 degrees for about 1½ hours. The drippings in the pan should be used as the basis for a tomato sauce to be served with the loaf, adding an equal quantity of flour and enough tomato soup to make a good gravy. The veal may be omitted, substituting beef, and milk may replace the tomato soup.—Mrs. R. N., Colorado.


Knead into rolls and wrap in wax paper. Place in ice box to chill overnight.
Then slice thin and arrange on cookie-sheet. Bake in a moderate oven and EAT!
EAT!

Will you share your favorite best recipes of all kinds with the other readers of Sunset, through the Kitchen Cabinet? This recipe exchange is a regular department, and $1 is paid for every recipe published. Address the Kitchen Cabinet, Sunset Magazine, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco. —*The Editors.*

John Austin lived a century in that fleeting moment.

Clarice was never more beautiful than tonight; she had planned to surprise John . . . Alice Gates had told her to use Colleen Moore Face Powder, a delicately scented, sifted thru silk, adherent powder by Darnee, and sold in the stores of The Owl Drug Company and agents for the Owl Drug Company products.

Send 75c for the powder and 10c for packing and postage to The "OWL" or any agent . . . specify shade wanted.

There's an agent for the Owl Drug Company products near you. Ask your local druggist.

Other *Colleen Moore* beauty aids are: Lip Stick, Rouge, Compact, Beauty Cream, Astringent, Perfume, Toilet Water, Talcum, Body Powder, Solid Perfume, Liquid Nail Polish and Remover.

Colleen Moore Face Powder

The Owl Drug Co

San Francisco New York Chicago

Second in a Series of Articles on Home Finance. In This Installment the Author, Who by the Way is a California Housewife, Tells How They Got Out of Debt

simply by

Facing the Music

LOOKING backward over my twelve years of married life, I can now see it divided into three distinct periods, each of which had its own peculiar financial conditions.

Of the first period little explanation is needed as that was the first happy year or two spent in our honeymoon cottage. Although we were still in our early twenties when married, we had both been working for several years and had saved enough money to buy our furniture, stock our wardrobes and start a small savings account. My husband's salary was not large, but as our rent took very little of that and there were no clothing, furniture or doctor bills to pay, we sailed along very happily.

Gradually though, our clothes had to be replaced, additional furniture had to be purchased, doctor's and dentist's bills had to be paid and the second period was ushered in. Now followed the three or four strenuous years of dissatisfaction in all things and then the readjustment, which formed our second period and ended triumphantly in our present third period of mutual understanding, contentment and successful money management, which period neither of us can see any reason for ending until "Death do us two part."

It is impossible to say just how many days or years each of these three periods may cover in other homes, but it is my sincere belief that most married couples pass through all three of them, except of course, the countless thousands every year who end up their second period in the divorce courts before their ship ever reaches the harbor of understanding.

Here is a brief outline of our difficulties and how we finally conquered them. After we had been married for four or five years, we were struggling along barely keeping our heads above water, financially speaking, making payments on our first home, paying insurance premiums and installments on furniture and so on. I was trying my best to account for every penny we spent, but try as I would the bills did pile up and I could not make both ends meet.

What a remarkable difference a few extra dollars can make in the average housewife's disposition. How easy it is to "make a row" because John is late to dinner when the family purse is flat, or how natural it is to complain about the way little Billie leaves the lavatory when the wife wants her hair marcelled but can't afford it.

AS I said before, we did manage to keep afloat, but if it had not been for the hearty cooperation my partner gave me and the patience he showed toward my poor household financing, we never would. My husband was always frank in telling me his income, and I tried my best to account for all the outgo. Little by little, however, my accounting was getting behind and I would find a balance left on bills that ought to have been paid in full regularly.

FINALLY, as explained in my article last month, I decided to install an entirely different system of budgeting, and I realized that the only satisfactory way to start this new plan was to wipe my financial slate clean and begin all over again. So I made out a list of all the debts then outstanding which were not being taken care of properly. There were lots of them, such as the balance on my account at the local department store which had been getting bigger every month, balances on my butcher, grocer and creamery bills, and payments that had been neglected on the hundred and one other little obligations. I made out this list in black and white, and it took nerve to do it, too, for I had been "kidding" myself into believing that everything was fine.

Mind you, we weren't badly in debt or swamped with collectors, but just running enough behind each month to make the atmosphere in our home uncomfortable. I was losing my self-respect and my husband was naturally becoming discouraged. Neither of us had the money we needed for personal expenses and we both looked back longingly on the days of single bliss and financial independence.

Thank goodness, I realized the situation in time, and decided to face the music as best I could. First I made out the list of all unpaid bills, and then I made out a plan for paying all the regular expenses which ought to be paid out of the coming month's income. On bills where it was possible to economize, I made the figures as small as I could and firmly decided to stay within the figures set. I found by doing this that the balance was much bigger (*Continued on page 63*

Thrift Thoughts

INSURANCE is one form of investment which requires practically no looking after.

A family is ordinarily justified in paying two and one-half times its annual income for a home.

Many a house bought on payment plan goes back to the original owner because the buyer had not considered the burden of property depreciation. The wise man will buy a house built of best materials so there will be no big expenditure for upkeep the first five years.

Nine Kitchen Secrets

From the Notebook

of

Genevieve A. Callahan

ARE you one who likes cooking "hunches" almost better than regulation recipes? I am, and for a long time I have been keeping a notebook of ideas, some of which were originated either accidentally or intentionally in my own kitchen; some picked up by observation in the kitchen of good friends; others gleaned from bridge table conversations, to the considerable detriment of the game. Still other ideas have come from the menus of smart restaurants and tea rooms, and have been adapted to home use.

✣ ✣ ✣

From a woman who makes the best apple pie I have ever tasted, I have learned to cube the apples rather than to slice them, for pie. The difference is that the cubed apples support the upper crust better, and also permit the sugar and seasonings to be better distributed through the fruit.

✣ ✣ ✣

The way this accomplished lady makes her pie crust is revolutionary, but as easy as it is good. This is her simple rule:

Use half as much good shortening as flour, and one-half teaspoonful of salt to each cupful of flour. Divide the shortening into two equal parts, and blend one part very thoroughly with the flour and salt, using either a pastry blender or the fingers. Now work in the remainder of the shortening, pressing it in so that it remains in rather large flakes. Put this into the ice box overnight, or longer. When wanted, add just enough ice water to make a rather crumbly dough, roll out lightly, and proceed as usual.

Remember that pie should be put into a hot oven (450 degrees) for about ten minutes, then the heat should be reduced to 350 degrees to finish the baking.

I like to mix a fairly large quantity of fat and flour at one time, and store it in the coldest part of the refrigerator. A cupful of the mixture makes one two-crust pie, and is ready to be used with just the addition of ice water.

✣ ✣ ✣

If your family is small, and you refrain from using the broiling oven as frequently as you would like to for the reason that you dislike to wash the large rack and drip pan, try this:

Put chops, or fish, or steak into a frying pan (choose one, of course, that does not have a wooden handle) and tuck them under the flame. Turn in the usual way. All the juices will be saved, and you will have only one ordinary frying pan to wash.

✣ ✣ ✣

Have you ever tried one of those kettle-scrapers that looks like a wad of metallic yarn on the end of a wooden handle, for scraping potatoes in preparation for baking them? Scaly-looking skins emerge shining clean, and one needs to use a knife point only for the eyes. This works beautifully on new potatoes, too, turning them out in a moment clean and ready for boiling.

✣ ✣ ✣

We like to slice apples and bake them slowly in an oven-glass casserole, adding sugar and cinnamon before putting them into the oven. A friend of ours halves her apples, removes the cores, and arranges the halves in "concentric rings" in the casserole. Bake them slowly, whichever method you follow. The juice around them jells as it cools.

✣ ✣ ✣

If you grow as weary of whipped cream as I do, you will be glad to try out some substitutes. For example, when I make seven-minute icing I double the recipe, and store away a quantity of it in a tightly covered mayonnaise jar in the refrigerator. I use it to top off a fruit gelatine dessert, a plain cake or gingerbread—in fact, almost anywhere that whipped cream is used. For extra delicious variety, cut up a dozen marshmallows, soak them in one-fourth cupful of orange juice, and add to the icing while it is hot.

✣ ✣ ✣

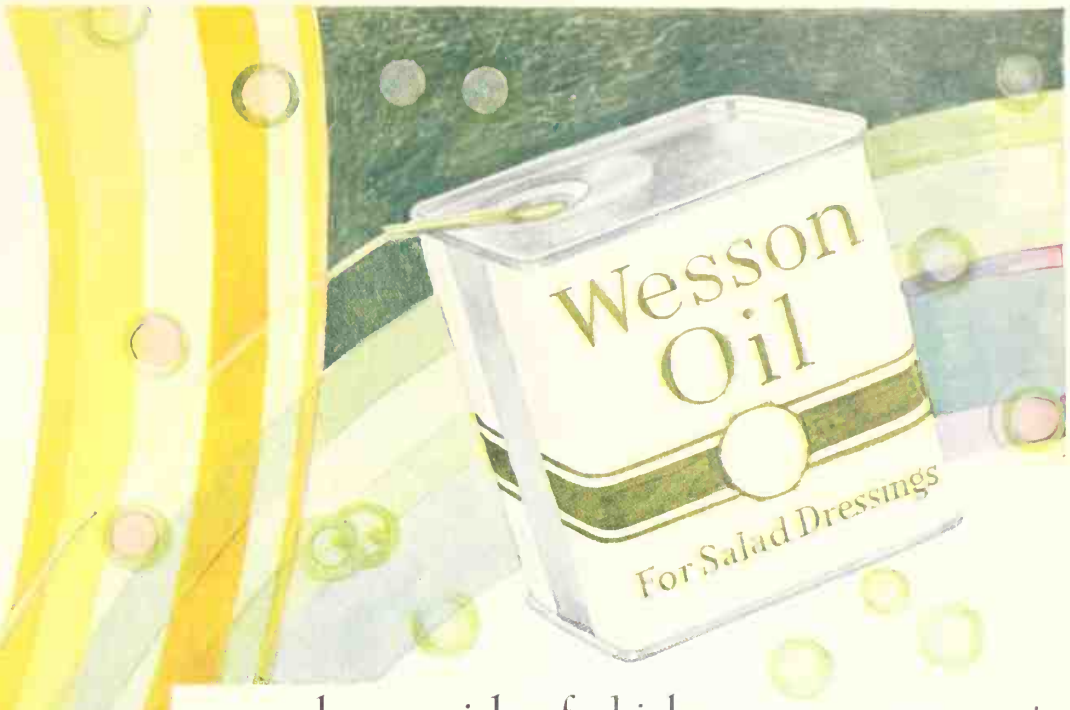
Have you ever used one of those little rubber plate-scrapers to remove the last bit of cake or muffin batter from the mixing bowl? It is a thrifty idea, and neat, too. And do you make full use of the variety of inexpensive brushes designed for kitchen use, that are on the market these days? I have quite an array of them, their handles painted to agree with my kitchen color scheme and with a small screw-eye inserted in the end of each, making it possible to hang them most conveniently near the sink. A long brush with wire handle cleans the grater in short order; another makes washing the food grinder an easy matter; a short, round one with stiff bristles scrubs out in a jiffy those kettles that are inclined to be sticky, and so on.

✣ ✣ ✣

A clever mother who serves hot chocolate at least once a day to her family puts the beverage through a coffee strainer as a quick means of getting rid of the scum that always forms, thus saving the time and bother of using the rotary beater.

✣ ✣ ✣

Kitchen knife drawers can be a source of considerable annoyance if they extend back very far into the cupboard, for invariably the knives and forks slide back beyond reach. Taking a tip from the builders of office desks, a friend of ours had neat little partitions put in the drawers of her built-in cupboard, and then lined the compartments with bright red oilcloth. Thumb tacks hold the oilcloth securely in place. This arrangement is much superior to the system of using small pasteboard boxes to hold the cutlery.



HOW TO MAKE GOOD MAYONNAISE

Break an egg in a bowl—add one tablespoonful of Wesson Oil and beat vigorously until the egg and the oil are thoroughly mixed. Add another tablespoon of oil, continuing the beating. Then two more tablespoons. Then add three, beating all the time. Your Mayonnaise will begin to thicken. Now add Wesson Oil about four tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition—until your Mayonnaise is as thick and stiff as desired.

Now comes the seasoning—which of course may be varied according to taste. Perhaps you will like it this way. Mix well about one-half teaspoon of salt, a teaspoon each of sugar and mustard, with a generous pinch each of paprika and red pepper. Add approximately one and one-half tablespoons of lemon juice or vinegar, and stir until the salt and sugar are dissolved. Pour into the Mayonnaise and beat well.

—and a garnish of thick, creamy *mayonnaise*

Bouillon cup, a dainty crab-meat salad, orange ice and demi-tasse—on your best Wedgwood china . . .

Do you realize how widely the salad has become the *pièce de résistance* at the smarter sort of informal luncheon? And how often the mayonnaise is made with Wesson Oil?

For the success of your salad depends so much on its dressing. And Wesson Oil and just a fresh egg, beaten together and seasoned to taste make quite the most delicious mayonnaise imaginable.

One reason is that Wesson Oil is in itself so delicious to eat. A choice salad oil—pure, wholesome. The crystal clear, pale straw color of it tells you how good it is . . . And one could hardly ask for a flavor more exquisitely delicate.

Indeed, Wesson Oil is so good—and good to eat—that women are fast adopting it for frying and for making cake, muffins, biscuits and pastry.

For cooking the Wesson Oil way is decidedly the modern way. And an easy, convenient way, too—for with Wesson Oil you just *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix—and your measurements are always exact . . . It makes food taste far more delicious.

We have a new cook book full of unusually good recipes that you'll like to try. Write to the Wesson Oil—Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne St., New Orleans, La.

Think of the blessed convenience of a table salt that *never* lumps, cakes or hardens . . . that pours as freely in humid or rainy weather as in dry! Morton's Iodized Salt does this because it's made with cube-shaped crystals which tumble off one another instead of sticking together like the flake crystals of inferior salts.

Yet this is not the only reason for using Morton's Iodized Salt. It also saves children from simple goiter . . . a widespread cause of lack of vigor, irritability and mental backwardness. Made by an 80-year-old company famous for its insistence on quality, physicians pronounce it one of the safest and surest of goiter preventives. Try it!

IODIZED FOR GOITER PREVENTION, ALSO PLAIN

Cutlery, courtesy of Ltstenwalter and Gough

Photographs by Ralph Young Studios

Salad-Making Delights

Equipment Selected by

Elner Martin

WITH salads becoming more and more important in our daily menus we strive to make them the culinary surprises that every family enjoys. In the rush of every day there is yet time to give our simplest and most quickly made salads a note of individuality by the manner in which they are served, garnished or dressed.

Just the right tool for each purpose hastens and simplifies the preparation of foundation greens, vegetables, meat, fish or fruit as the dish may call for. A hardwood chopping board of ample size, and an assortment of carefully chosen knives enable one to cut salad ingredients in shapely pieces, avoiding any minced or chopped appearance. The consumer should always be able to recognize the component parts of his salad. One long slicing knife and two paring knives with blades of different types are necessary, and if these can be supplemented with a fruit knife it is much better.

Knives chosen for use in the kitchen should always be those that will take and will hold an edge, and should have handles so constructed that they will remain secure in continued use. Such knives may now be purchased in stainless steel with most attractive colored handles. Vastly more important than the color of the handles, of course, is the fact that these knives retain their keenness as well as their sheen.

With the aid of a small wooden bowl equipped with a four-blade knife, such garnishes as parsley and hard-cooked egg can be quickly minced. The fruit and vegetable slicer with its fluted edges cuts carrots, beets and the like into interesting shapes for decorating fruit and vegetable salads.

Lettuce remains in perfect condition for use several hours after cleaning and washing if placed in a dampened porous cloth bag in the refrigerator. In the mechanical refrigerators, it is usually better practice to put such greens in a small, tightly covered, non-rusting kettle or pail, to prevent wilting.

In choosing a bowl for the making of mayonnaise, a tall, narrow stone jar into which a rotary beater fits nicely will save much time, temper, and splattering of ingredients over the surrounding territory. A good egg beater, by the way, strong and easily turned, is decidedly essential.

A CHARMING new type of salad service illustrated on this page is the boat-shaped plate with smart china spoon and fork, and mayonnaise boat, all compactly fitted together. The clever "twin" cruet arrangement shown in the lower photograph has one bottle of vivid green and one of rose colored glass, for oil and vinegar. This is a usable and decorative novelty, surely.

A simple salad becomes a table decoration served in this novel set
Courtesy of Nathan Dohrmann Co.

Vivid rose and green bottles united form the cruet shown at right
Courtesy of S. and G. Gump Co.

Where did your bathtub get this dirty ring?—first, you bathed in it. And used lots of soap. The water was hard. The soap combined with the hardness and made scum. That scum collected dirt.

But soften the water with Melo and the scum won't form. Water soft as rain water. Plenty of suds. No tub to scrub.

Water softened with Melo has wonderful cleaning effects, with or without soap. Melo in hard water makes soap much more effective. Put two tablespoonfuls in the washtubs. The clothes are whiter too. And easier to wash. Put one tablespoonful in the dishpan.

Melo saves time, labor, hands. It saves from ⅓ to ½ the amount of soap ordinarily used. It gives you water as soft as rain water. Melo only costs 10 cents a can. Buy 3. Keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry and one in the bathroom. Get it at your grocer's.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO
Canton, Ohio
Manufacturers of Sani-Flush

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MEL'O

WATER SOFTENED WITH MELO IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER

10 *cents*

The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water in your city as soft as rain water.

Colorite

STRAW HAT FINISH

Makes old straw hats like new~

25¢ at Drug and Department Stores
50¢ in Canada

Also try Colorite Fabric Dyes

Made by CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

For the Bridge Luncheon

(*Continued from page 43*)

Spanish Bun Cake

1 cupful of butter
2 cupfuls of brown sugar
4 egg yolks
2 egg whites
1 cupful of sour milk
1 teaspoonful of soda
2¼ cupfuls of cake flour
1 teaspoonful of baking powder
1 teaspoonful each of vanilla, cinnamon, cloves, allspice

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly, add beaten yolks. Stir in alternately the sour milk and the flour sifted with remaining dry ingredients. Put into two greased and lightly floured pans, about 8 inches by 11 inches. Spread the icing on top (the recipe is given below) sprinkle with ½ cupful of nut meats, and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 30 minutes. Be sure that the oven is not too hot. Let cool in pan, cut in squares, and serve with whipped cream or ice cream. This makes eight or ten servings.

Icing

1 cupful of chopped nuts
1 cupful of brown sugar
2 egg whites

Beat egg whites until stiff. Add sugar gradually, beating constantly until it holds its shape; then add ½ cupful of nuts, reserving the other half cupful to sprinkle over the top.

Novelty Sandwich Loaf

1 sandwich loaf of bread
2 hard cooked eggs finely chopped
¼ pound of cold boiled ham, finely chopped
1 package (2¾ ounces) of pimento cheese
¾ cupful of finely chopped pickles
¼ pound of butter thoroughly creamed
Mayonnaise
Salt, paprika, pepper
1 pimento
Lettuce, tomatoes, pickles

Prepare the three fillings for the sandwich loaf first:

(1) Combine hard cooked eggs with 1 tablespoonful of pickle juice, mayonnaise and seasoning.

(2) Combine the chopped sweet pickles and mayonnaise.

(3) Moisten the chopped ham with mayonnaise.

Be sure each of the fillings is soft, moist and well seasoned.

Remove all crust from a loaf of sandwich bread, and cut lengthwise into four long slices.

Spread the lowest slice generously with softened butter, then with filling No. 1. Spread both sides of the next slice with butter and place on top of first. Spread this with filling No. 2. Butter the next slice on both sides and place in position. Spread this with filling No. 3. Cover with the top slice which has also been well buttered. Press the slices together. Wrap tightly in a damp cloth and let stand several hours before icing. To prepare icing, cream the pimento cheese with a fork, moisten with 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise and beat until smooth and creamy. Cover loaf with this and then decorate it with slices of pickle and pieces of pimento cut in fancy shapes. Garnish serving plate with crisp lettuce, slices of tomato, celery and pickles. When ready to serve cut slices ½ to ¾ inches thick, place on salad plate and garnish. A teaspoonful of mayonnaise may be placed on each slice if desired. This makes twelve servings.

Suggestions for other fillings.

Cottage or cream cheese and chopped olives, nuts, or celery.

Deviled ham, or chili, meat and mayonnaise.

Minced tuna or salmon and mayonnaise.

Chocolate Marshmallow Pudding

2 tablespoonfuls of gelatine
½ cupful of cold water
½ cupful of hot water
1 cupful of sugar
⅛ teaspoonful of salt
½ cupful of ground chocolate
4 egg whites
1 teaspoonful of vanilla

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for 5 minutes. Combine hot water, sugar, salt, and chocolate, boil 1 or 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Add gelatine, remove from heat; stir until gelatine is dissolved, allow to cool and thicken. Beat the egg whites until stiff, and add the thickened chocolate mixture gradually, beating constantly. When mixture is very thick pour into wet individual molds or small serving glasses. Serve with whipped cream or a custard sauce.

California Cheese Souffle

3 tablespoonfuls of butter
3 tablespoonfuls of flour
1⅓ cupfuls of milk
⅔ teaspoonful of salt
1 teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce
Paprika
Dash of cayenne
¼ cupful of catsup
1½ cupfuls of grated American cheese
Pinch of soda
4 eggs

Melt butter in top of double boiler over hot water. Stir in flour, milk, salt, Worcestershire sauce, paprika, and cayenne. Cook until thickened, stirring occasionally. Add catsup, soda, cheese and beaten egg yolks. Stir continuously while cheese melts and mixture thickens. Then remove the upper part of double boiler to table and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Cover closely, replace upper part of double boiler and steam 20 minutes. Serve on toast, garnishing with parsley or lettuce. This makes 8 or 9 servings.

Ham Sandwich De Luxe

Garnishes—lettuce, tomatoes (sliced or stuffed with celery), green pepper, stuffed olives

A 4-ounce can of crisp chow mein noodles
2 cupfuls of cheese sauce
2 cans of asparagus tips
8 slices of toast
3 large slices of uncooked ham (about 1½ pounds)

Prepare lettuce and tomatoes. Open the can of crisp noodles. Make the sauce by adding ½ cupful of grated cheese and ½ teaspoonful of paprika to 2 cupfuls of medium white sauce; keep hot in double boiler. Heat the asparagus (I use one pound can and one half-pound can of the tips) in its own juice, adding a small amount of water if necessary. Broil ham and prepare toast. To serve, place slices of toast, cut in three-cornered pieces, on a large serving platter or on individual serving plates. On these place the ham and then the asparagus, drained. Pour the hot cheese sauce over this and top with a stuffed olive and dash of paprika. Garnish the plate with lettuce, tomatoes, slices of green pepper and chow mein noodles. These quantities make 8 servings.

Sweet Sherry Delight

1 loaf of sponge cake
½ the recipe for sherry jelly given below
1 cupful of chopped nuts
1 tablespoonful of chopped candied cherries
½ cupful of pastry cream

Cut slice off top of sponge cake and place to one side. Remove center of cake and fill cavity with sweet sherry jelly, nuts and cherries. Replace top of cake and chill. Serve with sweetened whipped cream to which a pinch of salt and 1 teaspoonful of sweet sherry flavoring has been added.

Sherry Jelly

2½ tablespoonfuls of gelatine or ½ box of gelatine
½ cupful of cold water
1½ cupfuls of boiling water
½ cupful of sugar
1 cupful of sweet sherry flavoring
½ cupful of orange juice
3 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice

Soak gelatine five minutes in cold water. Add boiling water, then sugar, and stir until gelatine and sugar are dissolved. When partly cooled add sherry, orange juice and lemon juice. Then strain, and let set.

Corn Waffles

2 cupfuls of cake flour
3½ teaspoonfuls of baking powder
½ teaspoonful of salt
1 cupful of milk
2 eggs
2 tablespoonfuls of sugar (omit if corn is very sweet)
2 cupfuls of canned corn (or 1 No. 2 can)
¼ cupful of melted butter

Sift dry ingredients. Stir in milk and well beaten eggs. Beat thoroughly and add corn and melted fat. Bake in a piping hot waffle iron, and serve hot with butter. This makes 5 or 6 large waffles. Double the recipe if 9 persons are to be served.

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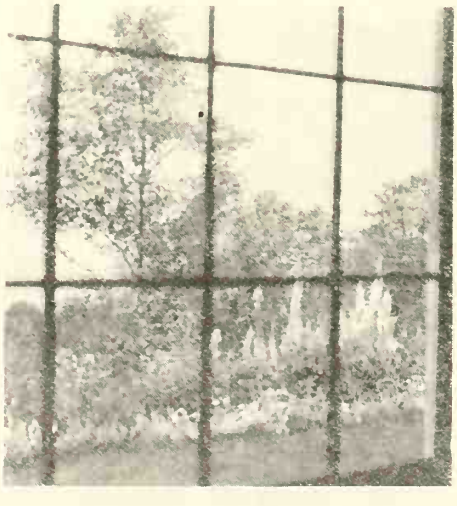
With Western Garden Clubs

The City-Wide Flower Club of Seattle Is Doing Big Things

THE City-Wide Flower Club of Seattle was organized two years ago, and through its policy of adequate representation for all parts of Seattle (the Board of Trustees is composed of one representative from each telephone division in the City), its frequent meetings which the members insist upon having twice a month, even in the winter, its educational lectures and its friendly cooperation with other organizations, has taken its place among the leading clubs of Seattle. Last year the club presented a series of botanical lectures, comprising "Early Forms of Plant Life," "Structure and Purpose of Leaves," "Types of Buds and Flowers," "How Plants Protect Themselves," and "Seeds and Plant Reproduction." These were open to the public without charge, and were held in the evening.

Inspiration for sustained interest and activity in one's garden may be obtained through a garden club in at least three ways—through the programs, which usually provide for a talk on some phase of gardening by an experienced grower; through exchange of ideas with the members themselves; and by means of flower exhibits. Lectures on many subjects of general interest such as "Fall Work in the Garden," "Planting to Attract Birds and for Winter Effect," "Planting the Parking Strips," "Perennials for the Hardy Border," "Conifers," and "Design in the Garden" have been sponsored by the City-Wide Flower Club, as well as more detailed information on the care and planting of such plants as roses, peonies, the iris and the gladiolus. Chrysanthemums, which can be grown so wonderfully on the Pacific Coast have received especial attention.

A walk through the University of Washington Campus, and pilgrimages to nurseries and outstanding gardens have been part of the summer programs. From May until November, the meetings are held at the homes of members, a box luncheon being served at noon. These are gala days, with the trips to less familiar sections of the city, the informal luncheons out-of-doors if the weather permits, and the eager examination of the hostess' garden, weather permitting or not! These opportunities to study growing gardens, and the resultant plant exchanges, are greatly appreciated.



From her living room window, Mrs. Parsons looks out upon a living garden picture

The soil in Seattle varies in different localities from sand and gravel to heavy clay. So expert have the members become in giving plants the right food and conditions for growth, that we fully expect to see them exchanging soil next year! Many perplexing problems of plant culture have been solved by means of these visits to the gardens of members, for it is here that we see the cold frame in operation, the nursery bed for transplanted seedlings (and long are the discussions of seed catalogs) the provision made for compost storage, the style of covering used for the large chrysanthemums during severe rain storms, and as in one case where a dahlia garden was visited two days before a show, how the blossoms are kept in condition and prepared for a show.

MUCH interest is being manifested in design and color, without some knowledge of which no gardener can hope to gain permanently good effects. Many members make the growing of one flower a specialty, and while classed as amateurs, have a

knowledge of the plant approximating that of a professional grower. Some are interested in producing only specimen plants, while others plan for garden effect throughout the year. This diversity of interest is most stimulating.

And then the garden show—the culmination of a year's activity. Properly planned, with efficient committees responsible for certain phases of the work, a show becomes something truly representative of the spirit of a club, something to anticipate despite its magnitude. Since its organization, the City-Wide Flower Club has fostered interest in flower shows by holding at each meeting an informal exhibit of seasonal flowers, offering a trophy for the best arrangement and one for the most perfect specimen.

It is in the application of knowledge gained through a flower club that most amateur growers experience the true joys of gardening. If, as has been said, we own all that we can enjoy, and enjoy most that for which we have labored, then truly the gardeners are the great land-owners, their reward renewing itself annually in the scent of blossoms, the long shadows of trees, a wood path, a lily pool, the trill of a meadow-lark.—MRS. KARL PARSONS.

Try This on Your Garden Club

FOR an interesting Garden Club feature why not have a "Learn a Western Flower" discussion? In arranging for a feature of this sort, the program committee might make arrangements with one of the local nurserymen to appear at each meeting, bringing with him some unusual or little-known flower to introduce to his audience. I have a mental picture of such a person standing in front of a group of interested garden fans, holding in his hands a gorgeous orange Peruvian lily (*Alstroemeria aurantiaca*).

After pointing out the brown pencilings on the velvety petals of this lily and calling attention to the size and the shape of the leaves, the speaker could well go into his discussion of the flower. I can hear him describe how the Peruvian lily grows either from division of roots or from seeds, the first being a more practical method of propagation. As he goes into the details concerned with growing this lovely flower, I can hear him stress that the roots may be planted from October on until spring (speaking now of California) and that only firm stock which is not too dry should be used.

The speaker would remember to describe the exact method of setting the roots of this flower, advising his audience to plant the main root horizontally and five or six inches deep.

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He would remind his group that this lily needs a sunny situation and should be placed in light, well-drained soil. He would mention that watering should be held off to some extent until the new leaves appear. He would finally suggest to the audience, eager and alert by this time, that patience is required to produce this flower since it takes a full season to establish the plant, but that as years go on, the results are most gratifying. If this meeting were held in late summer or fall I can picture a goodly number of that audience going home fully determined to try some Peruvian lilies another year. The nurseryman who so kindly gave his time to speak on this flower would, in turn, receive some orders and free publicity as a result of his afternoon's work.

If you are looking for some feature of unusual interest, perhaps you will like to put this "learn a western flower" idea on your emergency garden club shelf.—M. C.

For the Garden Club Book Shelf

GARDEN history does not say so, but I have a feeling that Prof. Edward A. White once went into a home where a dozen American Beauty roses were being choked to death in a narrow-necked vase. Fired with indignation at this and similar outrages against his flower friends, Professor White was moved to write "The Principles of Flower Arrangement." And thousands of persons have been glad that he did write this interesting book, for it gives a wealth of information not easily obtainable from other sources. If you want to know how to arrange flowers and plants most effectively for the home, church, flower show or exhibition, you should have this 228-page, well-bound book, "The Principles of Flower Arrangement." If it is not on sale at your favorite book store, SUNSET MAGAZINE will be glad to order it for you. Price $3.00 in book shops, or $3.15 postpaid. Published by the A. T. De La Mare Co., Inc., New York.

All garden clubs of the West are invited to contribute to this department of SUNSET MAGAZINE. Tell us what your club is doing, what you plan to do and what garden clubs in general can accomplish by working together. All letters used in this department are paid for at manuscript rates.

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A Poet in a Raccoon Coat

(*Continued from page 38*)

when they left, I was invited to go with them "up to the house."

Our taxicab took us to a dignified and spacious house perched on a hill above the ancient capital. And to my surprise, although there were other people in various parts of the house when we arrived, Bynner proved to be the host. Could this, I speculated, be the "hermit's hut in the desert" referred to by the English novelist, Stephen Graham, in his book *In Quest of El Dorado?*

The house was a museum of Chinese carvings in wood and jade, and long, lovely scrolls of Chinese paintings—all of this strangely mingled with beautiful Indian jars, Mexican serapes, Navajo rugs. The library was books from floor to ceiling. The patio was a quiet pool in the moonlight beyond.

Here, as in the restaurant, everything revolved around Bynner. He was the "life of the party." He was asked to play the piano, to sing, to tell a story, to read a play—all of which he did with gusto. But the reading was best of all because of the rich, expressive voice I had noted before. And there followed a hot literary discussion as to its merits and faults. It was in manuscript, was by someone I had never heard of, and was being valiantly supported by our host against a fusillade of criticism.

AT last I began to reconcile the fact that this big rowdy and the poet I had visualized were one and the same; that this raucous story-teller was really the author of *Grenstone Poems*, *The Beloved Stranger*, and a dozen other volumes of exquisite verse.

And gradually I saw how much it explained: it explained what I had heard of him as an indefatigable friend and advisor of more young poets than could be named. It explained the number of volumes which appear almost every season with the grateful dedication "To Witter Bynner." It explained, too, that to be a poet, one need not look like one.

to have the tops of window boxes on a level with the window sills so that the full beauty of the plants may be enjoyed indoors as well as out-of-doors.

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What Does Your Mirror Tell You?

By Jean Ashcroft

FROM stage and movie screen and printed page, we are urged daily to "face the facts." One of the ways of obeying this command is to stand before a full-length mirror and there, in a strong light, give thought and study to one's personal appearance. After a few minutes spent in the consideration of the ensemble, it is wise to sit down and study details. It must all be done hopefully and optimistically, of course, never letting the feeling of "Oh, what's the use? This is the way I look and I suppose I'll never be any better looking," creep in.

First, how do you like your general appearance? Are you forty pounds too heavy, or haggardly thin? (If the first, get a copy of the little book, "Get Rid of That Fat," by Samuel Blythe, which gives the very best advice we have ever found on that heavy subject. It is an account of his own loss of excess weight by following the rules laid down for him by Dr. W. D. Sansum of Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital.) Do you stand erect, with an easy but dignified posture? What do you do with your hands? And how about your feet? Do your toes turn straight ahead as they should when you stand and walk? Do you hold your head up, or let it droop apologetically? If you are tall, the chances are that you have fallen into the latter fault.

Are your stocking seams straight? The heels of your shoes straight, not in the least run-over? Are your skirts a becoming length? There is no one correct length for skirts, you know. Every woman and girl must discover what is the best length for herself, and abide by that discovery. Be sure that there are no glimpses of pale pink bloomers showing beneath the hem of your skirt, or worse yet, an expanse of bare leg above rolled stockings. It is not on the grounds of morality I am objecting; it is merely that a two-inch expanse of bare skin above a wadded stocking-top is far from good-looking, besides being in poor taste.

Do your dresses fit well across the shoulders? Do your sleeve-seams fall in exactly the right spot, or do they sag down off your shoulders? No matter how expensive a frock may be, its effect is ruined if it has this fault. Consider, also, how your dresses fit around the waist and hips. The present styles do not permit a great deal of fullness, it is true, but there should be no strained effect anywhere.

And do be careful as to the length and placing of the belt of every dress! One that is too loose rides up in back and drops down in front, or vice versa, in most ungraceful manner. One that is too snug is equally bad-looking, for one is sure to bulge slightly over both edges. A belt should be just the right length to fit one's circumference at exactly the right place—the right place, of course, being dictated largely by the season's styles. The belt should go straight around one with no dips or sags.

I HAVE not mentioned corsets or girdles, which are necessary to the successful wearing of the present styles in dresses. Do be sure to have every corset fitted, and then put it on properly; have it pulled well down at the back and sides, leaving it slightly higher in front. This arrangement will cause the girdle to press against your diaphragm, holding it in, and reminding you to stand erect for the sake of comfort.

Now, sit down in a chair, watching yourself in the mirror as you seat yourself. Do you do it gracefully? How about rising? And how about the effect when you cross your knees as most of us do?

Now put on your hat and coat, scarf and gloves, as you usually wear them when you are just running down town on an errand. Do you look smart? There are two chances for error: one, in the selection of clothing, the other in the wearing of it. Taking it for granted that your choice is good, do you put your coat on neatly, seeing that it does not wrinkle diagonally

across the front, due to careless fastening? Do you put on your hat at the correct angle for that particular style of hat? Is your scarf fresh, and do you put it on neatly or carelessly? Are your gloves clean, and do you wear them smartly?

This is a long cross-examination, but not complete even yet. It is necessary, in checking up on one's looks, first to discover how good or bad her general appearance really is, and then, realizing that the general effect is made up of countless details, to study each one and decide what should be done to improve it.

In future articles, we shall discuss the specific things to be done in behalf of good looks.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA~

to dry brushes with the bristle side down.

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 51*)

than formerly, and I used that balance to pay the bills on my black list. It took several months to wipe the slate clean, but it surely was worth the effort a hundred times over.

As the old bills were wiped out, and the amount on hand which we could use for personal expenses became larger, I noticed the atmosphere in our home cleared up and we entered into the happy third period of our married life.

Even now, after six years in this third period, I won't say that it is always sunshine, and I'm sure I wouldn't appreciate it if it were, but when the clouds begin to gather, I just "Face the Music" and fit my pattern to my material. This may mean spending our vacation in our own back yard the year Billie has his tonsils taken out, but just the same we are living in perfect harmony, buying two modern bungalows, driving an automobile, playing a baby grand piano and systematically saving for the days to come.

I have a little framed motto in my sewing room upstairs, which I often read when I am darning stockings for little Billie, and it surely has stiffened my back-bone more than once, so I will repeat it here: "Most any poor old fish can float, and drift along and dream, but it takes a regular live one to swim against the stream."

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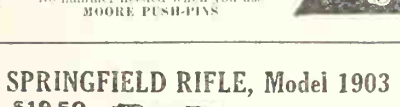

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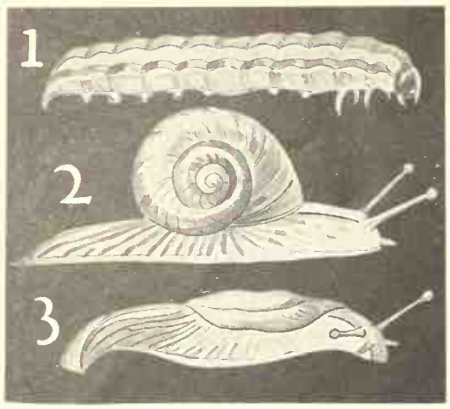
It's a Good Idea to send your Good Ideas to Sunset Magazine

▼ ▼ ▼

Note the ones sprinkled through this copy of Sunset Magazine. Surely you have some worth passing along. One dollar will be paid for each idea that can be used. Address Dept. B, Sunset Magazine, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco.



1—Cutworm 2—Snail 3—Slug

Quick Death

To cutworms, snails, slugs, earwigs, sowbugs, grasshoppers

When You Use This New Way!

DESTROY these unsightly and destructive pests in your garden with Snarol, the proved scientific method that has won the approval of thousands of home owners, gardeners and nurserymen everywhere.

You simply broadcast this ready prepared meal on the ground about the plants and vegetation. The pests eat the meal as a food and are quickly destroyed.

Unlike old time methods, Snarol is non-injurious to plants and vegetation when used according to simple directions. Also, water will not harm Snarol—in fact it works best when damp. This feature makes it ideal for use where rain and sprinkling cause wet garden conditions.

Act today for plant protection and freedom from these unsightly pests. For sale at seed stores, hardware dealers and leading drug stores in convenient 1 lb. and 3 lb. packages and 15 lb. bags. If more convenient write Dept. 83, Antrol Laboratories, Inc., 651-53 Imperial Street, Los Angeles, California, for free 24-page pamphlet and name of your nearest dealer.

Stop Ants

Antrol, a companion product to Snarol, quickly kills Argentine and other sweet eating ants. *Not a paste or powder* but a complete system composed of tiny glass jars which you fill with Antrol syrup. These jars then stand "on guard" like sentinels.

Use Antrol

Snarol

The National Pest Control

wraps, located either in the entrance hall or off the living room, is also quite desirable, and perhaps in the rear hall can be found room for a spare clothes or general-purpose closet. Sometimes this last-mentioned closet is finished—walled and ceiled—in cedar, for keeping furs and the better woolen garments. Indeed, one such closet, whether it be given a place in a hall or in one of the bedrooms, is an especially desirable feature, and its being lined with cedar ordinarily adds but comparatively little to the cost. There, too, of course, should be a small closet somewhere off the kitchen or rear-entry porch for brooms and such articles, and many housewives find a special closet for pots and pans, equipped with hangers or racks, an admirable kitchen convenience. If space permits, one will find a closet more or less expressly designed for storing the sewing machine out of sight, or for concealing a wall bed of some kind, still another worthy accessory of the home.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA

to build circular garden benches so that the occupants may face each other while chatting.

✣ ✣ ✣

Sleeping porches, receiving an abundance of natural light as they usually do, should be finished—both woodwork and walls — in at least moderately dark colors, in spite of the fact that many architects and decorators recommend white. Light, soft green or gray will help to temper the early morning glare, lend a suggestion of coolness, and make the porch or room easier to keep looking clean. The curtains and drapes may also be selected with a view to softening the profusion of light.

✣ ✣ ✣

There are doubtless many other points on home building that might well be brought to the embryo planner's attention. The wise prospective home-builder, unless already considerably experienced, begins well in advance to glean ideas wherever he can find them that will possibly be helpful in the coming undertaking. Naturally, one cannot expect to make use of all of them in a single home, but he is, as a result of this idea assembling, the better able to choose judiciously and to have the house of his dreams realized.

"You can go 20 miles on less than a gallon of gasoline"

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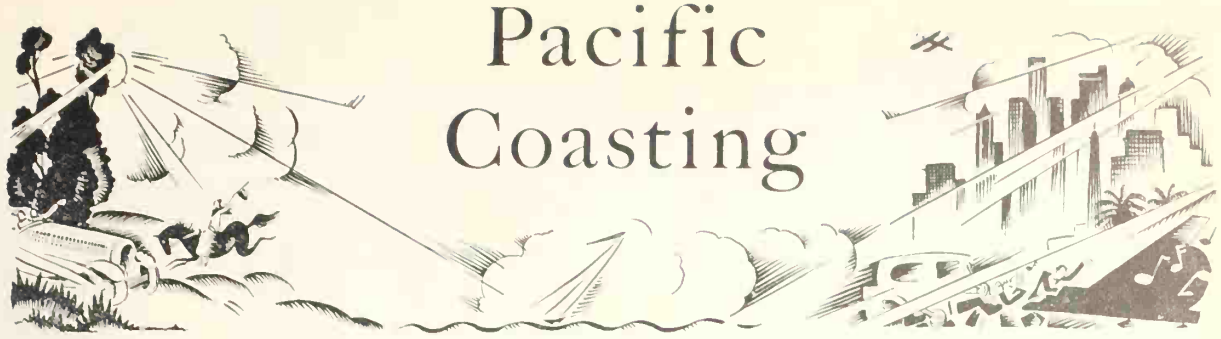


Pacific Coasting

Willard Johnson

NOTHING could be more business-like, by way of re-introducing ourselves (Do we spell our name with a "t"? No, we do not.) than to misquote ourselves in the following journalistic manner:

Mr. Johnson, whose page (which he whimsically dubs *Pacific Coasting*) was inaugurated in the Sunset Magazine last month, announced today that his policy remains unchanged and that he will by no means consider altering his platform despite the present National Crisis. Before a large and enthusiastic audience he reiterated this afternoon his determination to slide down whatsoever hills he chooses, Parnassian or otherwise, and he further stated: "If such wayward coasting takes me as far afield as Telegraph Hill in San Francisco or as the banks of Cherry Creek in Denver, I shall not shirk. (Laughter). Nor shall I hesitate, should the occasion arise, to beard Mr. Douglas Fairbanks himself in his lair, or to slide down the most frightening embankment, unaided even by an alpenstock, should I note a facetious comment lurking at the bottom of such a declivity." (Applause.)

This seems to cover the situation pretty well.

* * *

WHEN one orders a sandwich nowadays, one may get, apparently almost anything. Yesterday we ordered what we were naive enough to suppose would be a very simple dish: a fried egg sandwich. Imagine our embarrassment when a large platter was set before us which resembled a pictorial relief map of a Polynesian island!

The central range of mountains, quite rugged and alarmingly precipitous, was made of potato salad. A little outlying coral reef of ripe olives enclosed a cunning bay of shining white china. One of the principal islands off the coast (probably the naval training base) was fortuitously constructed of a dill pickle; and the broad fertile plains of the eastern section were represented by a clean, smooth square of buttered bread, which we might normally have expected to be the top of the sandwich. The uplands on the west coast, we finally perceived, were none other than the fried egg itself, cleverly concealed beneath virgin parsley forests. And around the whole were realistic dashing green waves of lettuce.

"What a picture!" we exclaimed, entranced.

* * *

Unfortunately, we have the habit of putting two and two together and making all sorts of things: four, five, three, a pun and what not. Recently, when the first orchestral performance without the guidance of a conductor was heralded as a unique event at Carnegie Hall in New York, we thought nothing of it. But now that we are reminded of Ernest Bloch by the recent hullabaloo about his new symphony, "America," and by the article in Sunset last month about him, we remember at once what he said a long time ago about conducting. He was told of a man in Pittsburgh who maintained an entire orchestra in order that he might himself be the leader. "Vell," said the inimitable composer, "has he got nice legs? Do the *vimmen* like him? That's all that is necessary to be a good conductor!" And so another bubble is busted.

* * *

AN unkind reader was annoyed with us for being so highbrow as to call the wild lilac by even a half of its Latin name — ceanothus — and he (she, to be exact) has written us a nasty letter saying that the vulgarest name of all for the plant is Tick-Bush. Disgusting. But it reminds us to warn you that although this is the season when the wild lilac blooms, it is also the season when the wood-ticks are most plentiful and vicious. Turpentine or alcohol are supposed to make the little dears retreat, once they are imbedded in your skin; but we have found that determined tail-pulling followed by capital punishment is the best method.

* * *

A. M. S. sends us a note:

"Miss Elaine Stewart," says our up-state weekly, "is being expensively entertained before departing for her new home in Seattle."

May her dinner checks never grow less! And may all our readers become imbued with the same sweet spirit of helpfulness that A. M. S. has shown, and send us similar nuggets that they pick up in their own private coasting.

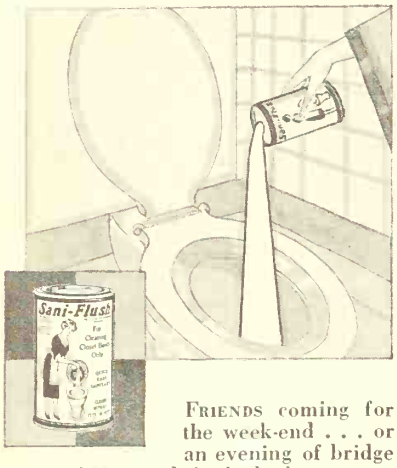
OUR ALMANAC FOR MARCH

WEATHER: Everybody has heard of March winds. Well, it seems that despite the years and years we have been having March winds, in March, we are still going to have March winds in March. Business as usual.

HOROSCOPE: Last night Orion was lying stretched out on the horizon right on top of his sword! Just think what that means. It means things aren't what they should be by a long shot. The thing to do is to tack another amendment onto the constitution.

BIRDS & FLOWERS: O Violaceae, Iridaceae, Compositae, Nemophila insignus! In other words, Oh gosh, look at the Johnny-Jump-ups, Iris, Dandelions and Baby-Blue-Eyes!

The toilet, too, can *sparkle*



FRIENDS coming for the week-end . . . or an evening of bridge . . . clean towels in the bathroom . . . fresh soap. . . . Oh! If that toilet were not so stained and discolored. Sani-Flush can clean it . . . almost in a moment make it sparkle!

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl, following directions on the can. Then flush, stains and incrustations disappear. Foul odors are banished, for Sani-Flush reaches the hidden, unhealthful trap.

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Boys' Camps vs Boy Scamps

▼ ▼ ▼

Before you tell your young son that "of course he can't go away to camp next summer", read the article on boy camp life

In the April Issue of Sunset Magazine

Before You Build *that New Home*

By Charles Alma Byers

THERE is much more to the planning of a new home than merely deciding on its architectural style and the number of rooms it is to have. Indeed, it is by giving, in advance, thoughtful consideration to the multiplicity of little things that the completed home is made the more nearly ideal, the more likely to prove a lasting joy. One contemplating building should, therefore, begin early to compile some sort of list of the smaller features and details to be incorporated into the plans, to safeguard against their possibly being overlooked or forgotten.

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Architects usually submit to their clients, for approval, pencil sketches of the plans before making them up in finished form. These should be gone over carefully, painstakingly—room by room. Not only should the room arrangement, the location of doors and windows, and the other principal points be studied and visualized, but especially should one be sure that the plans show the desired built-in features and other equipment. If one has prepared in advance a list of features and details wanted, it is well to check it over in comparison with the sketches.

✣ ✣ ✣

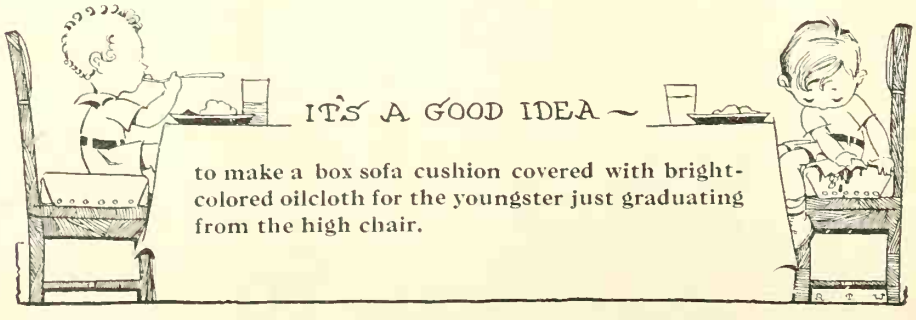
The written specifications, when ready, should likewise be carefully read and studied. Properly prepared, they will be explicit in their description of proposed construction, not vague or indefinite. They will specify kinds and grades of materials to be used—for walls, floors, roofs, and so forth. They will give ingredient proportions for cement work; state whether sheathing is to be employed, and the kind; describe the manner of bracing and fireblocking; list the kind or quality of any brick to be included in the work, and so on. Also, either in them or in the plans, the dimensions of the principal framing timbers should be definitely fixed, as well as the spacing of floor joists, studding, rafters, and other such timbers. This is especially important, as there will then be no excuse on the part of the contractor for using, for instance, two-by-three-inch studding, when two-by-four-inch or larger is expected, nor for spacing the floor joists twenty or twenty-four inches apart on centers, when sixteen or eighteen-inch spacing is wanted. In brief, one should know exactly what he is going to get, or be able to demand, for his money before it is too late.

✣ ✣ ✣

Liberal window lighting for all rooms is, ordinarily, very much to be desired. However, in going over the plans of the proposed new home, one should bear in mind the need of suitable wall space for the piano, for the beds in the sleeping rooms, and for the various other items of furniture requiring such locations. The plans, drawn to the scale of one inch equalling a certain number of feet, will enable one to determine whether such wall spaces are provided for, and whether they are of ample breadth to accommodate the pieces of furniture for which intended without interference with some door or window.

✣ ✣ ✣

The placing of electric light fixtures is another important detail, especially in regard to bedrooms and possible dressing rooms. In all probability, some of them will be of the bracket type. These should be given locations that will conform, in the practical sense, with the logical placing of dressers and other such furniture. Naturally, one will also want wall plugs for electrical floor and table lamps; and not only should they be installed at the time of building, but should be provided in sufficient number, suitably distributed throughout



IT'S A GOOD IDEA ~

to make a box sofa cushion covered with bright-colored oilcloth for the youngster just graduating from the high chair.

the rooms, to assure the lamps being given desirable locations in relation to the placing of the furniture. Such connections installed while building is in progress cost very little in comparison with the cost of later installation. It is also well, no doubt, to include one especially for the electric radio.

✣ ✣ ✣

The drainboards of kitchen sinks are commonly given an elevation of about thirty-six inches. This is quite satisfactory for the woman of average height, but in certain instances it may be either too high or too low to constitute a comfortable working surface. In building one's own home, this is a matter that should be regulated especially to suit the user. Stationary wash-tubs are now usually made with supporting standards which enable them to be raised or lowered. If other than this kind is used, one should make sure at the time of installation that its height is suited to the person who will use it.

✣ ✣ ✣

A cover for the stationary wash-tub, made of boards held together with small cleats, constitutes a very serviceable little convenience, both as a sort of table and as an aid to keeping the tub clean. It may be made removable, or may be fastened to the wall above the tub with hinges, after the fashion of a lid. Such a cover can, of course, be made by anyone, at any time.

✣ ✣ ✣

A definite place for locating the telephone should be decided on at the time of building, and a means of making the necessary wiring connections be provided. This precaution will help to safeguard against marred walls, often quite damaging. A special little shelf or table, with a place underneath for the telephone directory, is often provided for the purpose, usually in the hall, unless one has a library or study.

✣ ✣ ✣

A door or two set with a full-length mirror makes a very appreciable convenience. Such mirrors are best suited to bedrooms, using closet doors for the purpose, which permits their being swung to any desired position.

✣ ✣ ✣

Liberal closet space is always a big asset in the work of keeping a home in order. It is doubtful, in fact, if a home can ever have too many closets. There will, in every case, of course, be at least one for each sleeping room. These bedroom closets should be about as large as floor space will permit, and, wherever feasible, they should be so placed as to have a small window in an outside wall, to aid in their ventilation. A special closet for

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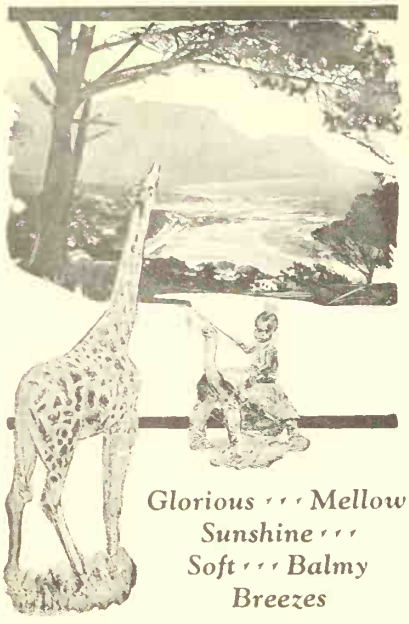

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Paint Pointers

TRY painting small pieces of furniture with two coats of quick-drying lacquer. While the second coat is still wet, dip a dry paint brush (one about an inch wide) into either gold or copper bronze and hold it near, not on, the drying lacquer, blowing on the brush in the direction of the painted object. The powder will blend itself with effectiveness into the lacquer. Baskets and even furniture can be improved in the same fashion.

* * *

Don't throw away the gilt bird cage which has become tarnished or seems out-of-date. One of the new fast drying brushing lacquers will completely rejuvenate it in a few minutes. Try lacquering the cage old ivory or even a gayer color. For the fine mesh on the cage a few drops of thinner should be used in the lacquer.

* * *

After buying new oilcloth for the kitchen table make sure that it will give the maximum of wear. When it is tacked down give it a couple of coats of colorless shellac. This will guarantee much longer wear and pots and pans will not stick to it. In addition the oilcloth can be kept clean more easily, merely by using a damp cloth.

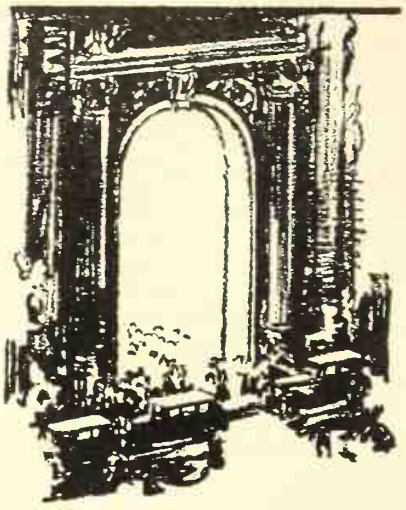
* * *

Painting or varnishing the insides of cupboards and drawers has proved a great improvement over the old methods of lining them with paper. In the first place, they are more easily cleaned, since dust and dirt cannot burrow into the wood, but remains on the hard surface ready to be wiped off with a damp cloth. They present a much more attractive appearance when opened to view, and are an incentive to keep better order. If drawers where linens are kept are painted blue, the linens will not become yellow.

* * *

Here is a practical method for conserving your books and at the same time making them sanitary for handling. A coat of shellac applied to the outer cover preserves the surface and colors, and gives it a smooth, non-absorbent character which is washable and practically germ-proof. The shellac treatment is particularly ideal for children's books, which are subject to hard use and little care; likewise for the cook book. The idea is a good one, too, for rare old editions, since the shellac forms a moist-proof wear-resisting coat which will preserve the cover indefinitely.—J. S.

THE
Doorway of Hospitality



ENTER the doorway of this popular hostelry and you feel at home. There's an atmosphere of cordial welcome which marks the difference between the Hollywood Plaza and ordinary hotels.

Your room, too, has that added touch of distinction. Pictures on the wall, overstuffed furniture, a floor lamp and reading lamp . . . these are but a few of the features that make you feel at home.

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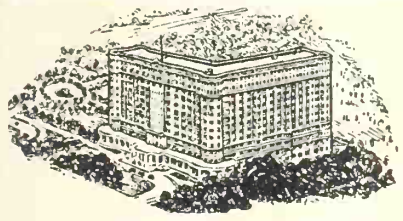

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CHICAGO, ILL.

Sunset Travel Service

(*Continued from page 9*)

that we know you will be able to find just what you want.

What are the principal ports of call on one of the typical round-the-world tours? —H. M., Idaho.

New York, Havana, Cristobal, Balboa, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila, Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Suez, Port Said, Alexandria, Naples, Genoa, Marseilles, and Boston.

Some friends have invited me to join them in an auto trip to Yosemite Valley this summer. They are all horseback enthusiasts, and I hate the sight of a horse. While they are bumping hither and yon on their nags, could I make use of the two good legs the Lord endowed me with?—MISS H. J. F., Nevada.

Certainly. You need legs to ride a horse, but if you insist on walking, there are plenty of delightful trails leading to the major points of interest in the Valley. In all probability, if you are a good walker, you will be able to reach any point near the Valley just as fast or faster than your friends. If you go to Half Dome, they will have to walk—pardon us, climb—the last mile or so, anyway.

We advise you to make the trip by all means. Walking in the Valley is a popular sport, and you will never lack company, if you desire it.

I am planning a trip to Alaska this summer and I would like to know something about the "Inside Passage" which I have heard mentioned frequently.—C. B. B., Idaho.

You are planning a trip of extraordinary charm indeed. The "Inside Passage," the most popular route to Alaska, takes you from Seattle to Skagway. The entire thousand miles is sheltered from the open sea by the long archipelago that stretches from Puget Sound to the Lynn Canal.

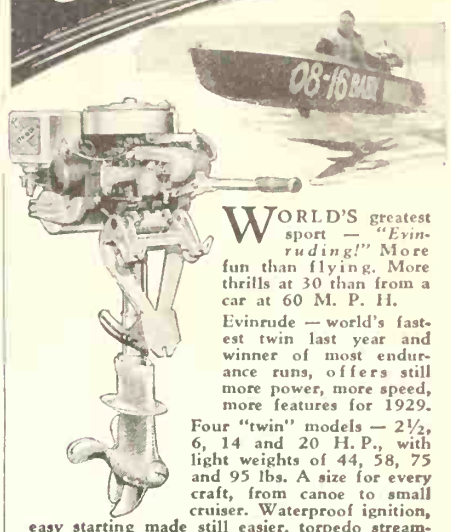
It is a four day voyage with stops en route at Ketchikan, sometimes at Metlakatla, Wrangell, Petersburg; at the resplendent Taku Glacier, a mile long and from two to three hundred feet high; at Juneau, the capital; at the Treadwell Mine, and at Fort William H. Seward.

As you go the ever-changing panorama of snow-crowned peaks, green islands, glaciers and cascades make the trip a continuous delight from start to finish.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA

not to ask the man at the filling station a lot of questions while he is filling the tank of the automobile. Wait until he has finished and put the cap on the tank. Then pay the bill and ask how to go where.

3 to 45 M.P.H.



WORLD'S greatest sport — *"Evinruding!"* More fun than flying. More thrills at 30 than from a car at 60 M. P. H.

Evinrude — world's fastest twin last year and winner of most endurance runs, offers still more power, more speed, more features for 1929.

Four "twin" models — 2½, 6, 14 and 20 H. P., with light weights of 44, 58, 75 and 95 lbs. A size for every craft, from canoe to small cruiser. Waterproof ignition, easy starting made still easier, torpedo streamline, pressure vacuum cooling (no moving parts), ball and roller bearings, self steering.

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Ferguson Travel Service, 804 S. Spring St., L. A.
Frank C. Clark, Times Building, New York City

South America

A Summerland for Winter days... sunshine... flowers ...warmth... await you in South America now. See BUENOS AIRES in the midst of gay summer days, with its shops, race tracks, parks, social life. Also MONTEVIDEO, the city of roses, with its colorful bathing beaches. And Santos, the world famed coffeeport. Delightful summer fun in South America preceeded by a splendid cruise thru the Straits of Magellan aboard 12,000 ton McCormick Liners. Skip the long winter and go now!

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1319 Fourth Avenue, Seattle

ADIOS

SEVERAL days before this March issue of SUNSET went into the mails, we sent out a dozen or more advance proofs to various business men and housewives up and down the coast, asking for their comments. Another half dozen were handed to representative men here in San Francisco.

WE watched Paul Thompson's face as he looked at the spring-like cover. "Why do you want to spoil a beautiful picture by sticking that ten-cent sign on it?" he roared. We explained at some length that since the selling price of SUNSET had so recently been reduced to ten cents a copy we wanted to put the stamp in the most conspicuous place, and so on and so on. After all our argument, Mr. Thompson, like one of "The Two Black Crows," still contended that "even if it was a good idea he wouldn't like it." If you agree with him, you will be interested in knowing that pictures on future covers of SUNSET will not be even slightly disfigured in this manner. And what fine covers are in store for you, each of them typically western and each painted by a western artist! Stanley Long, who painted this March cover; Maurice Logan, who did the colorful one for February; and all the other artists who are to furnish future cover designs will appreciate hearing how you like their work.

THE advance proofs of this March issue brought enthusiastic comments expressing approval of the article, "The Story of Utah's Dixie," by Frank J. Taylor. You who have just finished reading this entertaining description of a romantic land, will quite understand the approval of these earlier readers. We promise you many more such journeys into the land of adventure.

OUR next comment on this issue came from a man in Los Angeles, who, though connected with the Chamber of Commerce, blushingly asked us not to use his name. Without using the blindfold test, this gentleman registered genuine approval of the garden articles, especially liking, "Along the Primrose Path in Western Gardens," by Sydney B. Mitchell. We are sure that this retiring young man (and all you other garden fans as well) will be delighted to know that this same Sydney Mitchell of the University of California, author of "Gardening in California" (which book is often called the western garden bible), is the garden consultant on SUNSET magazine, and that this article on primroses is the first in a series of flower articles from his talented typewriter.

FROM a woman in Washington comes this comment: " 'The Kitchen Cabinet' is the very best plan I have ever seen for presenting recipes in a magazine. I have already cut out every one and pasted them on cards in my filing cabinet, and am trying them on my family now, a new recipe every day. I hope you will tell us exactly how to cook artichokes and succini, and all the other western products, some of which I could not even spell when I came to this part of the country." We are answering this good friend here by saying that the recipes printed in "The Kitchen Cabinet" will come from the best cooks in the West and that she is assured of a great variety of new and different recipes each month, all of them particularly suited to the needs and likings of western housekeepers.

AND here is another. "I've lived out here for three years now," writes a Portland friend, "but I must still be a tenderfoot, for I learned two things from your 'Tips for Tenderfeet' that I never had known before. Give us more of them—lots more!" How do the rest of you feel about it?

WE whose job it is to select the articles which go into each issue of SUNSET appreciate sincerely these frank letters of comment. Now that you have this March copy in your hands, won't you just thumb back through the pages and, while you are thinking about it, write us a letter telling what features you liked best, what ones you did not care for, and what you would like best to see in this, your own west coast magazine? Together, we can make SUNSET truly the western magazine of good ideas—but we editors cannot do it without your help.

But here we are at the end of another SUNSET, and so we must again say *adios* until next month.

—*The Editors.*

"...why Shouldn't I?

"I can save at least five dollars every month on what I used to spend for milk and cream and butter and eggs.★ My family doesn't have less to eat. They admit they are better fed. And I know they are getting the best food they've ever had. Why shouldn't I be enthusiastic about Pet Milk?"

THOUSANDS of women are having this pleasing experience. They use Pet Milk in place of whipping cream in desserts and save two-thirds of the cost of cream. In their creamed vegetables and cream soups they get the finest of rich flavor that requires a lot of butter where ordinary milk is used. In breaded cutlets Pet Milk takes the place of eggs. In cream pies fewer eggs are used.

The extra richness and distinctive flavor of Pet Milk produce extraordinary qualities in taste and texture and substance in all cooked dishes. Rich enough to use in place of cream, Pet Milk makes better food than cream can make. Diluted to suit any milk use, it gives unusual richness in flavor and texture because the cream is always in the milk. It never separates. Pet Milk is never skimmed milk no matter how you dilute it. Yet it costs no more than ordinary milk.

The quotation on this page is a report of actual experience. We will send you, without charge, the menus and recipes by which the saving was accomplished. Send your name and address.

PET MILK SALES CORPORATION
One Drumm Street, San Francisco, California

Old Dutch safeguards your family with *Healthful Cleanliness* and protects porcelain and enamel

It is a recognized fact that perfect cleanliness is essential to the preservation of health. For that very reason the tub and the washbowl should be cleaned with Old Dutch Cleanser after each using. This is an important protection that should never be neglected because Old Dutch removes all impurities and safeguards health against their ever-menacing influence.

The high standard of cleanliness which Old Dutch has definitely established meets the most exacting requirements of *hygiene . . . good health . . .* and *good housekeeping.*

Old Dutch Cleanser is safe b… it cleans without injury to the surface. … harsh, scratchy grit, acid or causti… the hands.

Old Dutch is efficie… oughly, quickly, easi… flat-shaped particles p… qualities and wipe away t… clean sweep.

Old Dutch assures Healthful Clea… it takes away the invisible impurities, a… visible dirt, water rings, stains and disco…

The distinctive quality and character of Old L… make it perfect for snow-white and gayly colore… porcelain and enamel; tile, painted walls, woodwork and nickel. Old Dutch protects their beauty and keeps them shining with *Healthful Cleanliness.*

Old Dutch is economical — a little goes a long way

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10 CENTS

APRIL 1929

SUNSET

BURLINGAME
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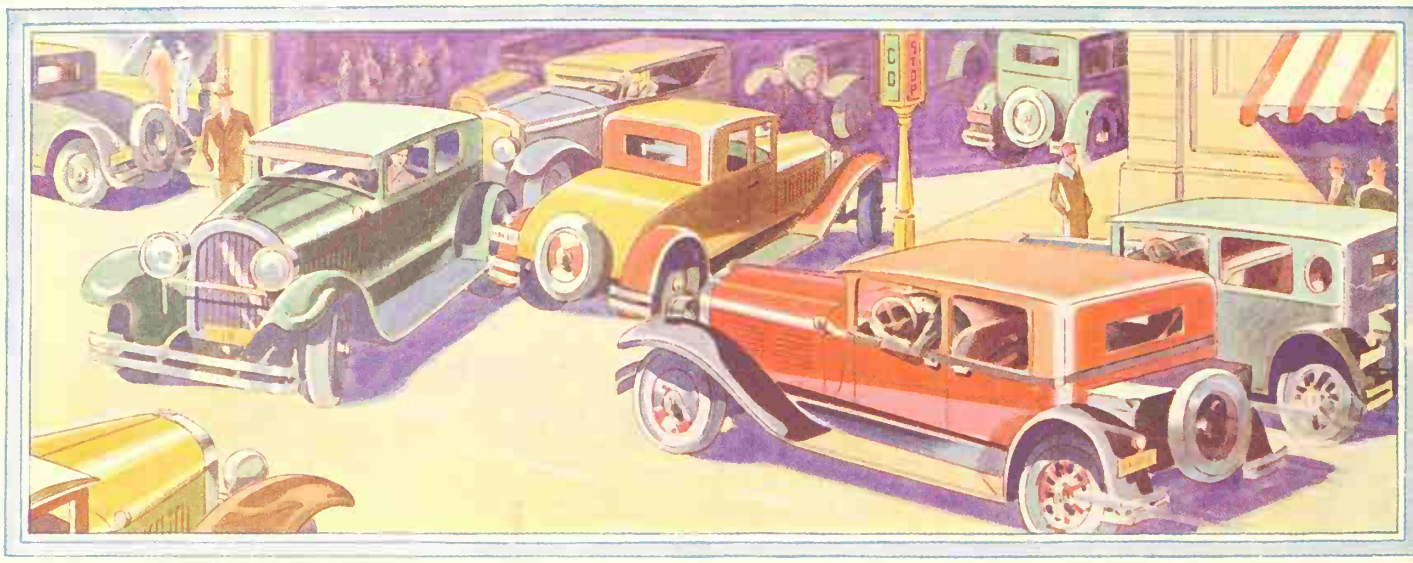
LIB.

Lane Publishing Company ~ San Francisco

Stop pouring gasoline into your oil!



You don't do it deliberately—you wouldn't think of doing it! But drop by drop you are wasting fuel, drop by drop you are diluting your oil with "wet" gasoline!

Down the cylinder walls it goes—every time you use the choke or thrust open the throttle or shift gears in traffic. And who can drive today without doing these things? Yet you can stop the waste and danger of "wet" gasoline, very simply.

Use a "dry" gas. Shell 400, refined to an exact point for highest efficiency, goes completely vaporized—dry—into your motor. All of it is used; none of the heavy "wet" droplets of ordinary gasoline are left to run into the crankcase.

And in a thousand miles of driving, instead o finding your oil half gasoline—ruined—there'll b only traces of gasoline in it; not enough to seriousl harm the oil.

Knowing these things about Shell 400 you ca better appreciate its just claim to greater power more mileage!

The same price you pay fo ordinary gasoline will buy "dry" Shell 400 at the thousands o yellow and red Shell pump everywhere. Let it be your ne filling station purchase.

An example of what a thousand miles of ordinary driving with ordinary gasoline can do—oil 51% "gasoline"—thinning caused by incomplete burning of "wet" gas

Shell 400, the "dry" gas, reduces oil thinning to a minimum. Notice this diagram—only 9.2% in a thousand miles of ordinary driving

SHELL 400

The "DRY" GAS

Shell Motor Oil, a new lubricant that forms *less* carbon, *soft* carbon, is the ideal running mate for Shell 400. Don't offset the good effects of Shell 400 by using an oil less fine than improved Shell Motor Oil

The West Coast of Mexico
—*centuries off the beaten path*

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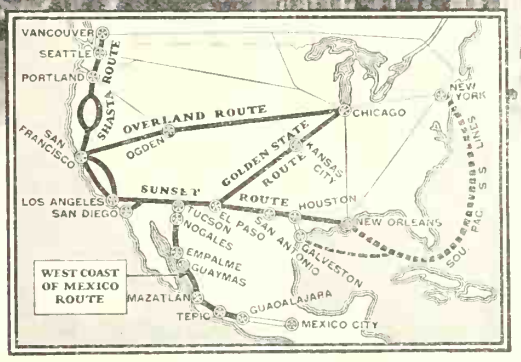
Now the route of
fast, modern trains



PICTURESQUE in gay-colored blanket, wide-brimmed sombrero, and sandals, an Indian lad strolls beside a great wooden-wheeled, ox-drawn cart. Not far distant the lazy splash of a fountain catches the sun from a white adobe wall that only Spain could have inspired.

What world is this? Although but 300 miles —overnight in a comfortable Pullman—from Arizona's southern boundry, it is 300 years from the world you know. Centuries seemed to have dropped from time as you slept.

Old Mexico!—the little-known, the little understood. A land of mysterious origin and vast antiquity. Yet in many ways as new as tomorrow. Visit the West Coast! How rich the reward to those who come now. Business will see an Old World in the full promise of rebirth. All will delight in a civilization that has long held aloof from change.

Come, just as this land is awakening. Before sightseeing buses crowd out the old-world open carriage. Even now the tractor crawls past the oxen and wooden plough. Find now, for yourself, the ruins of a civilization history has never chronicled, the Aztecs and Toltecs—the markings of Spanish Conquistadores, who with Cortez lashed this land for gold. Dine in the open garden-patio of Old World cafes before they are rebuilt for the Americano soon to come.

Your comfortable trip down the West Coast will seem a swift parade of many foreign lands, so startling are its contrasts. At Magdalena, reached early in your journey, you see the San Francisco Xavier Mission built in 1690, an early link in the California chain. Many other Mexican Missions, no less than the famous cathedrals, offer the traveler an interesting study.

In contrast to the ancient missions, a great Southern Pacific icing plant, at Empalme, strikes a modern note. Thousands of carloads of perishables each winter roll through here destined to dining tables of the United States. On down the coast, at times through jungles that will suddenly give way to fields of sugar cane, tomatoes, peas, corn or bananas; or your train will climb mile-high to a plateau where rise cragged mountains and volcanoes. Many miles of road-bed evidence as difficult an engineering feat as the world has ever seen. You'll pause at quaint little cities, such as Mazatlan and Guaymas, nestling peacefully to the edge of land-locked harbors. The blue, tropical sea, the long sweep of sandy beach dotted with cocoanut palms make a stopover difficult to resist.

From Los Angeles modern Pullmans bear you without change, through Tucson, Arizona, the border city of Nogales, more than 1100 miles down the West Coast to Guadalajara, "Pearl of the Occident". From the East, trains of both the SUNSET and GOLDEN STATE ROUTE serve Tucson, the starting point of this fascinating sidetrip.

Write to F. S. McGinnis, 65 Market Street, San Francisco, for your copy of beautifully illustrated book, "West Coast of Mexico"

Southern Pacific

Railroad Company of Mexico

IN THIS APRIL ISSUE OF

SUNSET MAGAZINE

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

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VOL. 62 APRIL, 1929 NO. 4

Suddenly, out of a spring sky . . .

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

ALL was well on the telephone front on April 27, 1928. Suddenly, out of a spring sky, rain began to fall over central Pennsylvania. As night came on this turned into a furious storm of sleet, snow and wind. Inside of 48 hours, 3700 telephone poles were down. Seven thousand miles of wire tangled wreckage. Thirty-nine exchanges isolated. Eleven thousand telephones silent.

Repair crews were instantly mobilized and sent to the scene. From Philadelphia 47 crews came. Other parts of Pennsylvania sent 13. New Jersey, 6. New York, 4. Ohio, 6. Maryland and West Virginia, 12. In record time, 1000 men were stringing insulated wire and temporary cables along the highways, on fences and on the ground.

Within 72 hours the isolated exchanges were connected and the 11,000 telephones back in service. Then, while the temporary construction carried on, neighboring Bell System warehouses poured out all needed equipment, new poles were set, new crossarms placed and new wire and cable run.

In any crisis there are no state lines in the Bell System. In all emergencies of flood or storm, as well as in the daily tasks of extending and maintaining the nation-wide network, is seen the wisdom of One Policy, One System, Universal Service. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal of the Bell System. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the greater service of the future.

"THE TELEPHONE BOOKS ARE THE DIRECTORY OF THE NATION"

SUNSET GOLD

WE hear a great deal these days about "the average homemaker." Always it is understood to mean a woman.

But when did women learn to make homes all by themselves? Every child has a father as well as a mother, and every household that can be called a successful home has a husband and a wife working together at the job of homemaking.

The fact that men and women are coming closer together these days in their sympathies and interests brings new meaning to the word "home." As wives are coming to take a greater part and greater interest in the things that concern their husbands, the husbands are responding nobly by showing much more interest in the things that concern their wives. Rare is the man who does not go with his wife to help select the new rug or davenport; who does not on occasion tuck the youngsters into bed; who does not delight in managing the electric egg cooker or the waffle iron at the table. Just as rare is the wife of today who does not have a rather clear understanding of the financing of her husband's business; who cannot manage a furnace and a car with dexterity equal to his own; who does not understand and encourage his liking for golf, even though she herself may not care to play. This is the kind of companionship that completely shuts out boredom—which is, of course, the symptom only of a small, self-centered mind.

It is not overly optimistic to say that husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, are finding a greater degree of companionship in each other, a greater degree of satisfaction in homemaking, than their grandparents did. Remember that newspapers make headlines of the failures, never of the successes along this line. Walk down your own street this evening after dusk, and let the golden lamps in the windows tell you their story. Lonely wives, or discontented husbands, do not linger in the cheerful glow of an open fire. Golden lamps in living-room windows mean husbands and wives working together at the greatest, the most satisfying of all jobs in this world: the partnership job of homemaking.

Why Firestone Tires Hold All Records

Cords Twisted for Greatest Strength and Elasticity!

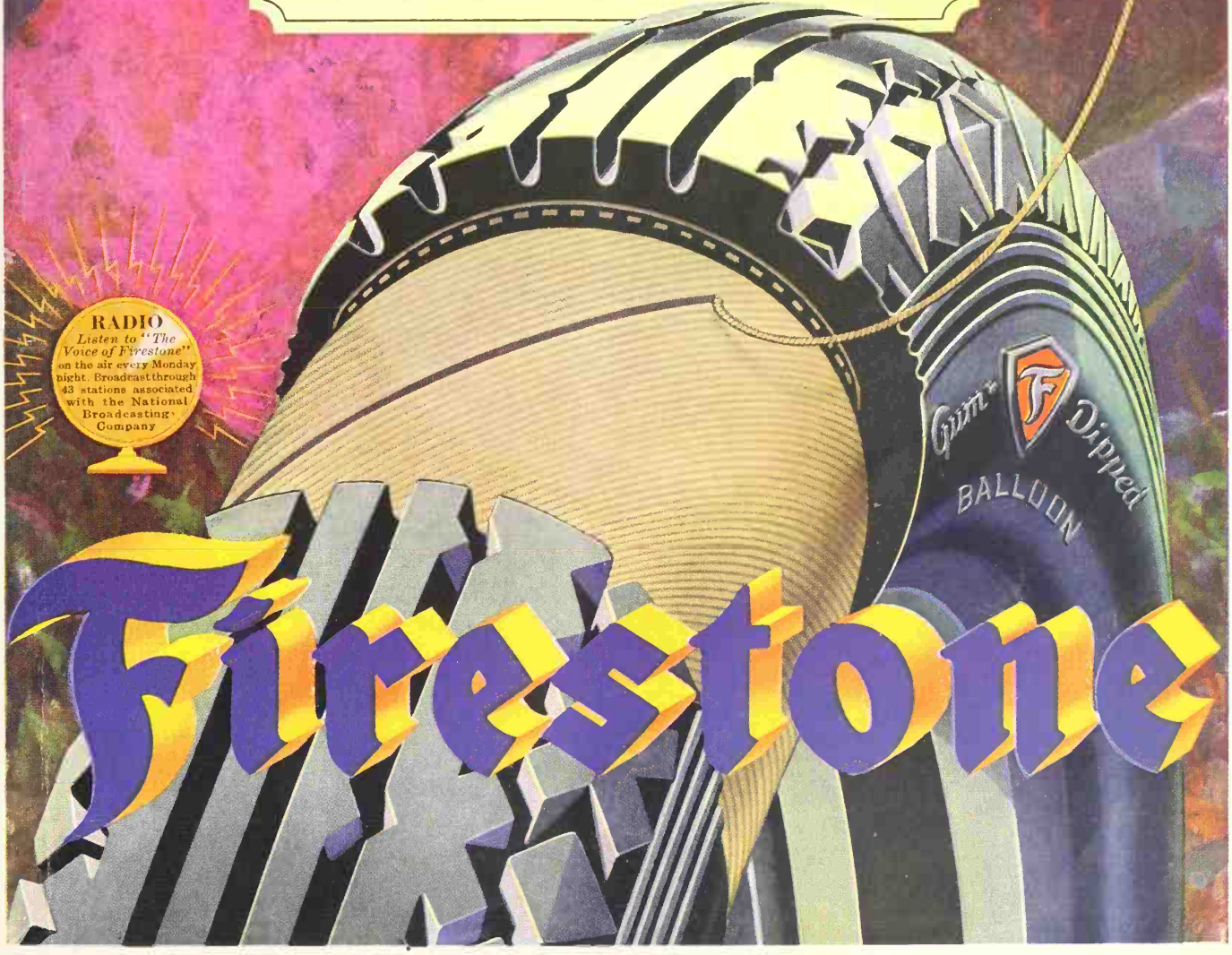
Firestone owns and operates the world's largest exclusive cord fabric mills. In these great mills, the choicest of long staple cotton is first twisted into threads. These threads are next tightly twisted into ply yarns—and these ply yarns are then twisted into super-strength cords. In each operation exactly the right number of twists is scientifically determined to secure the greatest strength and elasticity.

Gum-Dipped for Greatest Endurance and Mileage!

Before these cords are built into Firestone Tires they are Gum-Dipped—the extra Firestone patented process, which saturates and insulates every fiber of the cord with pure rubber. Thus Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires have *double reasons for their toughness, ruggedness, and unequalled mileage* . . . the result—these tires hold all world records for speed, safety and endurance.

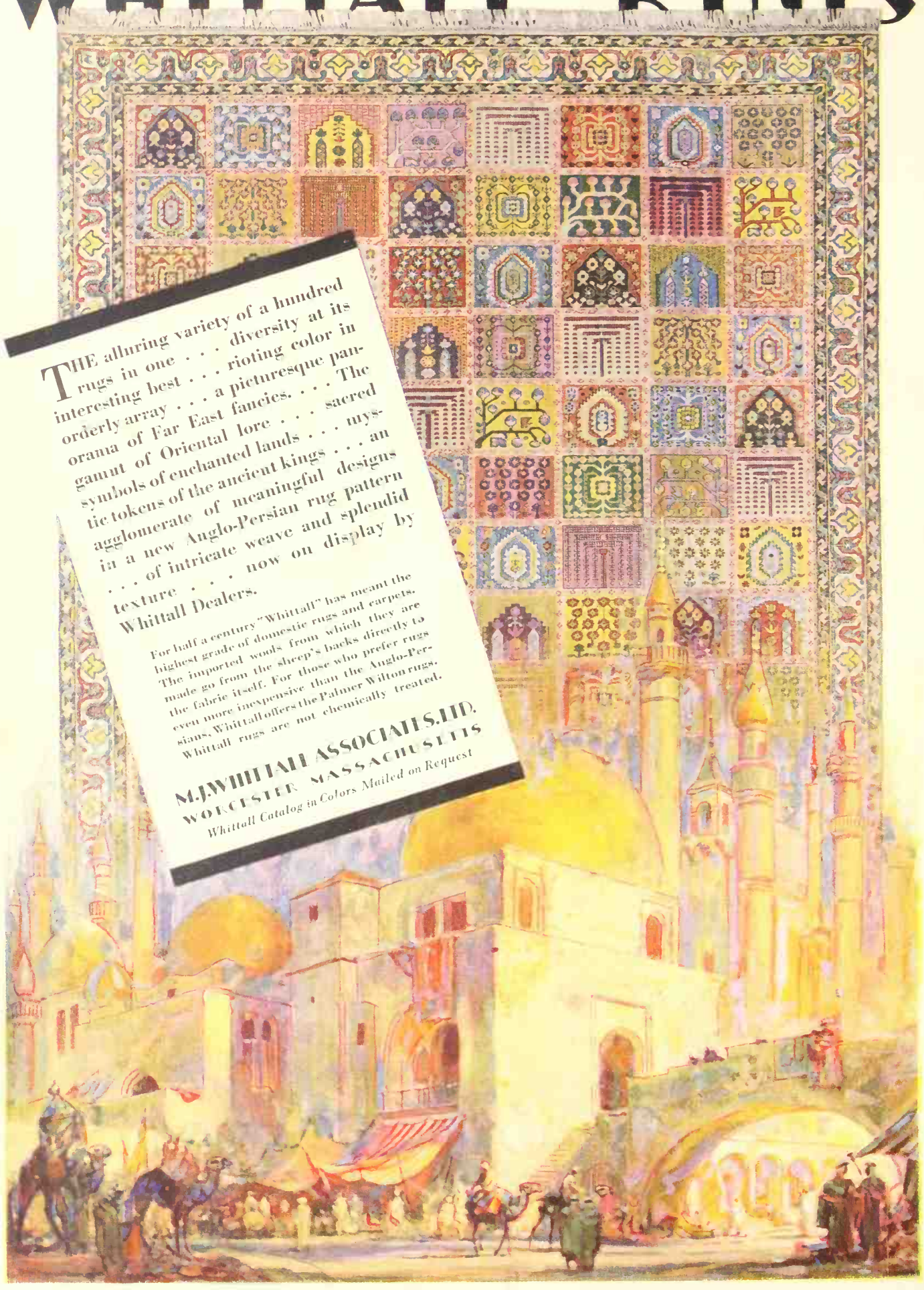
MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

RADIO
Listen to "The Voice of Firestone" on the air every Monday night. Broadcast through 43 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company



Firestone

WHITTALL RUGS



THE alluring variety of a hundred rugs in one . . . diversity at its interesting best . . . rioting color in orderly array . . . a picturesque panorama of Far East fancies. . . . The gamut of Oriental lore . . . sacred symbols of enchanted lands . . . mystic tokens of the ancient kings . . . an agglomerate of meaningful designs in a new Anglo-Persian rug pattern . . . of intricate weave and splendid texture . . . now on display by Whittall Dealers.

For half a century "Whittall" has meant the highest grade of domestic rugs and carpets. The imported wools from which they are made go from the sheep's backs directly to the fabric itself. For those who prefer rugs even more inexpensive than the Anglo-Persians, Whittall offers the Palmer Wilton rugs. Whittall rugs are not chemically treated.

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WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS
Whittall Catalog in Colors Mailed on Request

SUNSET *Travel Service*

If you are going East, West, around the world, or on a short vacation trip, write us for information. Tell us just what your problems are and we will do all we can to help you. Address Sunset Magazine, 1045 Sansome Street, San Francisco

Travel Editor, Sunset:

This summer I am planning a trip to Chicago, returning by way of California and Oregon. I shall have one month for the trip and am anxious to make the most of my time seeing places of interest. Will you suggest some routes and give me the rates?—Miss M. L. C., Washington.

From Seattle, we suggest you go to Chicago via Spokane, Butte, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Time, not counting stopovers, 4 days. You have the choice of three routes on your way back (the choice is optional and all have the same fare—$107.06—for the round trip). This rate goes into effect May 22, with final return limit October 31, 1929.

The first and most direct is the Overland Route via Omaha, Cheyenne, Ogden, Reno and Sacramento. Time, 3 days. At Sacramento, you may take the Shasta route to Seattle via Mount Shasta, Eugene and Portland. If you choose this first route, you will undoubtedly want to go on from Sacramento to San Francisco (90 miles) before going back by the Shasta route.

The second choice from Chicago is over the Golden State route. Time, 4 days. This includes Kansas City, Tucumcari, El Paso. At El Paso, the Golden State route fuses with the Sunset route, the third choice—time, 5 days— which from Chicago, takes you near St. Louis and into Memphis, New Orleans, Beaumont, Houston, San Antonio and El Paso. From El Paso, you go into Bowie. There is a one-day side trip here through Globe and over the Apache Trail of Arizona to Phoenix—120 miles by comfortable motor stage on a smooth highway through a region of weird beauty with ancient cliff dwellings, Roosevelt Dam, three great canyon lakes and the fertile Salt River Valley.

From Phoenix, you go on through Yuma, Palm Springs, Riverside, Pasadena, Glendale, Santa Barbara, San Jose to San Francisco. From San Francisco, the Shasta Route takes you back via Sacramento to Seattle. And there is your trip! Take your choice. They are all decidedly attractive.

Travel Editor, Sunset:

My wife and I have been talking over a trip to Japan. Can you tell us anything about travel conditions and hotels there, as we are planning to go this summer?—Dr. L. B., Montana.

Visitors to Japan will find travel remarkably easy. English is spoken practically everywhere. Travelers from abroad are welcomed not merely by those engaged in catering to their needs but by the average Japanese as well. Japanese trains are clean, fast and comfortable, with courteous attendants. The hotels are excellent, providing European foods properly cooked and served, with a personal service not excelled anywhere.

Hotel rates range from Y 8.00 ($4.00 gold) to Y 20.00 ($10.00) for rooms and meals per day per person. Breakfast and tea are served in the rooms without extra charge. Most of these hotels have trustworthy ricksha and motor car service at very reasonable rates. The Japanese hotels and inns are also open to foreign guests and a night or two spent in them is an enjoyable experience. Some of them have European food and beds while others are entirely Japanese in service. Visitors are always welcome and receive the best of care. Points of especial interest are easily reached.

Travel Editor, Sunset:

Will you tell us something about the Columbia River highway?—A. K., Nevada.

This highway is one of the Nation's most scenic roads. It may be traveled from the Pacific near Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia, eastward to Portland, thence onward through the Cascade Range, a total distance of 337 miles; the roadway is twenty-four feet wide, with bitulithic surface, and its steepest grade does not exceed five per cent. Eventually the highway will be extended to the Idaho boundary. Its hard-surface pavement (more than 200 miles in length), easy grades, curves protected by parapets of stone and cement, and its artistic bridges of concrete, the product of expert engineering, remove all sense of fear as one rides around vertical cliffs and across deep canyons. Construction was begun in 1913 and the official opening of the first stretch took place in 1915.

Crown Point, a huge eminence more than seven hundred feet high, around whose crest the highway runs in a majestic curve, is the salient feature of the landscape. On its summit a stately memorial of stone and concrete dedicated to the pioneers of Oregon, serves the public for observation, shelter and comfort.

Within a few miles nearly a dozen waterfalls of exquisite beauty and national renown command the observer's admiration. Among them are Latourell, Mist, Bridal Veil, Wahkeena and Horsetail. Most celebrated of all is the enchanting Multnomah falls (*Continued on page 76*

"Wonders" of the West

If Some Tourist Asked You About These, How Would You Answer Him?

I wonder why they call those gnarled old trees between San Diego and Los Angeles "Torrey Pines"?

I wonder why so many of the old adobe houses in Taos, New Mexico, are trimmed with bright blue?

I wonder what was the first wagon trail from the middle west to the coast?

I wonder what caused the petrification of the Arizona Fossil Forest?

I wonder just where Balboa was when he discovered the Pacific?

I wonder what that ship is that stands at the entrance of Golden Gate Park in San Francisco?

(*Answers are given on page 77*)

Photograph by R. B. Kolsbun

In Sunlit Woods

To this tapestried retreat,
Coral flushed and fair,
Comes the Dawn on slippered feet,
Letting down her hair.

—*Colette M. Burns*

The Romance *of* Western Road Building

By Tod Powell

THE transitman came sweating up the rise and stamped the legs of his tripod into the hard ground at the top. "Whew!" he whistled, mopping his sun-tanned face with a bandanna that had seen better days. "I hope the automobiles that use this road manage to get up here easier than I did!"

For a little he stood, gazing down the mile-long stretch of madrone-covered mountainside and out across the valley to the peaks on the other side. The summer sun, near setting, glowed red over the ridge to his left. Above the sky was the cobalt blue of the high-country and the fleecy clouds, away up, took on the first tinges of gold and crimson that pertain to all proper sunsets more than five thousand feet above sea level.

"But it was worth it!" he cried at last. "Well, one more shot and we'll call it a day."

He was right. It is worth it. And not the least of the thrill these pioneers of the highway gain from their work is the knowledge that they truly are pioneers, boring a way through the rough to make smooth travel for those who come after, that we may see and enjoy the outdoors that delights them.

How many of us, rolling so easily and so swiftly through the canyons and over the mountains of the West, give a thought to these engineers who make it all possible for us? Not many, in truth! But without them, our roads would still be twisting hither and yon, following game-trails and making the best of a sorry business. Motoring, as we know it, would not be possible. But until very recent years no main road has been laid out by engineers; always it has been the major movement of a people that has determined the route—for example, the establishing of El Camino Real. Then a little work would be done here and some more there. One community would fill up holes and another would grade, until the road was good enough, or the objective at the other end great enough, to invite traffic. That was the point where the engineers stepped in with transit and level and flung their lines across the hills.

But lately things have been different. The movements of the people have established the objectives, the terminals of a desired or needed roadway, and then the technicians have been called in to create roads that reached those objectives or linked those terminals. Sometimes, before Money bade him find such-and-such a way, the engineer has sensed the need and gone out on horseback or on snowshoes to find it. For such a reason did Theodore Judah penetrate the Sierra and find a pass through which the builders could push first a wagon road, and then the first transcontinental railway.

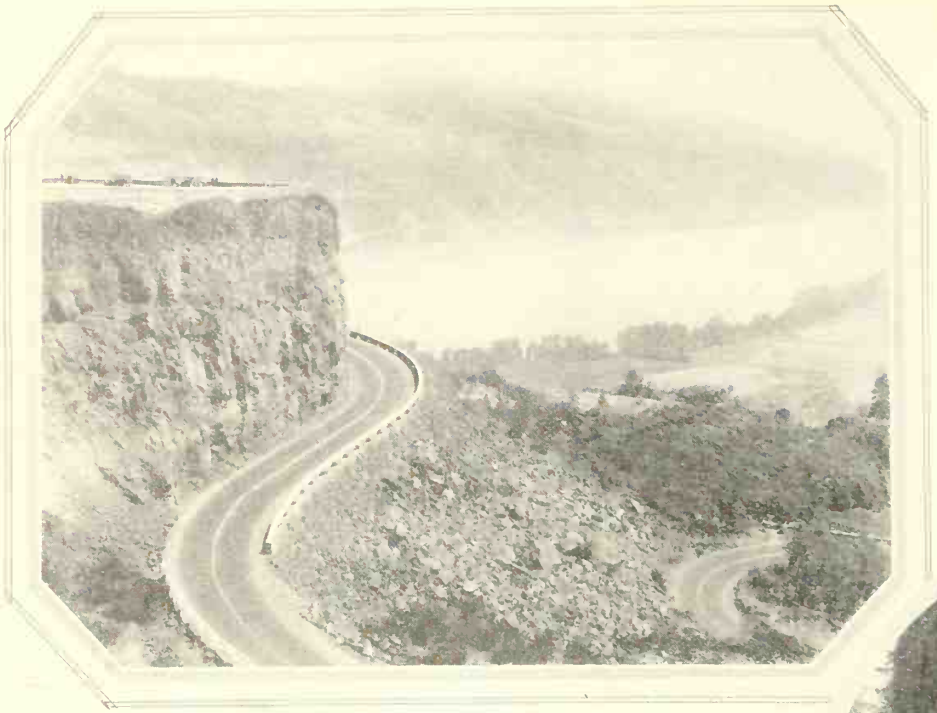
Did you know the railroad builders threw a wagon route across the mountains ahead of their steel rails? They did, from Placerville up past Truckee and down the eastern slope of the mountains to meet the stage road from Salt Lake City. They hauled supplies over it, even a locomotive sometimes.

Photograph by Bert Huntoon

Chuckanut Drive, near Bellingham, Washington, is a justly famous road

OF this latter class of road, too, is the highway through the canyon of the Grand river in Colorado, where the engineers laid out a road that for fifteen miles or so is bitten out of the raw rock of the canyon-side. Here was no wagon road to be followed; no, nor even a goat-track! They triangulated that road from mountain peaks; they went down the cliff slung in ropes to take bearings with their instruments and set marks for the workmen.

Or take a road like the highway up the Kern River canyon and over Walker Pass. There's a case where



Rowena Loops, on the world renowned Columbia River Highway, near The Dalles, in Oregon

Have you ever traveled this smooth shadow-splashed Redwood Highway through forests of majestic dignity?

Photograph, courtesy of Redwood Empire Association

Photograph by Arthur M Prentiss

the motorists of the West have said to their engineers: "Go out and build us a road thither," not knowing, and probably not caring greatly, that there was not so much as a game-trail to be followed by the builders. Pinnacle and canyon, crag, cliff and gorge, the men that built that road had to bite it out, and where the jolly lads with the transit found a place to pitch their instruments to make the survey I don't know! Maybe they did it from airplanes, or used their cloud-hooks to hold on by while they ran a line of levels and fixed up the grades to be followed.

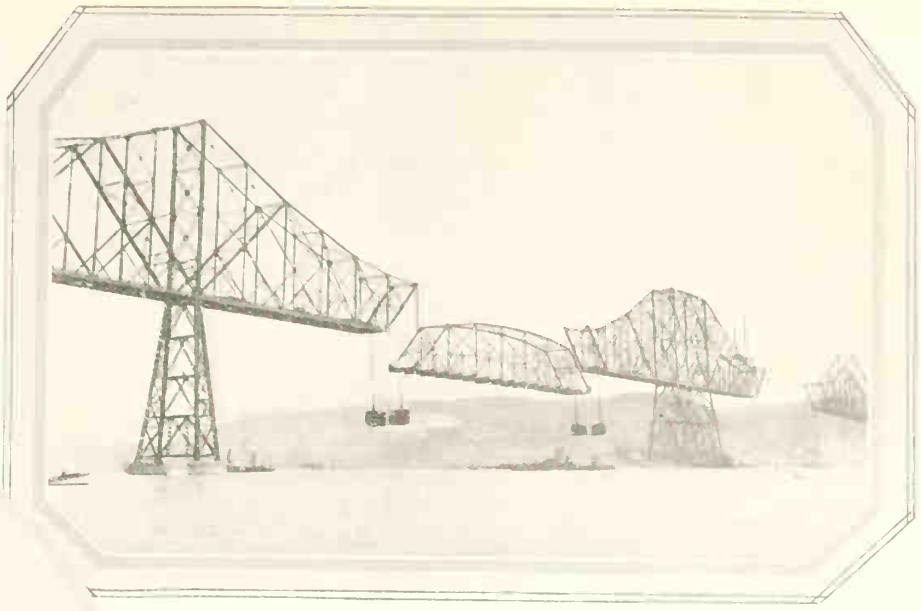
THERE'S romance about these road-builders and romance, too, about the roads they make. Transportation, some wise old doctor of philosophy declared, is civilization; and if this is true, then roads are the tentacles by which civilization flings itself forward into the wilderness. The sunburned flagman, following the axman up some hard-hewn line along a mountain ridge, has about him something of the dramatic. The struggle with nature which he symbolizes is epic. The caisson worker who goes down into the depths to lay a bridge foundation and thereby helps to pitch a spiderweb of steel across some river plays a role in the same great drama. The very packers of the engineers' muletrain are figures as colorful and romantic as the language they address to their charges. Roads? Roads are the frontiers, the fringes where Man meets the Untamed and rolls it back a little.

Not too much of this pioneering is being done today; very much of our roadbuilding confines itself to the improvement or relocation of existing routes. Most of our main-traveled ways were well chosen in the beginning; today we chiefly broaden, enlarge, straighten and reduce the grades. We can send out a survey party now to build a new highway between two settled points and never have them farther from passable road than a mile or so.

All too often, however, existing routes are overburdened, new country must be opened up; and so sometimes the engineers must drive their surveys over ridges where only the Indian and the trapper, the prospector and the ranger have traveled. Then the axmen must work ahead of the surveyors, cutting a channel through the brush or timber along which transits and levels can be sighted; then the flagman on occasion must spend half an hour scrambling down some canyon side and an hour scrambling up its mate to place himself for a two hundred yard sight straight across; then indeed the survey parties get off the beaten track, camp under the pines and spruces instead of putting up at hotels in the towns, and the college boys out for a summer of roughing it wax fat under the ministrations of campcooks that know how to make an old Dutch oven talk French and do typewriting.

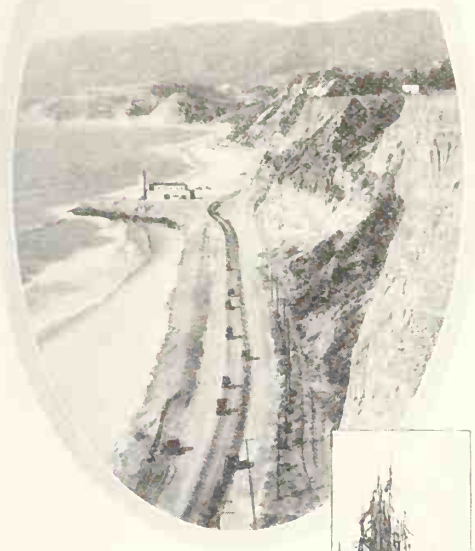
Probably no one gets closer to the primitive than these engineers; they have to go where the line of the most direct route takes them, meeting nature as she may happen to exist at each point. They have plenty of adventures with the gentle rattlesnake that infests the sunny slopes and the wily bear that steals bacon from the leafy rafters of their outdoor kitchen. They do a hard job and they do it well.

AFTER them come the graders. And here enters another and most interesting set of characters. They come in two lots—city labor and rural men of the neighborhood impressed for temporary service. The first accompanies the city contractor who undertakes to translate, for a



Tossing a steel highway like the Carquinez bridge across broad waters is an epic deed

Hugging the cliffs and flirting with the sea, this much-traveled road leads to Santa Monica



price, the engineers' black map-lines and red-chalked field stakes into a passable grade. The second, these days, are usually utilized by the forest service which does most of the pioneering of current road-building.

Both kinds camp at or near the head of a grade. The city contractor is likely to have some kind of a portable cook-shack and commissary which goes from point to point as it becomes necessary to move camp. His men are sheltered in tents pitched roundabout. The forest service outfit is more flexible, as becomes the type of road they build and the places where they build it.

A forest service road outfit will consist ordinarily of an engineer or two from the district or local office; a "cat" man to manage the snorting, gasoline-drinking beast of all work which does the real labor; a corps of ranchmen, farmers' sons and the like recruited from the district where the work is going on; plus a cook—the most important person in camp. Roads have been built, on occasion, without the services of a highly certificated engineering gentleman able to squint through a transit and tell what it was all about, but on no occasion was any great highway project ever accomplished without the aid of a good cook.

Sometimes this cook is a local product; sometimes not; either way he—or she—has to be a good one. Oh, yes, there are women camp-cooks! One of the best meals I ever ate was at a forest service camp three hours or so out from Pasadena, away up on the mountains where you wouldn't think there was a city within a hundred miles. There two excellent ladies seemed to be perfectly happy cooking for a lusty crew of roadmakers. One was the foreman's wife and the other her sister.

At another forest service camp I visited the cooks were a married couple that could certainly make a kitchen range roll over and beg.

With the contractor's crew, whose work consists mainly of improving existing roads, camp is generally pitched beside the road and such matters as water supply and the obtaining of provisions are ordinarily simple. Of course there are plenty of road-camps out in the arid stretches of New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and other western states where every drop of water has to be hauled in tank trucks. But it is the fellows who follow the pioneering engineers that have the real problem.

One crew, down Santa Barbara way, could find no better place to pitch tents than the rocky slope at the head of a canyon. There was water there and nowhere else, so that was the spot selected. They cleared out a spring on the slope above them, piped the water down to the cook-shack, put the board floors of the tents on stilts at one end and did the best they could. The slope was so steep they had to scatter their tents about to find places for them all. There they stayed and worked until storms precluded winter work, returning the next year and the next to prosecute the work to a finish.

That is something that often happens with the forest service; many of the roads they run are at such altitudes that winter makes them impassable. However, there is less labor in building them now than formerly and so the delays are less important.

THIS is due to the advent of gasoline-powered tractive machinery and any quantity of construction devices. They hitch a "road digger" or a grader or a heavy plow behind a six-ton tractor these days and go cruising off along the mountain ridges tearing up the ground, ripping up the scrub oak roots and cutting loose the buckbrush and madrone at a great rate. Varying the tool to suit the work in hand, they soon have a roadway clear, and after that it is a routine job to haul in gravel or broken rock and put a surface on it.

Over in Arizona through one of the forests there is quite a stretch of road surfaced with cinders from a volcano that was extinct centuries ago.

There is not so much of a kick to

this surfacing job. The way is broken before the surface crew gets there. Supply trucks push out to the end of the work, dump their loads and return. Mechanical spreaders and a roller or two do the rest; the whole crew can be maintained at any convenient point and transported by truck to the working place each day. Unless, indeed, the work be out in some of the arid, unsettled stretches; there a roadcamp may be the only settlement within forty miles, a regular little city in itself, with temporary board shacks for the cooking and eating places, a portable garage for a store, and the population housed in board-walled tents. Such a place may be complete even to a schoolhouse, for many of the more highly paid workmen and supervisory employees can, and do, take wives and families into the field with them.

In cases of this kind, the gravel for surfacing may be hauled twenty miles or more. Not concrete; there little use is made of concrete for surfacing, for though its merits are admitted the states where such conditions exist are generally unable to finance that more costly sort of construction. There are, however, stretches in both New Mexico and Arizona where concrete was mixed and hauled ten or more miles to be laid as road surfacing.

AND away over north of there, in two states that are less well known than they deserve, there have been enacted two little road-building dramas that should have been more largely attended. One was in Montana, where for three solid years the

builders gnawed their way through solid granite to make a highway from the eastern entrance to Glacier National Park across to its western gateway.

There was pioneering in that effort, real surveying in a primitive and rugged country, and the men who followed to turn the survey into reality had to batter at the hills with compressed air drills and dynamite to force a way through.

The other state is Nevada, which has a smaller population per square mile of area than any other of the American sisterhood. Nevada, in the last two years, has pushed grading crews far through the hills, far out across the sagebrush plains, hauled firm gray gravel uncounted miles and completed both the Victory and the Lincoln highways all across the state. She had some help, of course, but not so much as she needed, for Nevada has fewer people all told than the city of Sacramento.

Consider Utah, too, with its 50-mile stretch of marvelous road straight across the marshes of the Great Salt Desert. There is a piece of engineering for you!

But if the more settled regions, where already there are many roads, have been slack in the matter of pioneering, there is a compensating item to bring its meed of romantic struggle. This is the building of bridges. Never was a bridge built that did not present problems, never was a great bridge that did not involve struggle, daring, inventive genius, drama.

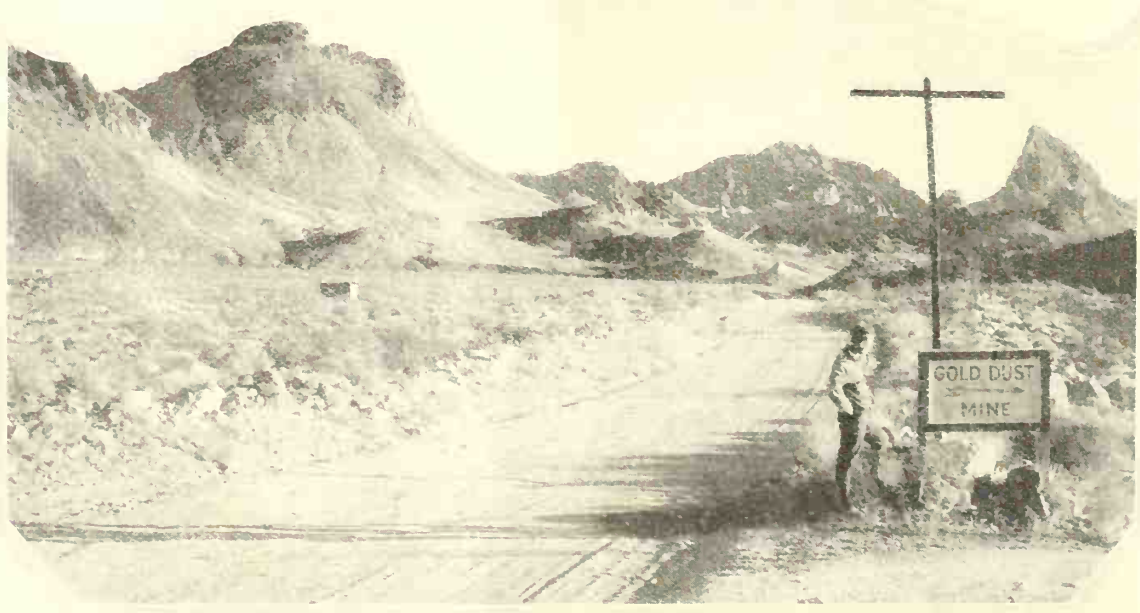
Tossing a steel highway across a mile-wide stream, or spanning, as does the great Carquinez bridge, a veritable arm of the sea itself, is a task that calls for plenty of that raw, red stuff which makes epics. It is a side of the highway matter which gets even less attention than the pioneering engineers who stretch a web of trails and survey-lines across the mountains. And yet a bridge is certainly a highway and usually a most important one.

A SINGLE bridge can break the isolation of a region that has lain untouched behind the barrier of a stream and make it a productive, accessible, prosperous community. See, for instance, the bridge recently completed across the Grand Canyon at Lee's Ferry. Surely this has a claim on man's fancy for the daring, the bold and the persevering. Isn't putting a steel shackle upon the mightiest chasm of earth romantic?

Is there drama in the riveter working a hundred or many more feet in the air? Is there romance in the "sand hog" who burrowed 135 feet below the water to lay a foundation for the Carquinez span?

By all definitions, there is. Drama is struggle, and romance is man's venturing outside his usual realm. Both are exemplified in the building of roads.

Photograph by Karl Abert



A good road through fascinating Arizona scenery—what more could a man ask?

The Land *of* LILIES

By

Anderson McCully

IN a letter accompanying this article the author tells us that most of these native lilies may be purchased from plant men. True Westerners never encourage ruthless destruction of wild plant life.

SNOWY mountains and the blue Pacific, golden sunshine, slopes of chaparral, deep green forests that open to moist alpine meadows, this is the land of lilies on our western shore. A few wander on to the Cascade and Olympic Mountains of the north, a goodly number keep tryst with beauty in the Siskiyous, but California's Sierras are the real heart of lily land, with her Coast ranges a close second.

For centuries the fragrance and the beauty of the lily has been coaxed into the gardens of men: but never has it been quite willing to leave its untamable atmosphere entirely behind. In the gardens where it lingers, a little of its own surroundings enters with it. We who desire its grace within our borders can do no better thing toward its happiness there than first to understand it in its great mountain retreats.

The trail leads in from the coast through the moist silent woods where the huge trees grow close together, moss clinging to their lower limbs, thickets and ferns in the dim green light below them that knows no sun. A glade opens out, a brawling brook sweeps through, turning and twisting upon itself: or perhaps it is a tiny lakelet and all the glade a marshy place, hemmed in from high winds by the surrounding forest. Here and there, a lone tree venturing, further breaks the direct sun. Hummocks of peat or pure humus, filtered with sand washed down by the water, rise above the surface. Over all is a dense growth of large plants and low shrubs.

But it is not these that catch our breath in a gasp of sheer joy in the loveliness before us. Against the dark greens, that vivid splash of color sways gently in bells and trumpets so delicately formed the whole glade becomes an elfin dell. A great colony of *Lilium pardalinum* is blooming there, swaying three to six feet above the lower growth. From six to thirty brilliant, deeply reflexed bells are carried upon each stalk; and the vivid coloring, while differing in various localities, is usually deep orange blotched with yellow at the throat, spotted with maroon, pale orange without, and all deeply tipped with scarlet. Prominent green pistil and purple anthers complete the coloring that so brilliantly reflects the sun. At times it seems more red, at others yellow, and in some localities, there is much purple shading.

If our glade is toward Mount Shasta, perhaps it is the variety minor, now raised to its own species as *Lilium parviflorum*, a more slender, fragrant, crimson form. Or in our eagerness, possibly it is very early summer and we have struck into the Santa Cruz Mountains. Before us will be *L. roezli* that holds its bloom on into August. This too is a dotted lily, tipped and splotched, and runs from orange yellow to reddish orange: but if we find it in its crimson form, we have a deep blood red lily, lightly dotted with maroon.

Not all the lilies of our glade will be the same. Perhaps a few *Lilium parryi* will have wandered downward from their more usual haunts in the moist alpine meadows around six thousand feet. This is the beautiful long funneled, lemon yellow, fragrant lily of southern California and Arizona. Brown dots toward the center sometimes merge to a solid throat. Ten to twenty-five blooms hang pendant from each flower stalk, though the height and size somewhat vary with the altitude. To find it in large colonies we must search for it in the moist shade of cool canyons, or climb high to the running streams of the true alpine meadows, where the soil is largely granitic sand, and peat or leafmold.

THESE are all large flowered so-called bog lilies; but it is wise to look downward to note from what so much loveliness springs. We see very quickly then the protecting cover of low shrubs, lending support to the swaying stems, keeping the soil both moist and protected from the sun. We look farther, and find these all base rooting bulbs, covered with about five inches of that soil that could never at any time hold lime. Then we make the most important discovery of all. In the midst of all that moisture or boggy ground, not one of these bulbs itself rests in water. Either it climbs to a hummock in the marsh, or lies above the level of the stream or lakelet. The roots go down to moisture, but water drains quickly through the porous soil. No lily will

tolerate stagnant wet. In true dignity, it quietly departs.

These things are true also of the small flowered bog lilies, the deepest crimson, lightly dotted *Lilium maritimum* from near the coast in Mendocino County; and the crimson tipped *L. parvum* that dwells near Lake Tahoe. There is a taller, clear yellow form of this latter, *L. p. luteum*. They all bear many small bell flowers, and range from three to five or six feet in height. The bulbs are also base rooting, but being smaller, three or four inches is sufficient covering.

WE'VE lingered long with the bog lilies. There are sunny slopes of chaparral, and open woodland to lead us. Perhaps we cross the open space of some wide canyon in the Coast Ranges where all the floor is carpeted with interlocking patches of color—larkspurs and lupines, Indian paintbrushes, mariposa lilies, the fragrant ceanothus. We go among the chaparral or manzanita, and even before we see the small group, the delicious fragrance meets us in the air. Great clusters of long tubular trumpets are white, changing through pink to ruby purple as they descend the stem. Purple dots and yellow anthers add to their glory. This is *Lilium rubescens*, called variously chaparral, ruby, redwood, and chemise lily. It is closely allied, though a trifle smaller in bloom than *L. washingtonianum*. By some it is classed as a variety.

We must usually go into the Sierra toward the east to find the Washington lily, though it wanders as far north as the Columbia River. It tends more to seek the shelter of open coniferous forest, and grows much among that shrub of the rose family, *Chamaebatia foliolosa*. *Lilium washingtonianum* opens glistening white, dotted with purple, then gradually turns through the pinks to wine. The petals are much reflexed, and cleft to the base. It is magnificent in places through the Yosemite, where it opens pure white. There is a spiciness in its rich odor. The stout purple stems range from two to five feet in height. This has often been called the Shasta lily. Sometimes we come upon its variety *purpureum*, somewhat darker in its shadings. *L. kelloggi* is a rather similar, but smaller, more slender, and more difficult lily.

If we have looked at the soil around these lilies, we've often seen gravel or crushed rock and some leaf mold. It tells us that in the garden, a good friable loam, mixed with leafmold, well drained but not parched, and some shade are to be desired.

As we wander along the trails of wooded mountain slopes, we come to other soils, heavier, seemingly with considerable clay in their base, open woodland, sometimes oak, or pine, or fir, spruce, sequoia, the sun tempered, but breaking through in patches. It is here we may look for the Humboldt lily in its type or allied forms from southern California to British Columbia, though its finest variety, *L. humboldti magnificum* is a southern lily. This is the form we will best like for the garden, as it carries its bloom more freely than the type. It is an orange red lily with maroon spots, each within a circle of crimson. It somewhat resembles the speciosum lilies, but is more showy.

Lilium pardalinum, the flower of flame

Farther north in Washington we have this lily in miniature form in *Lilium columbianum*. Its most northern coloring is golden yellow, deepening to orange as it comes down into Oregon. In nature it groups itself in gravelly prairie lands that are dotted with coniferous evergreens. It masses well in the rockgarden.

Somewhat later blooming is the small flowered Oregon or thimble lily (*L. bolanderi*), carried upon stiffly erect leaf whorled stems of from one to three feet in height. The blooms are bell shaped, deep crimson red, and dotted with purple.

The lilies of the Humboldt group are the better ones to use in sections of adobe soil, though try to place a little leafmold here, and be careful they are well drained. Tip the bulbs slightly to the side that water may not collect in the scales. Cover the larger with about five inches of soil, the smaller a little less. These do better the first year than do most lilies, and they are the one group from California that will at all tolerate lime.

IN the garden, all these lilies will tend to greater height and size, and you may desire some of the Burbank hybrids. They are adaptable to Eastern as well as Western gardens, with the possible exception of *L. kelloggi*. In colder regions, new shoots should have late frosts "broken" by loosely placed twigs above, but not in contact. Give them enough shelter from wind that the ground cover of low shrubs or other plants will be their only staking. Give them partial shade, tempered more or less as the garden is farther north or south. Above all things, lilies resent disturbance. Once planted, leave them, and judge them not by what they put forth the first year. In mountain canyon or walled garden, lilies are of the world's beautifully fragrant and untamed heritage.

It is not necessary to destroy natural beauty in order to have these lilies in the home garden, for practically all of the lilies discussed in this article may be purchased from nurserymen. By buying direct from reliable plant men who are producing these varieties in their nurseries, the home gardener obtains strong, healthy plants without robbing the mountain sides of their loveliness.

A typical bank of avalanche lilies in Upper Paradise Valley, Rainier National Park

Wide World Photo

Doctor Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Stanford University

Broadening Horizons

An Interview With

Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur

as Reported by

Frank J. Taylor

THE horizons of the West are more than geographic: they are social and economic and intellectual as well. The Pacific slope holds promise of an unique civilization, one with greater opportunity for the average man, one with a fuller life for his family. It calls for more from him, it gives more in return.

The progress of the West is a moving pageant, as I see it, going back to colonial days when men and women from England, Ireland, France and Holland were crossing the Atlantic, seeking liberty, both political and religious. They found liberty, but the rocky soil of New England offered but a poor livelihood. So the colonists turned to the sea and became great traders. Their ships were the finest, they took all prizes for speed.

As their numbers increased, the colonists were obliged to turn elsewhere for their necessities of life, except for those who settled in the South, where a soft economic system, with slave labor, enabled them to operate great plantations on a wasteful basis.

After a time, the settlers discovered that the Indians were not as formidable as they had appeared. White men pushed the Indians aside, penetrated westward, seeking new lands for agriculture. They found lands in great plenty in the Ohio Reserve, then in the Mississippi Valley and finally on the prairies. For only the asking, they acquired all the acres that a man and his sons could farm. Farming was a simple operation, merely scratching the earth, planting grains, and leaving it to nature to do the rest. It was easy, requiring only enough initiative to cultivate the soil and plant the seed.

When the soil ceased to produce, the settler loaded his family and his possessions into wagons and trekked a few hundred miles westward, where new virgin lands awaited him.

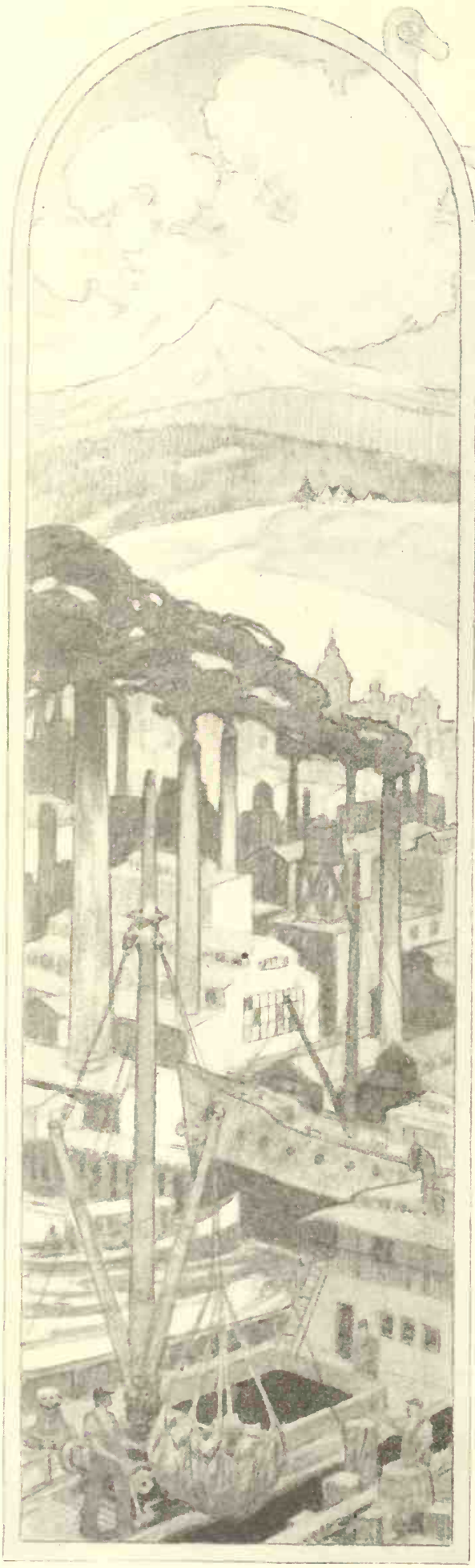
That sort of growth continued for a century. With the close of the Civil War, which brought about new economic conditions, the westward tide had just about reached the edge of the prairies.

Between the great plains and the Pacific slope, there rose two great mountain ranges. Between the mountain ranges stretched vast, barren deserts.

The tide of empire ebbed, waiting for a new type of colonist.

IT required a man of more means to take his family over the long trail to California or Oregon, in covered wagons. It called for a settler of more stability, of greater initiative, of larger moral courage. That was true even after the building of transcontinental railroads made the move to the Pacific a less hazardous undertaking.

When the first colonists crossed the Sierra Nevada and gazed down upon the valleys of California, all they



"Community thinking calls for

could see was dry, parched hills and plains. The handful of Spaniards whom they found in the land made no effort to cultivate the soil. Their great herds of cattle shifted for themselves. The Spaniards lived on meat. They made little effort to do more than exist.

The first settlers were afraid of the valleys. They stopped in the mountains, where water was plentiful, or in the seacoast towns, or joined in the rush to the gold bearing hills.

The roads which they followed from the north of the state to the south ran through the mountains, at steep grades, though the shortest route was through the valleys. The hot, dry plains were something they avoided.

Their conception of California seems strange to us today. Advocates of the Pacific Railroad assured the Congress of the United States that California was too arid ever to be productive agriculturally; they urged the building of the railroad to encourage trade with the Orient.

All that was true of California applied likewise to Oregon and Washington, though the western parts of these states were less arid and were more easily cultivated.

Then men discovered that the dreaded dry plains would produce fabulously, if water were but applied to the soil. They found water in the mountains and water beneath the soil.

Bringing it to the land was a greater task than individuals could undertake. That called for co-operative effort, to build dams and irrigation ditches. So there came about community action, in which each man did his share for the community, and in turn shared the whole community's benefits.

This was entirely different from the settlement of the Mississippi Valley. It called for a colonist who could make an investment, who could work with his neighbors, who could develop ten acres so intensively that they would produce as much as one hundred acres elsewhere.

So it was that the citrus industry was started in southern California, and this became a model more or less for the whole Pacific slope. Instead of planting crops which every other area could grow, namely, grains, the different sections of the Pacific coast began to specialize, each concentrating on the crop that its climate and soil conditions might grow best.

THUS there came to be the citrus belt of southern California, the raisin section of the San Joaquin, the prune and apricot district of the Santa Clara, the walnut region and the apple belt, the fruit areas of Oregon and Washington.

The farms and orchards of the Pacific slope were at a tremendous distance from the great markets. To overcome the disadvantage of distance, growers joined in co-operative effort to transport and market their crops, to share alike in each field their profits or losses.

They joined in maintaining the standards of quality of their products, whether they were nuts or fruits or vegetables. They joined in fighting pests and diseases, joined in experiments to produce finer varieties.

All this called for community thinking, which is, aside from geographic features, the outstanding characteristic of the West.

Community thinking harnessed the rivers in the mountains, produced power from the very waters that turned the arid lands into gardens. Community thinking brought about the finest highway system possible to build, the most advanced schools, the widest range of recreational facilities.

Community thinking calls for educated, informed citizens. Only in communities of well advised men and women is

it possible to act cooperatively for the common good with continued success.

The rapid increase of wealth in the Pacific coast states meant a corresponding increase in the number of families able and eager to send their children to institutions of higher learning. The school systems of the Pacific slope have engaged in a constant race to provide adequate facilities for the children knocking at the doors of high schools, colleges and universities. There is no more definite evidence of the progress of the West, both material and intellectual, than the surge of the youth of the Pacific slope to the schools and colleges.

THE quality of elementary and high schools of the Pacific slope, the rapid growth of the junior college system, enabling boys and girls to take their first two years of college work without leaving home, and the development of a score or more of colleges and universities which compare scholastically with the best in the land is evidence that three generations have been able to accomplish on the Pacific slope what three centuries have done elsewhere.

Our western colleges may not have roots quite so deep as those of older institutions, but they are healthy roots. Western colleges are close to the life and the problems of the communities of the Pacific slope. They are training men and women not to carry degrees after their names, but to serve their communities. To be useful is more meritorious than to be erudite.

The future of the West depends upon the quality of the leaders in community thinking which we may train today. This is a land rich in natural resources, in soils, in water for power and irrigation, in timber, in minerals and in oils.

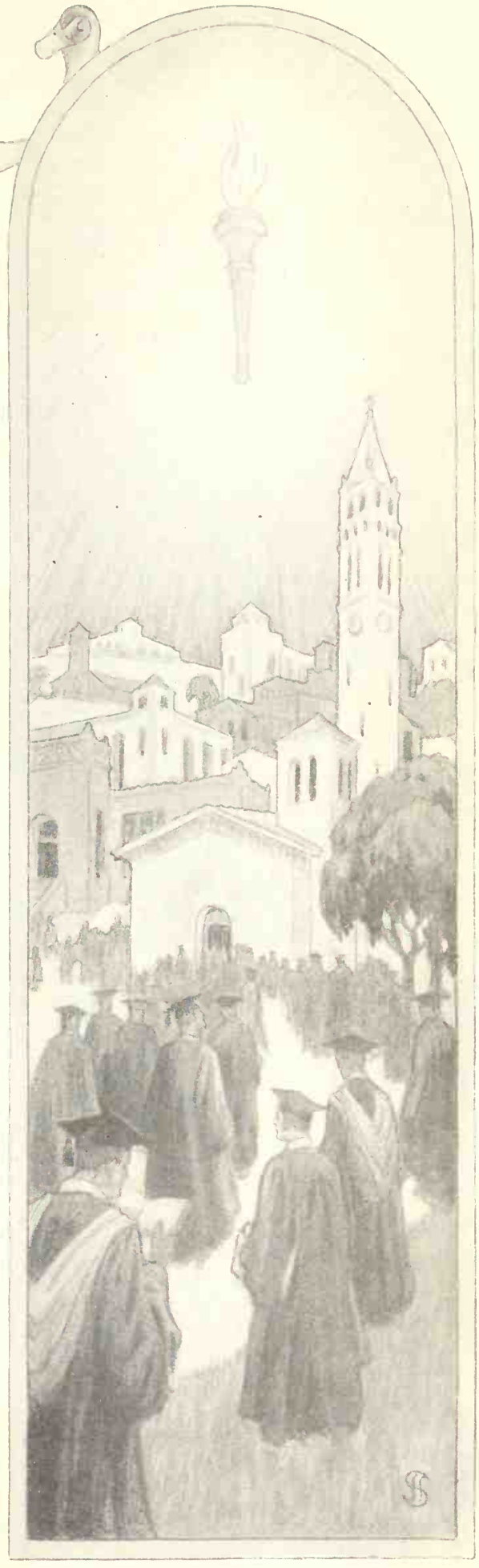
The Pacific abounds in food fish, but that is not its real value to us. The oceanic outlook is a spiritual resource to dwellers on the West Coast. A people gazing across the Pacific must assuredly have a broad horizon, must react to the color of the Orient and its peoples, blended into our own seaboard cities. Place in this environment a selection of people who had those qualities which build up reserves, who brought life savings to build new communities on the Pacific slope, and you have surprising results.

Our system of civilization builds on past savings and projects its new undertakings to be paid for by future savings. The processes which lead to stability, to established family life, to the achieving of that economic ease required for adequate education of youth, for the development of homes, of art and other objectives of higher civilization, were working already in the first settlers on the Pacific slope.

In a sense, the whole of the Pacific slope is a rural metropolitan community, paradoxical as that may sound. I mean by it that the advantages of life commonly found only in cities are here enjoyed by the majority of rural residents.

This took organization, community thinking, and cooperative action, that enabled settlers to make intensive use of the soil, to develop a rural home life unparalleled anywhere else on earth. Greater fruits from his efforts have given the citizen of the Pacific slope a standard of living unique in history. It is true that he owes more to the efforts of his fellows, and he gives more in taxes, but through community effort he enjoys more liberty than the average man ever possessed before and his family rejoices in greater comfort.

This combination of climate, resources and citizenry has enabled us to work out some interesting experiments in civilization. The West is but on the threshold of its ultimate progress and it intrigues one to imagine what the next half century may produce at the present rate of development.



The rear of this interesting house looks out upon the tranquil blue sea

A Mediterranean Home in a Modern Setting

By

Marjorie M. Mohler

IN this distinctive house of Spanish design, Dr. and Mrs. C. Pennell Baxter of San Diego, have caught the spirit of Old World culture and Oriental thought and enmeshed it in a home that glows with warm friendliness and hospitality. The very setting which they have chosen for its construction, on the sloping waterfront of La Playa beside the Harbor of the Sun, breathes a romance that belongs alone to this scenic spot—a spot which has played a vital part in the early history of southern California and indeed the whole western coast. Here weatherbeaten old fishermen still ply their watery trade, sea gulls wheel incessantly and tides lap with ceaseless murmurings against the brick wall at the foot of the terraced garden.

On a lot 50x75 feet the designer, Frank O. Wells, has executed a skillfully thought-out plan. Modern in every detail, there is not an inch of wasted space. In its architectural features the house is entirely Spanish Colonial, a type that is becoming more and more an integral part of our southern California architecture.

The front entrance, garage doors and long cement wall, enclosing the remainder of the house and garden, are set only a few feet back from the sidewalk. Relieving the starkness of the wall and also serving as an opening from the street is an attractive wooden gate with steps down into the grassy enclosure. The wall continues at right angles on the line of the lot to where the terraced lawn ends, almost at the very edge of the water. Along the waterfront, the entire width of the lot, is a retaining wall some six feet in height. This side is left open for an unimpeded view of the bay. In the center is a flight of steps leading to the shallow beach where the Doctor, Mrs. Baxter and Ann, their eight-year-old daughter, revel in their daily dips.

Planting is confined to shrubbery of various sorts, scarlet geraniums, banana trees and palms, arranged against the wall and the house for protection from the wind. In the more sheltered corners are violets, pansies and other small flowers. Along the street side of the wall are planted nasturtiums, monkey flower and euonymus, and at the corner nearest the main entrance is a crimson bougainvillea. The major part of the enclosure, however, is carpeted with grass, forming an ideal romping ground for Ann and her brown and white pointer.

At the back, facing the bay, the two wings of the house form a right angle. Here on the second floor is a small balcony to which is fastened a red and white striped awning, protecting the tiled space beneath from the glaring sun. In this sheltered nook is a clever brick oven built against the dining room wing; a substantial tile table is given a central location and reclining chairs are placed where the lounger may relax at will and watch the shifting tides.

AS for the interior of the house, in line with its strikingly modern plan, the furnishings are as original and charming as the folks that live within. On their extensive travels the Baxters have collected a varied assortment of unusual, interesting things which they have fitted into their home with unmistakably pleasing results.

Just within the front door there is a landing, with four steps leading down into the arched hallway, as illustrated by the photograph on page 22. The stairs, like the entire ground floor, are of terra cotta tile with a wrought-iron balustrade. Decorating the wall space above the risers hangs an Egyptian tapestry, yellowing with age. Light is provided by a small side window and a single wrought-iron electric fixture in the wall beside it.

To the right, through a double arched doorway, one catches a glimpse of the long, narrow living room, and its atmosphere of restful hominess is immediately felt with impressive force. Here is found no stiff, formal arrangement, no set color scheme, but every detail from its beamed ceiling to its red tiled floor is planned for comfort and real living—a room of true charm and beauty.

Numerous chairs of mahogany and Chinese rattan are filled with inviting pillows of soft Chinese red. A chaise longue in a colorful upholstery, also piled with pillows, and a straight-back chair done in cretonne gay with red and yellow tulips add a dash of color to the plain, rough textured walls. On the floor is a hand-woven rug in subdued stripes and about the room at convenient angles are wrought-iron tables, some with tile tops, others of silver-plated copper beautifully hammered and etched by Doctor Baxter's dexterous hands. On these are scattered magazines and books of every description—travel, philosophy, the latest novel—anything to satisfy the most exacting mood.

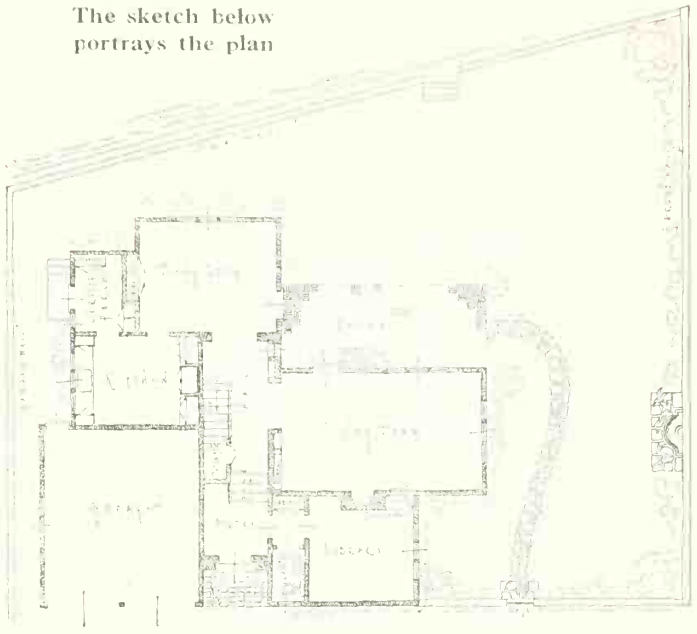
AT the far end of the room is a window draped with simple white net. A similar window is on the left wall and next to the archway are French doors opening out onto the tiled enclosure. A full-length Spanish mirror fills the wall space between, reflecting the deep fireplace of Spanish Colonial design directly opposite. Above the fireplace is suspended a shelf, supported by wrought iron arms, on which stand two tall brass candlesticks balancing perfectly the polished brass andirons in the grate below.

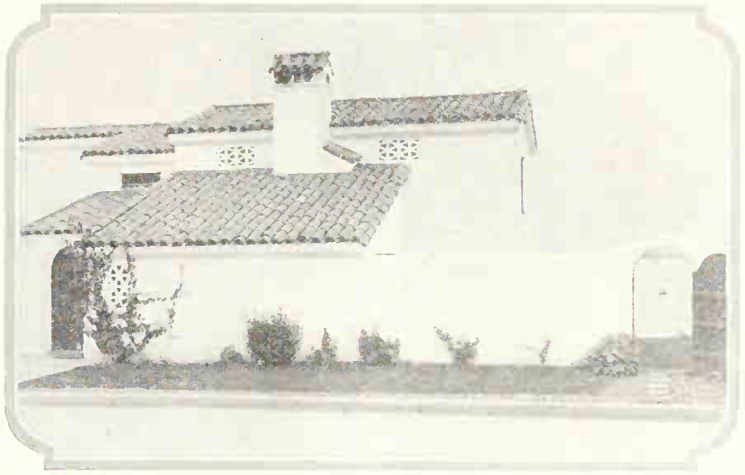
Built-in book shelves occupy the recessed corner nearest the entrance and beside it is another smaller recess containing the steam radiator. Above this hangs an interesting brass alarm clock once belonging to an old ship's equipment. In the hall is a similarly concealed radiator, serving as extra heat for the dining room as well.

Immediately at the end of the hall is the dining room (see photograph on page 22), enriched by a furniture group of antique tabasco mahogany in Spanish style. An original feature is here introduced in the built-in linen closet, stained a dark walnut to match the beams and window ledges and set in a cleverly modeled frame reaching almost to the ceiling. The walls, like all the interior of the house, are a rough Spanish texture. Creating a pronounced color contrast are the enormous willow plate leaning on the sideboard, the Chinese sprigged draperies at the one wide window facing the expanse of blue water, and the blue hand-woven rug against the red terra cotta tile floor and the dark woodwork. A note of unusual interest is also added in the huge skillet suspended from a beam, discovered by the Baxters in an odd corner of the Orient.

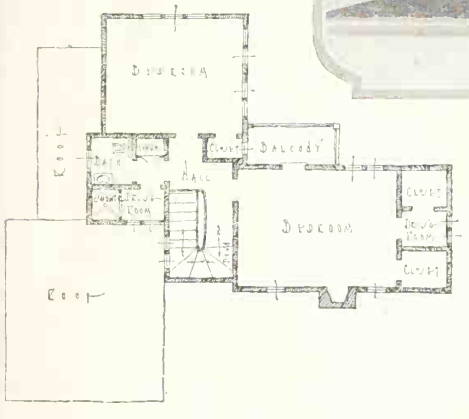
Two outstanding features of convenience in the kitchen are the rubber-tiled drain-board in black and cream checks, and an electric ventilator. The latter is installed in a corner of the ceiling, near the gas range, aiding immensely in eliminating all cooking odors besides keeping the air in circulation. Cupboards are situated above each end of the drainboard, which occupies the entire end of the room, the sink being in the center beneath the window. Along the wall close to the swinging door into the dining room, are built-in cupboards extending to the ceiling with a work table in the center and adequate drawers and cupboards underneath. The back door opens into a spacious semi-enclosed porch where ample room is provided for laundry tubs, water heater and broom closet.

The sketch below portrays the plan





Just above is pictured the house as seen from the street



At left we have a sketch showing the second floor

To the right of the first landing in the entrance hall is a small alcove leading into what is surely the most fascinating room in the entire plan, the Doctor's den. The slanting ceiling is of walnut-stained wood hung with innumerable trophies—a picturesque old saddle, swords dulled with age, guns and fishing rods, in fact, all sorts of things suggestive of thrilling adventures. A fine old desk and chair, cherished through generations, stand in one corner laden with an assortment of unique bric-a-brac. A couch covered with a serviceable throw and pillows is along the side wall, and a Chinese rattan chair against another. On the wall space above it is an old Egyptian tapestry, a twin to the one in the hall. Facing the door are double French windows with built-in bookshelves beneath the long seat. In the left-hand corner is a narrow niche containing a small cupboard.

At present the floor space upstairs is divided into only three rooms, with facilities for a fourth to be constructed over the garage for a maid's quarters when such expansion is desired. The modern note is again

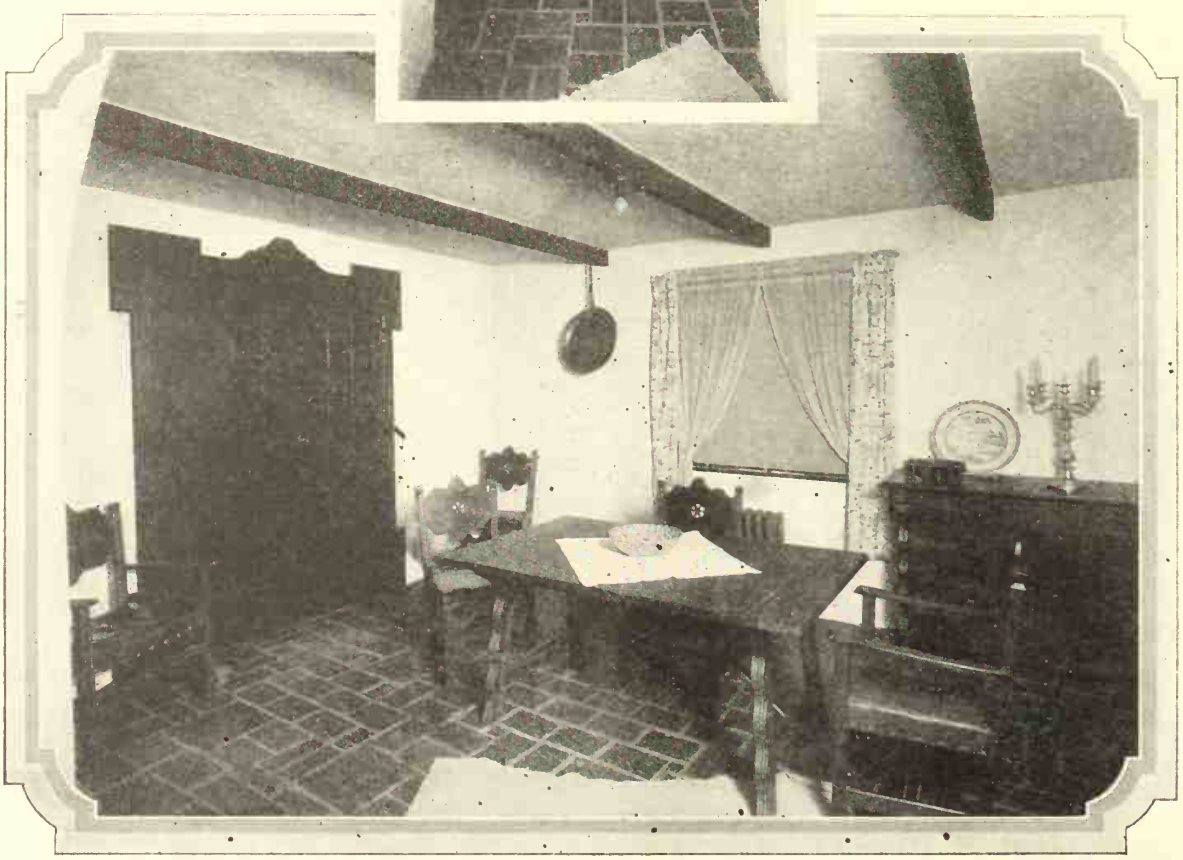
uppermost in the handling of the bath which, instead of the usual conventional room, is separated into two alcoves opening off the hall by individual doors. The one to the left is the shower stall and the other the lavatory, which is tinted a golden yellow.

THE location of the main bedroom is over the living room, to the right of the top landing of the stairs, and it is in a striking color combination of black and Chinese red. The casings and hardwood floor are finished in dull black, while the hand-woven rugs are a lovely brick-red shade. Carrying out the same tones is a dashing bit of cretonne at a tiny window high up in a rear corner of the room. The bedroom suite is of dark mahogany, old, heavy and very handsome, and gracing the four-poster bed is an exquisite knitted coverlet, another prized heirloom. Opening onto the balcony is a pair of French doors and at the end of the room is another pair leading into a small dressing chamber. Next to this is an ample clothes closet with a full-length mirror in the door. A fireplace is built in the side wall, between the chiffonier and bedstead, enhanced by gleaming brass andirons, and in front of it stands a comfortable wicker chair.

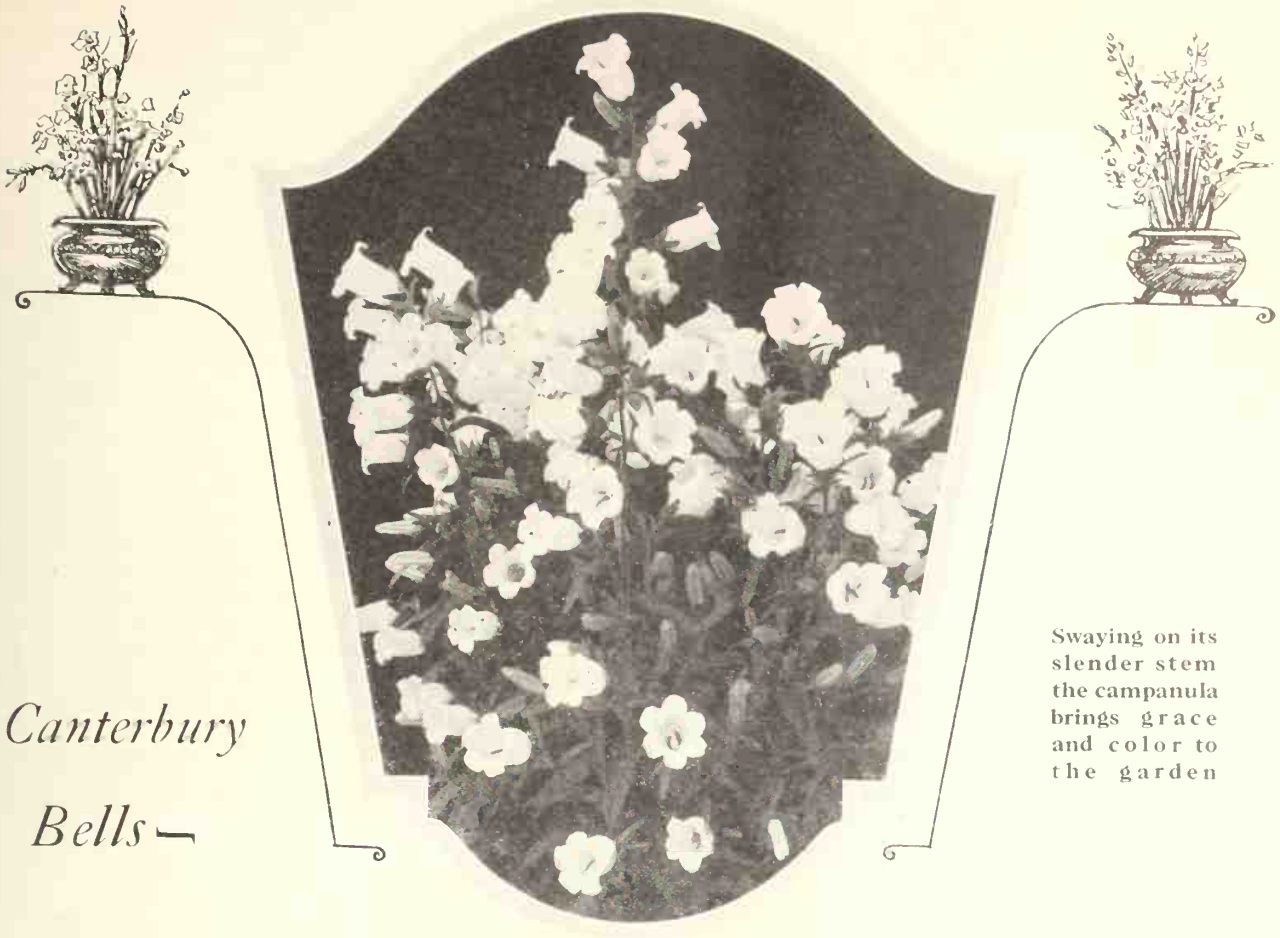
The main color which Ann has selected for her small bedroom, just off the top of the stairs, is a fresh, soft green. A dainty little dresser, chiffonier and single bed, enameled in this color and decorated with clusters of pink rose-buds, comprise the suite. Sheer white ruffled tie-backs with side curtains of pink and green chintz drape the two low windows. A cunning chair, just the right size for a little girl, is upholstered in pink and green flowers on a cream linen background. In one corner, between the dresser and chiffonier, is a space for Ann's doll buggy and bedstead which has a flowered counterpane to match Ann's own bed. And of course Ann's dolls are in evidence everywhere. There is a gorgeous one with ruffled pink flounces on the top of the dresser and a whole family of them seated in all sorts of positions on a table near the window.

EVERYTHING about this delightful house indicates livability. It is a home where the man of the house has played a definite part in helping to select the furnishings and has expressed his individuality in the arrangement of certain of the rooms. It is a home built with the child of the house in mind, for there are spacious playgrounds without and a room of her very own within. It is a home where the woman of the house finds it a joy to perform ordinary tasks because of the many modern housekeeping devices installed for her convenience. The Baxter place in San Diego is truly a western home of great interest and charm.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—These "little visits to western homes," of which this is the third, are being read with much enjoyment by those of the SUNSET family. If there is a home in your neighborhood which you feel would interest the other readers of this magazine, won't you please tell us about it? Passing along good ideas through this magazine is just one more way of being neighborly—a trait upon which all westerners pride themselves. All articles which are used are paid for at space rates.)



Opening from the hall is the dining room enriched by furniture of antique tabasco mahogany



Canterbury Bells—

Swaying on its slender stem the campanula brings grace and color to the garden

Fairy Flower of the West

In This Article

Sydney B. Mitchell

Discusses the Campanula Family

MANY gardeners like to collect all the best named varieties of some plant which has recently undergone great improvement—the tall bearded iris, for example. In this kind of collecting Americans excel. We are slower, however, in learning the fun of gathering in our gardens all the desirable species of some attractive family. As we do learn this, campanulas of which Canterbury bells are one species will get much attention, for they are wonderfully varied and beautiful and particularly suited to coast gardens.

Let me draw attention to a few of the outstanding members of a lovely family. It will not be easy to select from the many in cultivation. Thompson and Morgan, Ipswich, England, offer seed of 118 kinds; Henri Correvon, Chere-Bourg, Geneva, Switzerland, about as many, and here in California we have at least one specialist who has a catalog devoted entirely to campanulas. My limited space will be given to the best for border or rock garden, best because they are both beautiful and easy to grow, especially in this section.

Of the border kinds doubtless the best known is the Canterbury bell, *C. medium*, a biennial of bold beauty, when well grown each branched plant covered with big blue, white, or pink flowers over the entire 2½ feet of its height. The type is more graceful than either the cup and saucer or the double form. Raised from seed sown in midsummer, it will go through any winter and flower the next May or June, making a wonderful show where massed. Then it is through and the plants should be thrown away and replaced by something else, chrysanthemums for example, to flower later. Give them a prominent place in the garden, in beds or borders near the house or in the planting which masks its base. A striking combination I once saw was a border of purple and pink Canterbury bells in the color proportion of about three to one. This might have horrified gardeners of twenty-five years ago, when debutantes wore only pale pink or paler blue, but we can take our color stronger now.

OF the tall perennial bellflowers, *C. persicifolia* is most grown, and deservedly so. Its neat cushions of long, narrow peach leaves and its stiff, erect spikes of blue or white, open flowers are most effective. Feltham Beauty and Everest, respectively blue and white, are examples of selections for vigor and height which grow half as high again as the typical two-foot form. Grow this group of campanulas either from seed or by division of the clumps. Complaints are often made that these dwindle or even die out. The trouble is usually congestion of growth. This bellflower, like the Michaelmas daisy or the hardy chrysanthemum, is happier if

divided yearly and only the strong single outer growths replanted.

The Chimney bellflower, *C. pyramidalis*, is a striking rather than a beautiful plant, its tall, thick flower-stem sometimes growing up to six feet, its close-set flowers suggesting a steeple in effect. Though rated a perennial, it should be treated as a biennial, for it flowers best from plants raised from seed the previous year and deteriorates quickly after its first flowering. In England and France it is often grown in pots but in America it is usually a back border plant, a bit gawky but certain to be noticed.

THERE are other much less grown border campanulas. Among the finest is *C. latifolia*, a fine British species with pale blue or white flowers, growing as high as five feet in rich soil, rather "rampageous" when quite happy with its lot. A shorter form of *C. latifolia* is *macrantha*. *C. latiloba* (also known as *C. grandis*) is another three-footer, somewhat suggestive of the peach-leaved bellflower but both less graceful and less desirable. The last of the border kinds I shall mention is *C. lacti flora*, a very tall perennial, its big panicles of small pale blue or white flowers often carried on stems six feet high, obviously a plant for the rear of the border. In dry California gardens it may often be less than half that height.

A neighbor of mine grows *C. alliaerifolia*, easily raised from seed, a somewhat straggling variety with many white flowers on its two-foot stems. Lovely, but I can do without it. I would gladly do without *C. grosseki*, though its slender purple bells are attractive, but in my garden it will not stay put, and has pushed its underground stems over a more considerable area than it deserves.

So much for the big border campanulas. To those who are developing a rock garden interest, the many little dwarf bellflowers will be alluring. A few of them are indispensable.

C. rotundifolia, the English harebell, and *C. carpatica*, from the Carpathians, may be grouped together almost as connecting the border and rock plants, because they are robust enough in cool, moist climates to be used in the front of the border as edgings while in warmer, drier sections they will appreciate the cool, damp soil which the rock garden can offer. Both are easy, and can be raised from seed or increased by division. They both have blue and white forms, and each carries its flowers erect on slender stems, the English one being more bell shaped than the open Carpathian flower.

Preferable to these, particularly for the rock garden in California, is the more recently introduced *C. laurii*, because its home is in the Grecian islands and it is therefore better adapted to a Mediterranean climate than are wildings from England or the cold Carpathians. It resembles *C. rotundifolia*, but its rosy lavender cups are upturned instead of drooping. It grows from seed or division and is indispensable because of its recurrent flowering.

For Best Results with

Campanulas

- Buy best varieties of seeds or plants from reliable dealers.
- Do not try to keep biennials over the second year.
- Plant seeds in boxes in spring or in the open in midsummer, transplanting later to permanent bed.
- Plant in well-drained, rich soil, avoiding an extremely sunny location.
- Give plenty of moisture.
- Cut off faded flowers as soon as plant finishes blooming.
- Give light protection in colder sections over winter but take care not to smother the plants.

C. abietina I first saw in the wonderful rock garden of Mr. Cleveland Morgan, near Montreal, and I fell in love with its wide open red-violet flowers on wiry stems a foot above a mat of small green leaves. It is doing well a year from seed in my rock garden, and I look forward to its flowering in May. I understand it requires frequent division to keep it healthy.

THERE is an easy little rock campanula variously called *pusilla*, *pumila*, or *caespitosa*. It looks best and is happiest in a pocket where its roots can go down to a cool run, and there it will spread rapidly and in due time its dainty flowers, blue or white, will appear on stems about four to six inches high. It does not bloom until June or July, really an advantage, as we need midsummer flowers in the rock garden. Even easier, especially in California for rock gardens, is *C. muralis*. Its alternative and, I believe, authoritative name is *C. portenschlagiana*, but it is really too small to be loaded with a name like that. In a warm garden give it a cool situation and some summer moisture, but it is good-tempered even in adversity. Its low green leaves are always attractive, and little low blue bells cover the mat of green in spring and decorate it at intervals a large part of the year. It looks well and does well in the joints of rough stone steps.

C. garganica (there are several forms) has somewhat similar but larger foliage. Its flowers, too, are bigger and almost flat when open, making it a lovely thing in the rock garden—close growing and, because it hails from Italy, willing to stand summer drought. Besides coming from seed, all three of these campanulas can readily be increased by cuttings taken in spring, put into a pot or box filled with sand, and preferably covered with glass.

IF you ever see hanging over a rock wall a long curtain of green or gray foliage spangled with broad, flat, starlike flowers of blue or white, it is fairly safe to bet it is some form of *C. isophylla*. In cold sections this Italian bellflower is grown in pots and kept in the greenhouse over winter, but from Victoria south along the Pacific coast there are gardens where it will survive the winters. Unless you are sure yours is not one of these, try it. It comes easily from cuttings, and is not particular as to soil or situation, though it prefers light soil, good drainage, and sunshine.

If you want to read more about campanulas, read until you are dizzy with the names of varieties you can or cannot grow, let me recommend the fifty large pages under "Campanula" in Reginald Farrer's English Rock Garden, the best work on this subject and written for conditions not unlike those along much of the Pacific coast. It is pretty expensive, but a large public library ought to have it, and a small one should be able to borrow it for you.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—On the hills overlooking Berkeley, Sydney B. Mitchell has built a delightful garden. It is here that Professor Mitchell learns about flowers by actually growing them and it is from his experiences that he writes the splendid articles which are appearing regularly in SUNSET MAGAZINE. The article last month was on primroses; the one next month will be on chrysanthemums and others of interest will follow.

A Municipal Mother

Officially: Elisabeth Lossing, Police-Woman and Psychiatric Social Worker of Berkeley, California

By Willard Johnson

Mrs. Lossing on the balcony of her home

YESTERDAY, if you had said the one word "policewoman" to me, I would instantly have visualized a hard-boiled, business-like sort of Carrie Nation, with a club in place of a hatchet—a kind of super-female-jail-warden hardened by her contact with the tough, alcoholic or dope-riddled women I have seen in police-courts.

Such a preconception naturally only enhanced the reality, especially when the reality turned out to be as charming a woman as Mrs. Elisabeth Lossing of the Berkeley police force.

Mrs. Lossing is the fine, motherly type one occasionally encounters as a very much loved school teacher—but not very often even there. She has deep, kind eyes that were made to invite confidence and to give it. She has a motherly bosom that was expressly designed by the Creator for unhappy children to weep upon.

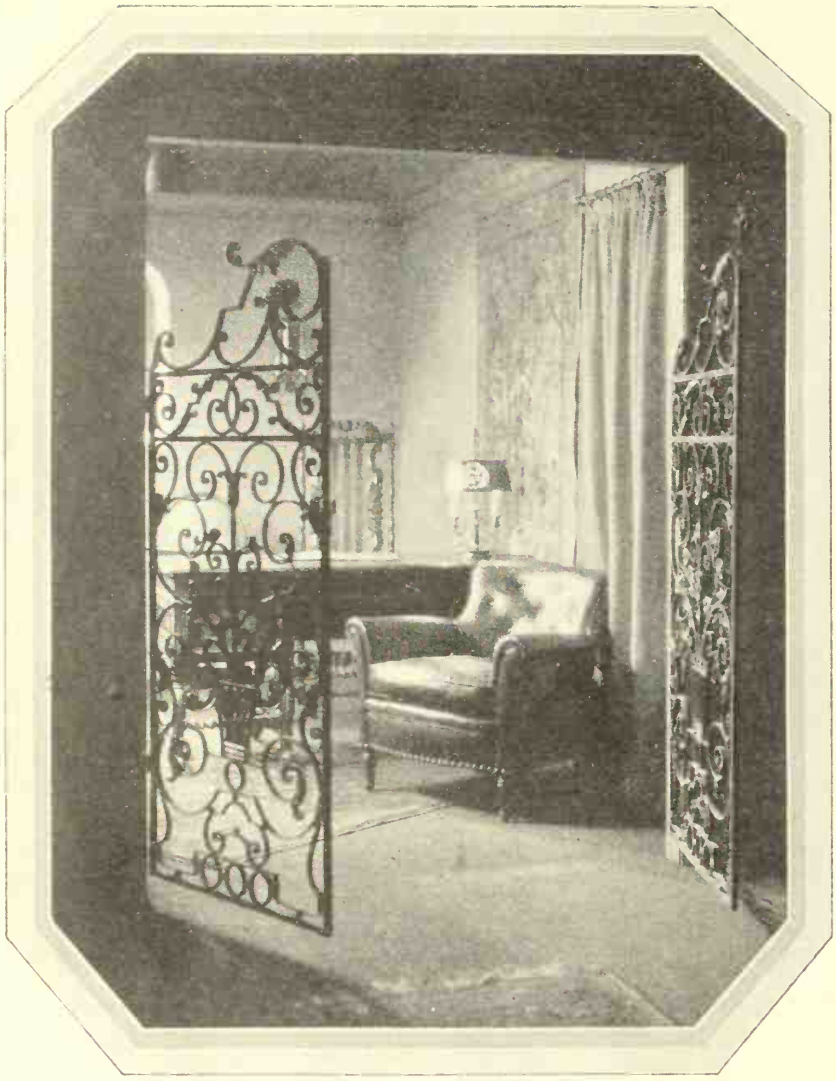
Rebecca Porter has said: "Her dark brown eyes suggest that kind of penetration which sees into the heart but is tolerant of what it sees. Her short dark hair is touched with gray, the gray that results not from age but from the full measure of life's perplexities. She wears habitually the trim, tailored clothes appropriate to profession and figure. But perhaps it is the mouth which really gives the key to character. In order to be a successful policewoman one must come to terms with the sense of humor. Mrs. Lossing has come to terms with it and the mouth that smiles so easily has neither the hardness of cynicism nor the downward droop of self-pity. Her life is the life of sympathetic appreciation. She has avoided the bog of sentimentality and has evolved the unusual ability to face life squarely."

Can you see her, as I do, explaining to Helen or Jane or Mary that she has not sent for them because they are bad, but because she wants to know what their trouble is and how to help them? Can you see her happiness over the fact that Helen is now interested in taking music lessons instead of throwing mud at the neighbors' windows or stealing toys from the ten-cent store? In other words, can you see her as a kind of Municipal Mother Superior to all of Berkeley's lonely urchins? A small boy of four or five grabbed her as she was hurrying away from the Sergeant's desk one day: "Tell me, tell me," said he with eyes a-sparkle, "did you just *now* get out of jail? You look like such a nice, kind lady."

And yet Mrs. Lossing is not only a mother—she is a scientist in so far as she is thoroughly trained in social psychiatry. She knows when a confidential talk will suffice and when the Y. W. C. A. or the Y. M. C. A. or the Berkeley Health Center or the Child Guidance Clinic or medical aid or legal aid or volunteer social workers must be called in to help. She leaves to the reluctant last any recourse to the Juvenile Court or to a corrective institution or detention home.

IN other words, her work is principally (as all police work should be, and perhaps will be some day) with crime prevention, and not only with delinquents but with pre-delinquents. She seldom makes arrests. She does not have a "beat." She interviews women and children in her office, talks to them, wins their confidence, studies them, learns their family history and the story of their trouble. And her business is to find out whether a child or a woman is a social problem through the fault of parental neglect, improper health supervision, demoralizing environment, or whether the "patient" is mentally defective or suffering from some definite physical or glandular handicap.

All this explains automatically why she is famous and a significant figure in the world. Her results are teaching criminologists everywhere that former police-methods have been wrong—that the old way of making delinquents feel that they are hated by society, that they are worthless, that they are hopeless pariahs, is exactly opposite from the proper method; and that the new way of studying delinquents with the attitude of finding out *why* they are delinquents, and then setting the whole structure right, is the only way to (*Continued on page 68*



This red leather chair is very much at home in an interior which shows Spanish influence

The Home That Grows

By Mary McDuffie Hampton

HOW long is it since you have seen your home? Not that you have been away from it. The chances are that when you return after having been absent for a few days you do truly see every chair and rug and bed and bureau. But if you stay there, day in and day out, you may perhaps become blinded to the unattractive as well as the attractive features of your home.

It is all too easy for a house to become static—flat—uninteresting. It must grow and change, to keep up with the growth, both mental and physical, of the members of the family who live in it. Pieces of furniture or bric-a-brac that have lost their significance must give place to others. I don't mean that everything old must be thrown out and replaced by new. Certainly not! Grandmother's beautiful old walnut chest of drawers you will undoubtedly want to keep. But wouldn't it be silly to keep a highchair in the dining-room after the youngest has outgrown it? There are objects in some living-rooms today which are in the same class with the afore-mentioned highchair, so far as being outgrown by the family is concerned.

Probably every one of us could have more beauty than we have in our homes today if we were willing to spend thought on the matter. We should undoubtedly decide to spend a little money, too, but thought comes first in importance.

The real stumbling block over which most of us trip is our mental attitude towards change. I have noticed ever so many couples furnish most charmingly a little home, and then proceed to put that home out of their minds forever as a static, completed fact. While I do not think we should carry about with us a perpetual weight of house-consciousness, still I do think we should try occasionally to wink off from our eyes that familiarity with which we ordinarily look at it, and criticize our home quite as if it were a problem, and a fresh one.

The one time when most of us do suddenly come face to face with our homes is when a strange guest is coming to visit us. Then our eyes assume the most critical vision of a stranger, and at that moment for the first time we see how worn is the rug by the hearth, how rather shabby the special luncheon set we have been saving for just such occasions, and we regret now, too late, that we have postponed so long the buying of the new tea cups or goblets which we knew we needed.

BUT the very worst aspect of this amusingly tragic situation is that we, the family whom the home primarily concerns, have been denied these bits of added charm all this time. How much more fun it would have been for all the family had we bought in good time the pretty new teacups, had we turned the rug, and had the

charming new lunch set been added to our store of pretty things.

It is for ourselves, after all, that we, the you and I who find such pleasure in a home, should make these changes. Nor must we ever sink into the narrow point of view that considers such changes mere extravagance. We must use judgment, of course, in our spending; but the wide awake household which is truly drawing the maximum from life and living is always making changes—redecorating and refurnishing and, indeed, even cutting new doors and windows, to say nothing of adding a vase here and a lamp there. As long as one's income admits of any expenditure at all upon pleasure and recreation as well as upkeep of the home, then there is here a most meritorious consideration for the budget. It is not a change such as a series of nights in cafes that the average family needs, but a change in home surroundings to keep them restful and pleasing and yielding of genuine pleasure.

IN the May issue of this magazine Edgar H. Wileman, noted west coast authority on home furnishing, asks, "Does Your Home Picture Your Personality?" This will be the first in a series of most practical and interesting articles by Mr. Wileman.

WE grow tired of rooms. Persons with unanalytical minds may fretfully turn in their unreasoning gropings towards night-life or any of the other possible diversions found outside of the home. But to me there is infinitely more pleasure in adventuring right at home. Merely to change the position of the furniture is a most refreshing treat. Such a change usually calls to our attention certain needs. Maybe we now need a new end table or another lamp. Perhaps certain vases of a different shape or color are required by this new arrangement for newly created spots. This is all a part of the interesting adventure, and the satisfying of such needs becomes most enchanting pleasure.

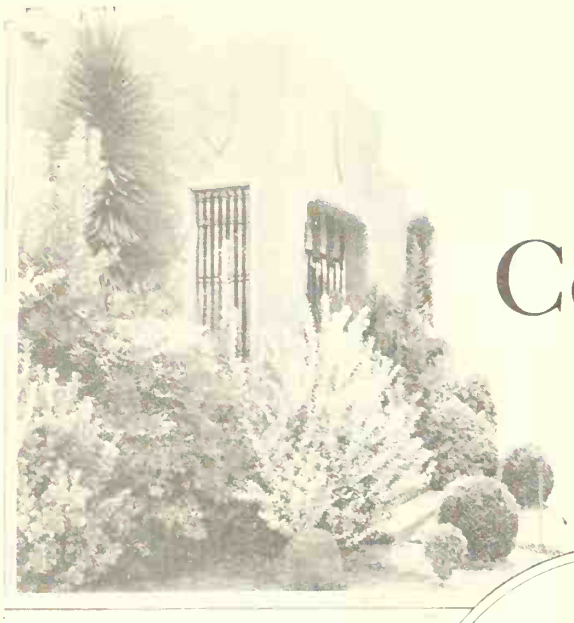
New color can yield the most extravagant adventures of all. Perhaps the living-room has been a combination of beige and brown tones for some years. But the sun has faded the draperies and we feel the need of a change. Picture the old room with its monotone of beige rug and dark brown hangings with accents of russet and copper. Now we turn to heavy, silky draperies through which are woven daringly modern designs; and in a new color, perhaps green or a coppery orange tone. Possibly we will even call in the upholsterer and have the seats and backs of a chair or two recovered in colors that repeat certain tones in the draperies.

These changes, of course, frequently extend into larger undertakings. I have known inconvenient, badly arranged houses to be transformed into positively ideal homes through the removing of partitions, the cutting of windows and such minor remodelings. In the course of my life I have seen some utterly charming homes created out of old places. Not that this is an economy—I rather fear it is not—but neither is it an extravagance, particularly when it provides not only a new home, but recreation, creative expression and artistic construction on the part of those who build such a place.

At all events, one thing is certain: that a house must change and grow, if it is to continue to be a real home.

Photographs, courtesy of W. & J. Sloane

Every successful room invites one to linger in it



The Right Use of Color in the Garden

By Arthur Hawthorne Carhart

Member, American Society Landscape Architects

PLEASURE from the garden part of our home comes to us through seeing, smelling and hearing, but no one avenue of human appreciation of gardens is so important as sight. And in our visual contact with our garden, color plays an important part. It is for this reason that color is so often discussed when we exchange ideas about our gardens.

Color in a garden gives it life, vivacity. It animates the garden scheme, brings an element which uplifts spirits, produces happy moods, prevents the garden from being a composition in monotone.

Color is accent material in design. It is the thing which gives dynamic effect to the picture of the garden wherever you may be standing. It is an element of design which if properly handled brings out the beauty of the basic design. Conversely, color poorly handled may make a dowdy garden.

Before we plunge into this oft-discussed field of color in landscape design let us venture for a moment into other forms of composition and see what this color does there. Study here may help us to understand the place color fills in garden composition.

First, the orchestra. Tone color enriches the main theme. The major theme may be singing away in the string choir with an accompaniment of strings and brass. But the tone color of the composition may come from a thread of counter theme issuing from the wood-winds. It gives that "ping," that counter irritant, if one may use the word, which displays the strength of the main theme, by means of deft contrasts and accents.

Scenes in Sunset Gardens

IF snow-on-the-mountain is planted in the amaryllis bed, at blooming time the pink blossoms will float on a foamy sea of pale green and white.

Magenta is an outcast in most gardens but the gardener who plants delphinium in soft, clear blue tones beneath a bougainvillea vine will be rewarded with a gorgeous color picture.

A bed of bright yellow and orange African marigolds, bordered with blue ageratum, will bring joy to the heart of the lover of bold color effects.

For autumn, combinations of the recently improved varieties of Michaelmas daisies with goldenrod offer possibilities for color pictures.

If you have two neighboring terraces in your garden, try planting one to verbenas in mixed colors and the other to the ordinary pink geranium; you'll be amazed at the effectiveness of the combination.

For something a bit out of the ordinary, plant the feathery white meadow rue with the graceful bleeding heart.

The old-fashioned red salvia has been neglected of late years, but it is coming back into favor in some gardens, massed with white alyssum.

The tall heavy spikes of the foxglove in a variety of colors may be pleasantly foiled by a foreground planting of statice latifolia which will be covered with lavender-blue blossoms.

The dainty blue of the forget-me-not may be combined effectively in the border with the pastel tones of the long-spurred columbine or the brighter hues of the snapdragon.

I admit it may appear bumptious for a landscape architect to talk of dress design. Yet the same principles of line, mass, proportion, color, texture apply to the planning of dresses with character as apply to designing a garden with personality. Color is often used as the dominant accent in dresses. Black with a flame red flower, Nile green with color accent of maize, a dark blue knit sports dress with a cornelian colored brooch and a perky blue hat with glowing red feather—those suggest the use of strong color point for accent.

Color in fiction composition is found in that counter theme of locale pointing up the big theme that is the main thread of the story.

Now, color in the garden. As the oboe or bassoon in the orchestra gives a tone color foil to the song of the violins, as a bright buckle or knot of ribbons gives the accent of color to a gown, as neatly sketched "local color" gives greater force to a story, so does color produce accent in the garden. It is not the primary thing in garden design. It is an auxiliary element used to strengthen the main design. Therefore it is important to get the basic design of your garden well blocked out before you go into the problem of color planning.

COLOR design is often a favorite topic of the fervent amateur. Too generally it is spoken of as a separate thing that can be stripped out of the garden without considering the other elements of garden design, held up to view, mauled, pawed, abused and then put back on the garden like a superficial kalsomining with never a thought of how color will affect the other design elements. It is an inseparable part of the whole and must be so considered.

The combination of colors to

produce pleasing effects can be taken in the abstract. It is possible to work out balanced color groupings without special thought of gardens. But those same color combinations apply to fabrics, auto bodies, billboards or window dressing just as readily as they apply to garden color. The combinations of colors may be an abstract thing, but the color plan of your garden is a concrete application of the abstract and involves more than mere combination of harmonious color groupings.

By evolving a definite color plan coordinated with other design elements it is possible to give the same garden several different seasonal countenances.

IN early spring iris, daffodils and tulips might cluster at the point of shrub beds. In summer you may place phlox, gaillardia and delphiniums in masses in the bays. In fall the accent of flame colors of mountain maples, reds of dogwood leaves or the gold leaves of frost-touched plum takes the accent into the shrub borders. The color accent has moved from point to point, from design element to design element, stressing one feature one week and another the week following and to that extent changing the "face" of the garden.

The problem of getting good placing for the color accent will find its solution in the study of the other elements of design. Lines, masses, proportion, textures, scale, will give the foundation for the color plan. Put the force of color at points to be stressed or along lines that should be made more powerful.

Do not get the impression that there is only one color scheme which will fit your garden design. Far from it. You can shift color spots in the living-room and get a new effect, you can secure a different effect with an old dress by shifting color spots and you will find that one designer for gardens would put color accent one place and the next would put it another and each would be equally right; each scheme equally pleasing if well done.

There is much talk of jarring colors. It is a favorite field of "do's and don'ts" for amateur garden planners. Too often it holds the stage while basic design suffers miserably.

After studying color in the fields of landscape design, music, fiction writing and touching it as an adventurer in other fields, I have come to the conclusion that there is a basic rule that is rather simple. Where it has been applied good results have followed.

The rule is this: Where you use color in several places in a composition, use it with equal, balancing strength. The fiery red of lychnis can be balanced by the strong blue of anchusa but would overpower the delicate blue tint of the funkia. The funkia would balance the color power of a shell pink phlox because they are both tints of equal color "weight." So, when you plan color for your garden in tints keep the whole scheme for any one period in tints and shades. If you have powerful colors at another bloom season then plan that whole season of bloom in stronger colors.

Disharmony between colors results from a lack of balancing of color "strength" rather than the combination of any given colors.

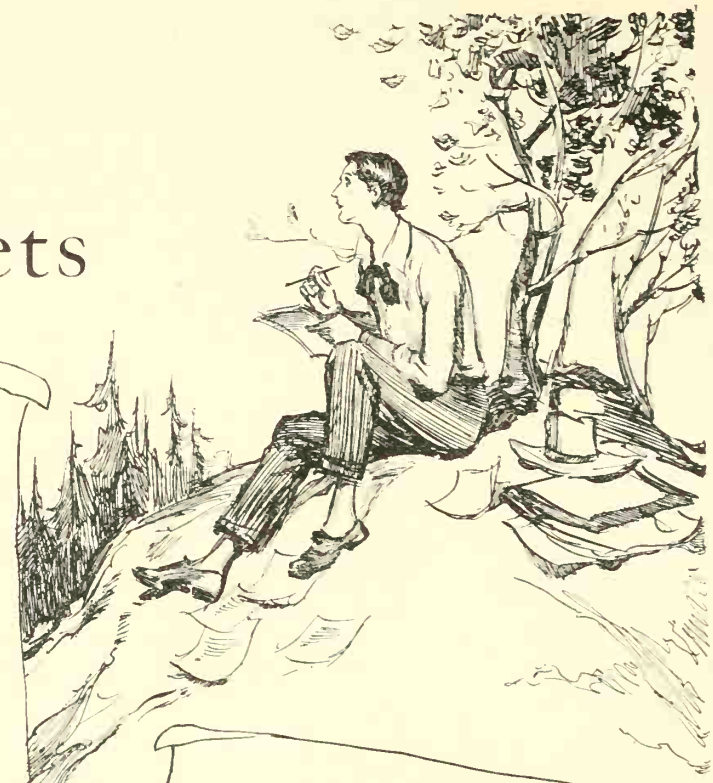
Again we turn to the field of music to illustrate. A good director will not let the brass choir blare forth and smother the muted violin section nor will he let the cymbal clash out with its probing sound except where there is plenty of other tonal force to balance it coming from the other divisions of the orchestra. The good landscape designer will not let fiery, noisy masses of flower bloom throw off the color balance in his plan if the garden is to be worked out in mezzo-tints. Nor will he make some delicately tinted flower lose its beauty because riotous color blooms near by overbalance its color force.

Here is a parting thought. Have you ever tried to work out a color scheme meticulously, painstakingly, balancing shades carefully, delving in the deep sea of garden literature which devotes itself to this topic of "color combinations" for gardens, then plant your garden following the dictum of the ultra-colorist to an almost unreasonable degree—and then have Mother Nature, laughing up her sleeve, upset the whole scheme by bringing the flowers in different tints or shades than you had counted on or have them sport entirely away from the color you expected?

What may be a light blue shade in one soil or one site may be rather vivid in another location. And try as you may you cannot control color in flowers beyond a certain point. About all you can hope to do is to keep the force of colors balanced, place them for the purpose of accent, consider the main basic design when you do plan your disposition of color, and then enjoy the result with no squeamishness about some tiny detail.

Decorative walls add an interesting note of color to the patio of Oscar Easley in San Clemente, Cal.

Spring Comes to Western Poets



Hills of California

There are elfin bugles blowing high above the fields of wheat;
There are bluebells and wild pansies, where the sage and poppies meet;
There are crystal drops of nectar in the jewels at my feet
On the hills of California in the morning.

I can hear the padres singing in the wistful winds that blow;
They are haloed by the sunshine, and the gleam of long ago.
Azure spirit vales are folding antelope and buffalo
On the hills of Caltfornia in the morning.

Now white caravans assemble, watched by furtive prairie folk,
And the tired oxen tremble, patient-eyed beneath the yoke;
In the blue horizon circle bluer whiffs of rifle-smoke
On the hills of California in the morning.

Shapes and phantom shadows fleeing where the wind-blown yucca waves;
Distant cries now thrill my being like the war-cry of old braves;
Only ghosts mine eyes are seeing, ghosts o'er long forgotten graves,
On the hills of California in the morning.

—Cyrus C. Johnson.

In My Garden

Strange
How carrots toil
To yellow length
In the self-same soil
Where beets spin purple tops;
Where potatoes grow
Neat brown crops
Down the radiant pink
Of a radish row.

One stops to think

—Ethel Romig Fuller.

Spring Stirs the Heart

I wonder what small thing today has lent
A magic potency to stir my heart.
Is it the violet shading or the scent
Of lupine painted with such subtle art
On every springtime hill? Was it a cloud
Hurrying across a sky of April blue
To wrap that highest peak as in a shroud,
Veiling its brilliant amethystine hue?

I cannot tell. There are so many things
To stir old memories that long have lain
As pale and lusterless as dead moth-wings
Once dancing madly, of the candle fain.
But what are memories when poppies gay
And silvered shooting-stars illume my way!

—Anne Zuker.

Procrastination

I was going to clean my house today—
Hang quilts and pillows upon the line,
Beat the rugs and wipe the stairs,
And make the windows shine.

But a robin sings in the apple tree,
And the red clover's breath is sweet,
And a warm wind ruffles the meadow grass
Into paths for truant feet.

I'll put my mop and broom away,
And clean my house another day.

—Myrtle Blassing.

Timberline Heroes

Up above the timberline alpine meadows grow
Gay with tiny blooming plants, close against the snow,
Like a fairy garden spot done in miniature;
Every bloom a masterpiece, colorful and sure.

Fenced with snow-capped mountain tops sharp against the sky,
Where the brooding clouds hang low, alpine meadows lie.
Just an inch or less in height fairy flow'rs abound,
Soft as Persian rugs of silk spread upon the ground.

High above the haunts of men, birds and butterflies,
Tiny blossoms catch the glow of the sunlit skies.
Close beside deep crusted drifts of eternal snow,
Every bloom a hero, brave alpine meadows grow.

—Martha Coleman Sherman.

Who Killed Cock Robin?

Mystery Novels Are the Outstanding Democrats of Literature According to

A. Marshall Harbinson

Who This Month Tells You About Seven New Thrillers

THE quality of mystery fiction, it seems to us, is somewhat strained. But our personal opinion to the contrary, this puree of easily masticated literature continues to be one of the most popular forms of reading entertainment. And, as a matter of fact, it is the outstanding democrat of all literature. Pedagogical persons read it as avidly as office boys. We know a learned and dignified literary critic who turns hand-springs at the very mention of a story from the pen of S. S. Van Dine, and have known a young mechanic, who seldom reads a book of any kind, to stay up half the night, so eager was he to find out who slaughtered all the poor souls in "The Green Murder Case." A book vender at a nearby university tells us that he sells more mystery novels to professors than to students. So, then, even if the glory of this type of novel is by way of being reflected, its standing in the community of book readers is unquestionable.

And no wonder! The blame things drag you out of yourself by the upstanding hairs of your head and pitch you into a cauldron of moiling excitement and adventure. They boil you to a turn in a mass of danger and then deposit you safely, albeit breathlessly, back into your own arm chair with a feeling that you have had a swell time while it lasted. This, coupled with the probability that the genesis of this extraordinarily popular form of reading entertainment lies in our being suckled on "Who Killed Cock Robin?" undoubtedly accounts for mystery fiction's appeal.

"The Murders in Surrey Wood," by John Arnold (E. P. Dutton & Co., $2.00), is a title to catch the wandering eye of any browsing mysterite. In it one Doctor Dick Henshaw neglects his English countryside practice to render unwelcome aid to Scotland Yard in solving the mystery of the many deaths that occur in and around Surrey Wood. The doctor gets into one pickle after another, and the reader fairly holds his breath in apprehension for the fellow's safety. The story starts out with a terrible cry "filling the air with cold horror," and from then on events happen with breathless rapidity. The dreadful scream aforementioned falls upon the ears of the distinguished scientist, Professor Merrow, and upon going to investigate, he stumbles over a dead body.

Later, when he returns with the doctor and a constable, the body has disappeared. Who was the dead man? Who killed him, and why? How had the body disappeared? These conundrums, coupled with strange sounds from the Henshall Manor House, start the young doctor sniffing as a bloodhound to the trail. Other murders occur at proper intervals, and there is a pretty girl in this to help the story along—as if it needed any helping along! Even in the usual love interest, the author has a little twist up his sleeve that we do not intend to divulge. There is no doubt about this being a mystery story, and a good one.

"Nightmare," by Gerald Mygatt (Penn Publishing Company, $2.00) is well named. It is a bad dream from start to finish in which the reader will find enough melodrama to satiate the most craving taste. The heroine of this action and suspense story, Patricia Shane, likes her men to be two-fisted fellows of muscle and brawn. She finds her ideal in Jimmy Kirklin who, although he appears in New York at the psychological moment dressed in a dinner coat, is really a poor miner from the great open spaces of the West, after all. The action of the story is second only to the speed with which Patricia and Jimmy fall in love with one another.

A band of clever New York crooks under the leadership of a hawknosed rascal and his consort, Queenie, decide to kidnap Patricia and hypnotize her into acting the part of a missing heiress for whose return there is a million dollar reward. Despite the vigilance of her two-fisted friend, Patricia is kidnapped and hypnotized with a mechanical eye in a way that is all very wonderful and creepy. If you haven't had a good old fashioned nightmare for some time and would like to try one again for fun, read Gerald Mygatt's first book.

IN "The Tule Marsh Murder" (Doubleday, Doran and Co., $2.00), by Nancy Barr Mavity, the author is satisfied with one killing. The reader is baited by the question of who killed Sheila O'Shay and continues to be

tantalized with it until the very end. Miss Mavity succeeds admirably in catching that elusive but ever popular newspaper atmosphere, even as her Peter Piper, the reporter, succeeds in finally tracking the master murderer to his den. Dr. Cavanaugh, the psychiatrist, makes some rather neat deductions from a bit of hair found on the charred remains of the victim and upon this builds up a case that keeps the reader and Peter guessing. Dr. Cavanaugh's beautiful daughter (or is she?—Ah! that is another question) is involved in the murder and so is Don Ellsworth, Sheila O'Shay's husband; Mrs. Kane, Sheila's stage mother; and David Orme, a three-fingered musician, suffering from amnesia. The story is well handled, well worked out, and we can recommend it to those who fancy mystery fiction.

THE Dial Press offers a novelty in the way of mystery, done with a humorous touch. "UNDERGROUND" ($2.00), by J. Jefferson Farjeon, has the most provocative chapter endings we have read in many a mystery moon. These endings remind us of screen comedies wherein the little comedian enters a room with four or five villainous looking big men and in a flash the rowdies come sailing out the door, while the little fellow blithely brushes a speck of dust from his baggy trousers. With the exception of thinking the author should have rewarded the likable Mr. Brown in a more fitting manner, we found this tale of high intrigue and mysterious noises coming from a deserted mansion thoroughly satisfactory indeed.

There is a team of wise-cracking, droll fellows in the piece that the author should put on a vaudeville circuit. These two irresponsible, irresistible nitwits help to enliven the story and render invaluable aid, as well, to our friend Brown in preventing the impending disaster that hovers as though suspended by a silken thread over the heads of the principal characters. An entertaining book, "Underground," that keeps you chuckling and gasping until the explosive end.

Every one, of course, knows the work of E. Phillips Oppenheim and in his latest book he unlimbers his talents and gives his readers the "works." "THE TREASURE HOUSE OF MARTIN HEWS" (Little, Brown & Co., $2.00), is a weird and fascinating tale. Martin Hews, an unprincipled and contemptuous little cripple of great wealth, is the axis around which the melodramatic story revolves. Hidden doors, electrical devices, rare jewels, paintings and antiques, explosions, wholesale public brawls, deadly private fights, a beautiful girl or two and a buccaneering young adventurer are the materials of which this story is made.

If there are any mysterious jimcracks and horror hocus pocus that Oppenheim has failed to include in the pages of this novel, we are not aware of their absence. If some wit had let fall even a fluff of goose-down while we were in the middle of reading "Treasure House," we feel confident we would not by now have sufficiently collected our shattered nerves to write this review. Read it and quake!

"THE CASE WITH NINE SOLUTIONS," by J. J. Connington (Little, Brown & Co., $2.00), challenges the reader's ingenuity at solving a mystery. In addition to having an undeniable appeal to the lovers of mystery, it should also prove a source of pleasure to those like ourselves who do not ordinarily enjoy blood and gore fiction. The author himself is somewhat of an anomaly, inasmuch as J. J. Connington is not his name. He is, in truth, a distinguished scientist and has been a professor in English and Scottish universities. This would be merely by the way if it did not bear directly upon his mystery stories to the extent of making them into logically worked out problems, the solution of which stimulates the reader to take a hand in the thing himself. We found ourselves two-thirds of the way through the book stopping to review the clues mentally, and deducting from them a satisfactory answer. In all modesty, we can say that we worked the problem out rather cleverly. We had our culprit well in hand, merely waiting until the end of the book to clamp the "bracelets" on him. Subsequent investigation disclosed that even though our reasoning was good, we had not arrived at the right solution. This mystery makes its bow on a foggy night with two murders, quickly followed by a third. The good old reliable Scotland Yard is called in, in the person of Sir Clinton, to solve the case. "The Case With Nine Solutions" is a thoroughly satisfactory mystery novel and we can truthfully say that it overcame our usual prejudice against this type of fiction to the extent that we stayed up far later than we should to finish it.

PLOTS and counter plots, lies and counter lies, clues entwined with clues, a heart carved from a human body, a frozen corpse, a heated corpse, family scandals, Muriel Dean and Dr. Hailey, all woven by the hand of Anthony Wynne into a novel, make "THE DAGGER" (J. B. Lippincott Co., $2.00) one of the most highly involved books of this kind we have ever read. The master mind of Dr. Hailey pitted against the master mind of Muriel Dean, as conceived by the master mind of Anthony Wynne, make "The Dagger" a master mystery story.

Mr. Wynne is another author who uses the popular device of having a doctor solve the mystery. And, by the way, doctors who solve mysteries, amateurs who lend invaluable aid to Scotland Yard, and stories laid in Merrie England, seem to catch the fancy of a great many authors who write crime novels. We wonder why? Out of the seven mystery novels we have read this month, five of them have England for their locale, five of them drag in Scotland Yard and five of them call upon amateurs to assist, and as it happens in most instances, to do the work of the Scotland Yard detectives, i. e., solve the mystery. In four of these seven novels, a doctor plays an important part in the plot or actually discovers the murderer. Apparently, there is some very definite formula for writing this mystery fiction that so many readers like so well.

Reviews in Miniature

"Music at Midnight" by Muriel Draper (Harper & Bros., $4.00). A pleasant book of reminiscence written with charming sophistication.

"Winning the King's Cup" by Helen G. Bell (Putnam & Co., $3.50). The story of a yacht race from Spain to New York. Yachtsmen, indoor yachtsmen and those of us who secretly crave adventure and romance will do well to look into this book.

"The Plays of J. M. Barrie" (Scribners & Sons, $5.00). A book of twenty of the famous playwright's most popular works beautifully printed and made to order for that evening when you crave something particularly good to read.

"Believe It or Not" by Robert L. Ripley (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). The cartoons of Mr. Ripley which appear in the daily papers all over the country are here collected in a book accompanied with text that will make you doubt your very eyes—or ears.

"The Spanish Pageant" by Arthur Stanley Riggs (Bobbs-Merrill, $5.00). In this book, an author ably fitted to observe meanders through modern Spain, tells what he sees and presents it clearly and fascinatingly, along with a pleasant dash of historical background.

Figure 1

Figure 3

Do You Know These Western Wild Flowers?

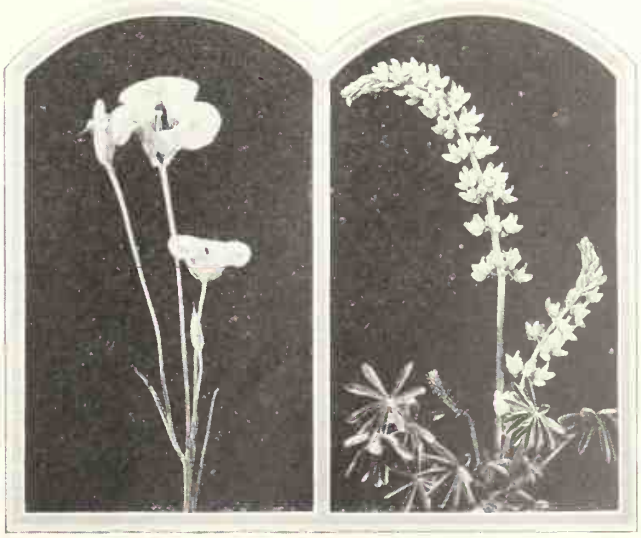
Photographed by

Dorothea Havens Chappell

Fig. 4

Fig. 5

THE seven varieties of wild flowers pictured on this page are typically western and may be found on our hillsides during the spring. Beginning with the photograph in the upper left-hand corner of the page (Fig. 1), we find a member of the figwort family, *Pentstemon laetus Gr.*—a long name which does not in the least detract from the blue-purple loveliness of the blossom. In the center of the page is our old friend, *Dodecatheon alpinum Gr.*, commonly called shooting-star. In upper right (Fig. 3) is *Fritillaria lanceolata Purs.*, a somber little flower which most of us know by the name of checker lily.



The gay mariposa lily and a spray of the graceful white lupine

The two small photographs numbered figures 4 and 5 are the bush monkey flower (*Diplacus aurantiacus Jepson*) and Indian Paint Brush (*Castilleia parviflora*) respectively. At left in the lower panel we find a pleasant member of the lily family (*Calochortus veniestus Dougl.*) which the Early Californians named Mariposa lily, meaning butterfly. It blooms generously in pinks and mustard-yellow, but each lily seems an exciting find. At right in the panel is *Lupinus arboreus* or the lovely white lupine.

Has Your Home

Adequate Refrigeration?

To Keep Foods Merely Cool Is Not Enough

By

Ernest Olmstead

THE architect has a new job these days—or at least a new factor to consider in connection with his usual job of planning houses. He must take care to see that adequate refrigeration is provided for, along with the plumbing, heating and lighting equipment.

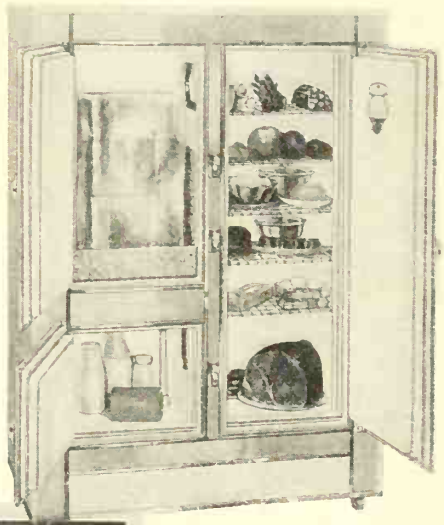
This is as it should be, for the home that lacks facilities for adequate refrigeration is lacking from the standpoint of health, economy, convenience, and aesthetic satisfaction. Too many houses have in the past been built without any consideration of the need for refrigeration, and so no place has been provided in the kitchen for the location of a refrigerator, either iced or automatic.

Modern kitchen plans invariably show the refrigerator, and the supply cupboard adjoining it, as the starting point in all food preparation. From this point the remainder of the workshop is developed so that one proceeds in counter-clockwise rotation: first the mixing center, as a kitchen cabinet, table, or work shelf; then the sink, and last the range. Just make a batch of cookies mentally, and see how admirably this plan works out, with no wasted steps.

It is not enough, of course, merely to see that the refrigerator is sensibly placed. It must be the right size for the job that it is to do. Consider the number of persons in your family, your marketing habits, the quantities and kinds of perishable foods that you would like to keep on hand, and then select an icebox that literally fits your needs. Remember, too, that for effective refrigeration it is necessary to have good circulation of air in the box. This is impossible in a refrigerator that is crowded with food.

Speaking of marketing, it is surprising how one's trips to market can be cut down by judicious planning plus the use of a generous sized icebox. It is possible in this way to cut down one's food costs quite considerably, too for every experienced housekeeper knows that it is the second dinner, the one that makes use of the left-over meat or vegetables from the first, that actually puts one a step ahead on her food budget.

I MENTIONED the necessity for refrigeration from the standpoint of health. This needs very little argument these days, but one point might be made in passing: that real refrigeration demands a sufficient degree of frigidity to arrest the growth of bacteria. This means that a temperature of around 45 degrees must be maintained constantly. Mere coolness is not enough. Whatever type of refrigerator is used, it must be operated in such a way as to insure a decidedly chilly interior. Ice refrigerators should be kept filled with ice; automatic machines may be set to maintain the desired temperature. One interesting new development among the automatic machines is the cold control. With this very simple device one may regulate at will the temperature of the freezing compartment, merely by setting a control lever on a dial. If one wishes to freeze a dessert or ice cubes quickly, the dial may be set at "colder," and the temperature drops, freezing the material much more quickly than would be the case ordinarily. We need only think of

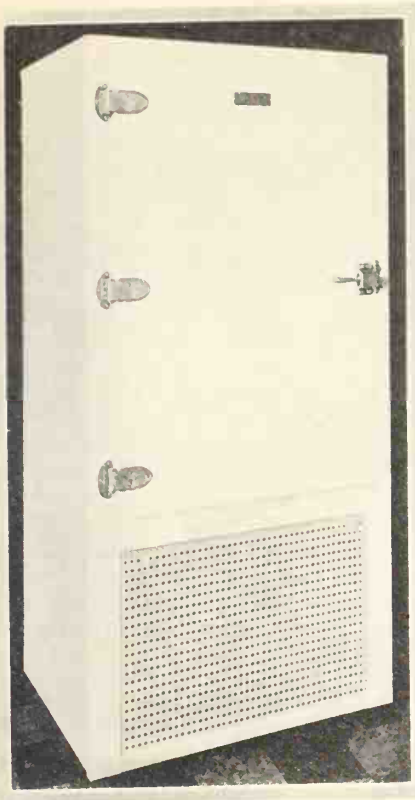


Courtesy of Leonard Refrigerator Co.

Proper arrangement of foods in the refrigerator is well illustrated here

Courtesy of General Electric Co.

A fruit gelatine dessert is doubly good when it is thoroughly chilled



Courtesy of Kelvinator Corporation

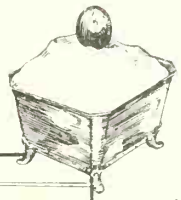
Beautifully simple in design is this new automatic refrigerator

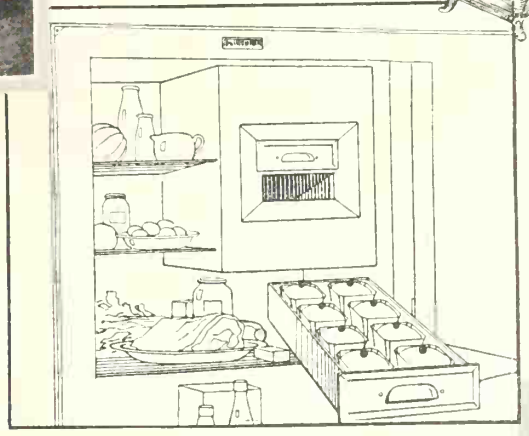
salads to realize the aesthetic satisfaction that good refrigeration insures. Salad materials must be chilled and crisp if they are to be interesting. Certainly there is nothing intriguing about a flabby lettuce leaf. Cold desserts, too, must be truly cold to be at their very best. Gelatine dishes, junkets, blanc manges—ever so many good things come under this classification.

We are learning to make more general use of our refrigerators than we formerly did. Ice-box cookies are made into rolls, chilled, and then sliced just before baking. Baking powder biscuits may be mixed, cut, placed on the baking sheet and stored in the refrigerator, to be brought out just ten minutes before dinner or luncheon time and popped into the hot oven. Ice-box rolls (a splendid recipe for which is given on page 37 of this issue) are, to my way of thinking, one of the finest of recent discoveries in the field of cooking.

WE have learned, too, that frequently time can be more wisely spent, and sometimes good half-hours may be actually saved, by careful planning in food preparation. For example, isn't it wiser to buy enough spinach for two meals, clean it all at one time, and then store half of it away in a tightly covered kettle in the refrigerator (as all greens, lettuce, etc., should be stored in the automatic machine), ready to be cooked three or four days later? Only one purchase, one siege of careful scrutiny of leaves, and one washing-up of the sink are thus necessary. And one might, of course, decide to cook the entire quantity at one time, putting away a portion, cooked, for future appearance on the table as a salad with hard cooked eggs, or a gelatine mold. A roast large enough to serve for two meals may be cooked one day, and a portion reserved for its second appearance in the form of a mock pot roast with vegetables, or any other interesting and yet easily prepared form.

Desserts may be frozen and served in these smart little silver-plated molds





Courtesy of Frigidaire Corporation

In buying a refrigerator, it is not necessary to worry unduly about the hidden construction, so long as one is considering standard, advertised makes. No manufacturer could afford to market an inferior machine, so the problem is simply to select the icebox that suits one's taste and needs. One thing is certain—that a cheap refrigerator, like a cheap dress or cheap bedsprings, usually proves to be cheap only in first cost. It is likely to turn out to be a rather expensive purchase.

The care of a good refrigerator is very simple. An occasional wiping out with a cloth wrung out of a lukewarm solution of washing soda, then an application of clear water, followed by rubbing with a dry cloth, keeps the interior sweet and clean. Any spilled food must, of course, be wiped up at once with a damp cloth. The outside finish is easily cared for, using mild soapsuds.

The operation of the automatic refrigerator is no trick at all. All makes are well serviced, though professional attention is rarely needed. No special installation is needed with most household types, a convenient electric outlet being sufficient. The directions furnished with the machine tell all one needs to know about defrosting the coils, which is a very simple operation.

VERY smart little silver-plated dessert dishes which just fit the trays of a number of the automatic machines may now be secured. Desserts may be chilled or frozen in these and served in them, too, thus greatly simplifying meal service. Another clever idea is to use little paper baking cups for freezing individual desserts or salads. At serving time, slip each of these cups into a fresh, dry one, and it is ready to go to the table.

Remember that refrigeration is a matter of health, convenience, economy, and enjoyment. Speaking of health, the Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture states that a temperature of 45 degrees or below is desirable in order to keep milk in best condition. The bottles should always be kept stoppered tightly. Milk may become stale and unfit for food even when it is not actually sour if it has been improperly kept.

Courtesy of Electro-Kold Corporation

There is ample space for food storage in this roomy interior

Western Recipes

to use for

"Extra-Special" Occasions

By Cora Irene Leiby

Photographs posed by courtesy of Hot-N-Kold Corporation

Knead the dough thoroughly to work in the flour, then return it to the mixing bowl

WHEN the housekeeper of today looks back upon the food prices of yester-year, she sometimes wonders how our grandmothers (maybe it was your great-grandmother!) even needed to consider the question of extra special cookery. With eggs ten cents a dozen; butter ten to twelve cents a pound; chickens twenty cents each; turkeys, your choice for a dollar; meats, a few cents a pound, some of it yours for the asking; milk and cream yours for the taking—special cookery would seem an every-day affair.

Of course, if your grandmother was one of the chosen few who crossed the plains to the "far west country," then the story is different. Those pioneer women faced a real problem in preparing food for their families. Supplies were difficult to obtain, and prices were extremely high for all things not of their own providing. Even though buffalo steaks, venison roasts, and wild turkey were rather ordinary things for them, a side of bacon, fruits, and vegetables were a rare treat.

Photographs by Ralph Young Studios

Parkerhouse, cloverleaf, and many other kinds of rolls may be made from the Icebox Rolls dough

Those pioneer women were original in many ways, but in none more so than in their cookery. One charming woman who came across the plains and settled in Montana in the gold rush days, tells of looking out her window one morning to see company coming some miles down the road. She dashed to her kitchen to see what she could give them to eat. Nothing seemed very promising. She went to her fruit closet, but there found only a can of tomatoes—all she had with which to provide that something "extra special" for company. How did she use it and what did she make? She made a tomato pie! As soon as it was in the oven she rushed to the chicken house to see if one of the hens could possibly have laid an egg. One had. Her pie was glorified with a golden meringue!

Today, with enticing grocery stores at almost every corner, our problem is different. But with fuel measured to us by the cubic foot or pound, with butter and eggs, milk and cream making large figures in the food budget, our recipes have to be adapted to these things—and yet, we must have good, sufficient and correct food for our families as well as special viands for extraordinary occasions.

As I have talked with housewives throughout the West, and in fact the country over, I find that their "extra special" recipes are of three separate and distinct kinds: First, expensive or extravagant recipes, which are used only for very choice occasions; second, old standby or never-fail recipes, which are used when especially good and sure results are desired; and third, recipes which may be thrown together quickly in an emergency but which are at the same time different, delicious and delectable.

A recipe which is splendid to keep on hand for unexpected tea guests, to send to friends who are keeping house or entertaining in a small way, or to girls or boys at college, is Nevada Butter Sticks. This is a very liberal modification of the usual recipe for Scotch Shortbread, but you will find it delicious, and I believe will prize it for its keeping qualities.

NEVADA BUTTER STICKS

½ pound of butter
1 cupful of sugar
1 egg
2½ cupfuls of flour
1 teaspoonful of baking powder
½ cupful of cornstarch

Sift flour, cornstarch and baking powder. Cream butter, beat in sugar and egg, then add the sifted dry ingredients. Divide into about four portions. Roll each portion into a strip three-eighths inch thick and about three inches wide. Cut crosswise into strips about one-half inch wide. With thumb and first finger of both hands pinch strips in about four places. This gives an interesting broken top surface. Bake in a slow oven (325 degrees). Flavoring may be added, or the dough dusted with sugar before cutting it into strips.

For years I've envied hostesses who could serve dainty, hot, home-made rolls for luncheon or dinner, or with salads for afternoon affairs. It always seemed to me just short of magic to be able to have rolls ready to bake at the right minute. So when, a few years ago, this recipe was given me I felt that I had indeed achieved a coveted possession.

ICE-BOX ROLLS

⅔ cupful of sugar
1 teaspoonful of salt
4 to 6 tablespoonfuls of lard
2 cupfuls of boiling water
2 eggs, well beaten
1 cake of compressed yeast
½ cupful of lukewarm water
8 to 10 cupfuls flour

Dissolve the sugar, salt and lard in the boiling water, and cool. Dissolve the yeast cake in the half-cupful of lukewarm water, and add to it the well beaten eggs. Combine the two mixtures, and add flour to make a stiff dough. Knead well and return to mixing bowl. Put in the ice box or a cold place and knead down whenever light (once a day, usually). Make up rolls four hours ahead of baking time (3 hours in summer), and let stand in room temperature. Return unused portion to ice box. This will keep until all is used.

I find the cloverleaf a most attractive form for these rolls. Use a small sized muffin pan, form three small rolls and place in each individual compartment. When baked about 15 minutes in a hot, 400-degree oven, these form a crusty roll, which is especially attractive with salads.

Cinnamon rolls may be made by rolling out a portion of this dough about ½ inch thick to form a rectangle, spreading this with softened butter and sprinkling it thickly with sugar and cinnamon. Raisins, either chopped or whole, may be added to good effect. Roll up the rectangle like a jelly-roll, pinching the edges to hold it, then slice off in half-inch slices, using a sharp knife. Place cut-side down in an oiled pan, leaving some room for spreading, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, let rise until double their original size, and bake about 20 minutes at 375 degrees.

Butterscotch rolls are another variation. Mix 1 cupful of brown sugar with 2 teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and spread on the buttered rectangle of dough. Add nut meats and raisins to suit your taste; roll and cut.

Have ready a pan in which is melted a generous piece of butter, the size of the pan determining the amount of butter. Spread the bottom of the pan with brown sugar, sprinkle with whole or broken pecans or almonds, and place the slices of dough on this mixture. Let rise, and bake rather slowly (350 degrees), watching carefully to avoid burning the syrup. This makes most delicious rolls, though I grant that they are rather messy to eat. Muffin tins may be used for baking individual rolls with more crust on each one.

If there are to be men guests for dinner you can make no mistake in serving for dessert a Lemon Cream Pie. Yes, four eggs do seem a lot for just one pie, but try it sometime. I think you'll treasure this recipe, too.

LEMON CREAM PIE

4 eggs
⅞ cupful of sugar
1 tablespoonful of butter
Juice of 1 lemon
2 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar

Beat yolks and add to them the sugar and lemon juice. Cook in a double boiler until quite thick, stirring. Beat whites of eggs until stiff, and fold half of the beaten egg whites into the lemon jelly. Turn this mixture into a pastry shell which has been previously baked. Add the powdered sugar to the remaining egg whites, and pile them on top of the lemon mixture. Bake for about fifteen minutes in a slow oven (300 degrees) to cook and brown the meringue.

Do you have any difficulty in making good pastry? I know several people who say that they never could make it, until they heard of the 1-2-3 recipe. Maybe it will help you.

1-2-3 PASTRY

2 tablespoonfuls of shortening (rounding)
3 tablespoonfuls of cold water
1 cupful of flour
Salt

Sift about ½ teaspoonful of salt into the flour, and cut in the shortening (the more rounding the spoonfuls the richer the pastry). Add the cold water gradually—it may not take quite all of the three tablespoonfuls. Roll out on a floured board until thin, and line the pan as desired.

If you live in a town where you are called on frequently for the donation of a cake, you will find this never-fail Nut Chocolate Cake a standby.

NUT CHOCOLATE CAKE

½ cupful of shortening
2 cupfuls of sugar
4 eggs
1 cupful of milk
2½ cupfuls of flour
4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder
2 squares of chocolate or ½ cupful of ground chocolate
½ teaspoonful of vanilla
¾ cupful of English walnut meats
Salt

Cream the shortening and add 1 cupful of sugar. Beat the yolks of eggs thick

(*Continued on page 65*

Oil the bowl and the dough, cover with a cloth, and tuck it away in the refrigerator between usings

"Enrich life with interests outside of business. Engage in sports you like"

Mental Health Problems *in the* Business World

By

Gladys Denny Shultz

MR. Jones, president of a bank and prominent in civic affairs in a Southern city, took his family to church one Sunday morning. Then he turned the car toward home, drove up on a railroad crossing at a time when he knew a train would come, stalled the engine and waited.

"Suicide" was the unmistakable verdict when an examination of his bank showed that within a few days it would have had to close its doors. The mystery was a mystery no longer.

Mr. Jones, it is true, chose a rather spectacular and original manner of departing this world, albeit one hard on the sensibilities of the railroad engineer to whose lot fell the thankless task of assisting Mr. Jones out of his earthly troubles.

Otherwise there was nothing unusual about his act, as a business man, in committing suicide because he was in financial difficulties. The public is all too accustomed to it.

Not all the financial casualties kill themselves, of course. But many of the survivors go under the care of a nerve specialist for mental or nervous ills. The percentage of wrecked business men who remain alive and in their right minds is not at all what it ought to be.

Symbol of a materialistic age, this strange devotion to coins and bits of paper? Yes. But one that can be avoided in its tragic implications by adherence to the rules of mental hygiene—and I think we may proceed on the basis that both suicides and mental breakdowns are things to be avoided if possible.

Mr. Jones, for instance, broke several of the seven rules suggested by Dr. Burnham and others for happiness and success throughout the span of life. Plainly he lacked the philosophy which would have carried him through this crashing of his financial house about him. It is quite possible he had been accustomed to deny reality, and when it was thus thrust grimly at him, he had not means to face it. I think we are justified in assuming he had not learned to play, for otherwise he would not have centered all his interests so tensely in the one matter of money getting, or have been so crushed when the game went against him. May we not also conjecture that his physical health was not all it ought to have been, or he would probably have had the energy and courage to see his troubles through. Certainly he did not know how to compensate for a lack by supplementing another interest.

"Suicides and mental breakdowns among men of mature years who have lost their money indicate the need for business men to study and apply to themselves the laws of mental health," says Dr. Frank Ely, nerve specialist.

His experience has shown that many men in business store up special trouble for (*Continued on page 44*

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BEAUTY CREATIONS

LES POUDRES COTY

Then, fluff on softly the velvet magic of COTY Face Powders *in your own special shade. They are the most popular powders in the world today for their unvarying perfection.*

ONE DOLLAR

"COLCREME" COTY

Now—the art of beauty is so gloriously simplified. Use Colcreme COTY *daily—five minutes are enough—for the young, fresh radiance of your skin. It cleanses, nourishes, and refreshes, all three in one*

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COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York

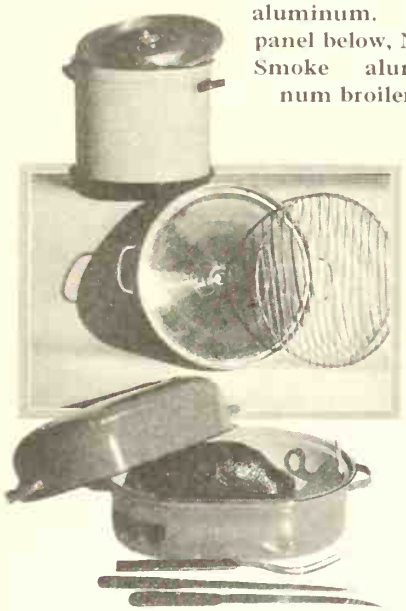
To Make Meat Cookery Interesting

By Elner Martin

Dutch oven in Wear-Ever Aluminum

Waterless Cooker and Roaster, courtesy of Cream City Ware Mfg. Co.

Above: Vapo-Seal skillet in Mirro aluminum. In panel below, No-Smoke aluminum broiler



Courtesy of Chas. Brown and Sons

THE cooking of meats has been made much more interesting recently by the improvement in design of some of the standard cooking utensils, and also by the perfection of devices for regulating oven temperatures for both gas and electric ranges. Now good results may be confidently expected every time, by even the most inexperienced of cooks, instead of merely hoped for as in days gone by.

Have you considered the advantages of the new tightly covered skillets, for the housewife who cooks for just two or three persons? In one of these small, easily cleaned utensils she can prepare a pot roast that will never be dry or stringy, for its smart cover automatically bastes the meat. A small vent in the lid permits steam to escape when that is desirable. For the larger family a Dutch oven in either aluminum or heavy iron cooks to perfection those meats suited for braising or pot roasting, and makes an excellent pan in which to cook all meats that are lacking in fat and so demand long, slow cooking in moist heat. Veal and the less tender cuts of beef fall into this class.

A meat grinder is an almost indispensable piece of kitchen equipment, even in these days when it is possible to have fresh round or rump steak ground before your eyes at the meat shop. Innumerable uses for it suggest themselves, particularly in the preparation of left-over bits of meat for souffles, hashes, croquettes and the like. The grinder illustrated opens up for ease in washing.

An assortment of aluminum skewers will prove an invaluable aid in preparing rolled roasts, stuffed poultry, veal birds and the like.

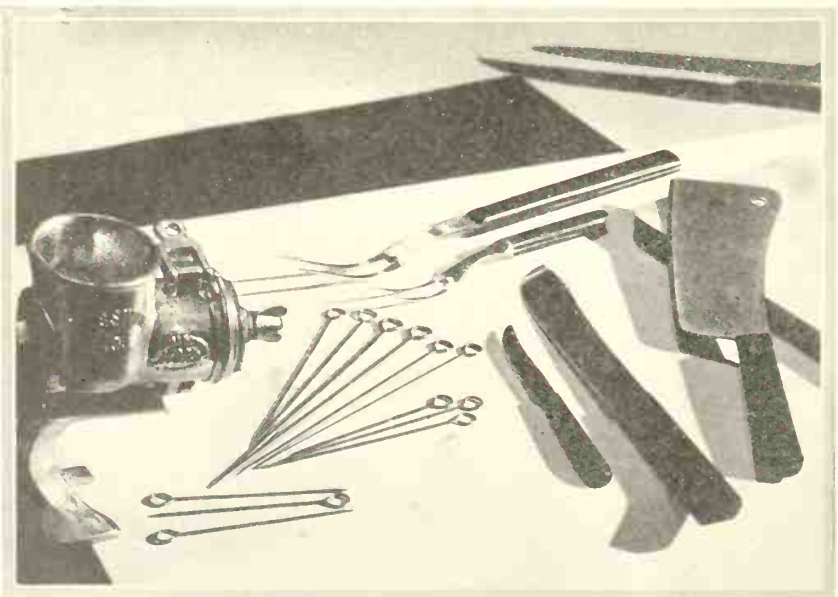
A cleaver, while not indispensable, is a desirable tool for occasional use. A stout butcher knife and a quality paring knife always in good condition for use come under the head of indispensables. The quality of steel is important, for knives that will not hold an edge are not worth buying. Stainless steel eliminates much troublesome care.

Have you frequently wished that you might always achieve good results when broiling steaks? The aluminum broiler illustrated on this page consists of a small roasting pan containing a broiling rack. A funnel-shaped piece of aluminum below the rack conveys the juices from the steak to the side, where they will not burn and smoke, but may be saved for use.

Cookers which require little or no water in their operation have proved their value in vegetable cookery and in meat cookery also. In most types of such cookers it is possible to prepare both meat and vegetables in the one utensil with excellent results.

For roasting, the enamel roaster pictured gives great satisfaction. It is a self-basting pan, and the meat, placed on the rack within, is heated evenly from all sides without burning. In the lid are two vents which may be opened to permit moisture to escape for the last few minutes of browning. This roaster is finished in soft green enamel with a cream lining.

The Russwin open-type food chopper and the Universal stainless steel cutlery are interesting tools



The difference . . .

is in the way they're FRIED

Or, to put it more accurately, the difference lies in what kind of fat you fry your doughnuts in.

Certainly, that's what housewives have discovered who use Snowdrift. And that's *why* they use Snowdrift.

Imagine doughnuts, rich and brown as never before. More wholesome—more really delicious—than perhaps you've ever tasted. And then consider this simple fact:

Snowdrift is so pure and wholesome—so fresh and snowy white and inviting—that it's good to eat all by itself.

Of course, your doughnuts taste better. Or your fritters or fish or French fried potatoes. Because, you see, the Snowdrift you fry them in becomes a very part of the food you eat . . .

But there's more than that. For in deep-frying, Snowdrift can be heated hot enough to fry perfectly long before it burns. With ordinary care you can fry food in Snowdrift so that it has that rich delectable "fried" taste and is yet entirely wholesome.

And because Snowdrift is so delicate in flavor it improves but never changes the flavor of the things you fry with it . . . Incidentally, you can strain Snowdrift and use it over and over again. Not even the odor of fish will cling to it.

Snowdrift is known as the "creamy" shortening. It's already creamed for you before it is packed in the air-tight can. And it keeps just the same creamy texture—in the refrigerator or out in the warm kitchen.

Use it for all your frying. And use it, too, in everything you bake. It's so creamy that just a few stirs of the spoon will mix it thoroughly with your flour or sugar. And it's so good that it makes all your cake, biscuits, muffins, pie crust light, tender and delicate—and much more delicious to eat . . . Always add a pinch of salt when using Snowdrift—for Snowdrift like butter fresh from the churn, comes to you unsalted.

Write for our new book of recipes. We shall appreciate also if you will send us the name and address of your grocer. Address the Wesson Oil—Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

DOUGHNUTS — *made with Snowdrift*

2 Tablespoons Snowdrift • 2 Eggs
3 Teaspoons Baking Powder • ½ Teaspoon Salt
½ Teaspoon Cinnamon • ½ Teaspoon Nutmeg
3 Cups Flour • ¾ Cup Sugar
½ Cup Milk (approximate)

Sift together flour, salt, baking powder, and spices. Beat eggs well, add milk, sugar and melted Snowdrift. Stir into dry ingredients. Add enough more flour or milk to make a soft dough. Roll on a floured board to ¼ inch thickness. Cut with cutter and fry in deep hot Snowdrift of 360 degrees F. until the doughnuts are brown and tender. The fat is hot enough if it browns a cube of bread in 60 seconds.

THE APPLESAUCE TWINS

—make painting a farce!

THE latest fashion in "cheap" paint applesauce is out. It goes like this . . .

"Our price is *very low* but our paint isn't 'cheap,' because, etc., etc., etc., etc."

Don't be fooled. A *low-price-per-gallon* means a *"cheap" paint*—a *skimped* paint—a *terribly costly* paint—*every time*. And there's no "because" that can explain it.

Only one thing is more costly than "cheap" paint. Just let "Cheap" Paint's twin brother, "Cheap" Painter, in on the deal.

There you have a combination that will make a farce of any house paint job.

"Cheap" Paint is costly enough *alone*, as thousands of home owners now know. But when you add the careless preparation and unskilled daubing of "Cheap" Painter—you have the *costliest paint job in the world*. Don't let these "Applesauce" Twins fool you. Don't throw good money away.

There is only one way to save money on a house painting job . . . use the *best* house paint and let a master painter do the work.

Fine old SWP House Paint, for example, is made of superfine materials. It may be a little higher priced by the gallon. BUT—for every 11 gallons of "cheap" paint required, *only 7 gallons of fine old SWP are needed*. That 4-gallon saving makes SWP cost about the same as "cheap" paint, on the wall or by the job.

The cost of any paint job divides about like this: *One-third* for paint. *Two-thirds* for labor.

Don't try to save money by hiring a "cheap" painter. His careless work *will cost you dearly—in repainting expense*.

Don't engage a *master* painter and then ask him to use "cheap" paint. With all his skill, he can't make "cheap" paint *last*.

It quickly cracks, chips, peels. The *cheap colors* fade. Every year or so it has to be "repainted" at heavy expense.

YOU CAN'T PAINT A HOUSE WITH APPLESAUCE

© 1929, S-W Co.

. . . for ECONOMY

use the best paint and engage a good painter

The only combination that will *save money* for you is a *master* painter and *the best paint money will buy.*

The master painter is an artist. He is trained. He knows his profession. He uses good equipment. He prepares the surface carefully. He applies the paint skillfully. He is conscientious and takes pride in his work.

So, when a master painter applies fine old SWP House Paint for you it assures a handsome job—*at lowest paint cost per square foot of wall*—a finish that will serve for many years—*at lowest cost per year.*

S-W Paint Products are sold the world over under this famous trade-mark.

In other words, fine old SWP and a Master Painter are the most economical combination of all.

The "Master Touch"

You may hear arguments as to formulas—meant to lead you astray.

Just remember this. The SWP balanced formula has been openly printed for years. Anyone can have it. Yet the characteristic qualities of SWP have never been duplicated. Why? Because formula is only *one* factor. The *quality* of *ingredients* is equally important. These might be duplicated and still SWP would remain unchallenged. *Because* there is one element in fine old SWP that never has been and never can be copied successfully.

It is the "*master touch*" of the scientific men of Sherwin-Williams.

These laboratory experts are to "paint" what Edison is to *electricity*—what Marconi is to *wireless.*

Their "master touch," which makes SWP House Paint different from all others, is a *human* ingredient, impossible of successful imitation or duplication.

Only Sherwin-Williams has it. Only SWP House Paint users benefit by it.

Before you buy any "cheap" paint, visit Paint Headquarters, your local Sherwin-Williams dealer. Get his advice and material estimate *on the job.* Compare it with "cheap" paint.

And remember, that what is true of house paint is true of any other *exterior* or *interior* finish. It must be *good* to be *economical.*

See Paint Headquarters and save money

If you do not know a reputable painter who will apply fine old SWP House Paint for you, write us. We will send you the name and address of one who will.

We will also send a free copy of our famous Household Painting Guide, which saves costly mistakes in painting.

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Mental Health in Business

themselves in two ways. First, by too great absorption in money making, so that if they lose their money, they feel they have lost everything. Second, they do not devote enough time to developing themselves along lines outside of business, to broadening their interests, to enjoying things and people.

But there is another class of business man as well. I talked with a member of it the other day.

"The money I make is incidental to me," he said. "I want my efforts to produce me a good living, of course, and they do. But money isn't the biggest thing. That, to my mind, is making the business grow, matching my wits against a competitor's. Creating, if you will. I've built something here, something I've enjoyed and taken pride in. What if my board of directors should kick me out tomorrow and put someone else in my place? I've had my fun, and the thing I've made will go on. Or suppose it goes to smash. We'll take our fund of experience and try again."

And so we have evolved a mental health platform for the business man:

1. Engage in a business that you enjoy for itself, not alone as a means of piling up wealth, or even of making a living.

2. Go into it for the pleasure you get out of it; make a game of it. If you lose, start the game again.

3. Enrich life with interests outside of business. Take time to know and enjoy your family. Engage in sports you like. Give attention to reading, music, or whatever cultural activity most appeals to you.

4. Don't let organizations and community life, if your common sense tells you it is your business success which makes you desired for these things, absorb too many of your energies. Save time for yourself, for your family, for education, for play.

The business man who follows a program of this sort will never shoot himself or mess up a railroad crossing if luck goes against him. He will have a thousand mental and spiritual pleasures to compensate him for the loss of material wealth. He will be welcome in many places though he come with lean pocketbook—even in his own family.

THE business woman's problem is more complicated, for in addition to the battles common to all business people, she has to adapt herself to a world and to experiences heretofore closed to her sex. And adjustment is always a great strain.

(*Continued from page 38*)

Perhaps this is why, although the quaint practice of blowing out the brains when the market goes the wrong way has not yet been taken up by the business woman, she is more prone to nervous troubles and to warping of personality than is her male prototype.

That is, of course, when she disobeys the laws of mental health. There are thousands and thousands of poised, charming, efficient women who have been in business for many years and who have added something each year to their store of personality and personal assets alike.

There are others, however, as their physicians and employers will testify, who need to follow mental health rules to increase their business efficiency and personal happiness.

We have suggested a code the business man may well follow. Let us look now, for the benefit of the business woman, at the unwritten one the successful business man has been following, and which has brought him his success. (For this purpose, of course, we are taking the philosophy of the man who has enjoyed life while attaining success.)

The Rules for Mental Health

1. *Keep fit physically.*
2. *Face reality.*
3. *Have a philosophy of life.*
4. *Find work you are happy in.*
5. *Learn to play.*
6. *Learn to appreciate the things enjoyed by your fellow men.*
7. *Compensate for qualities you lack by developing those you have.*

It goes something like this:

1. Work for the advancement of the job as a whole. Be jealous of no one, get behind every proposition that will advance the business whether you do or do not like the person who made it. (Better still, manage to get along without disliking anyone.) You cannot succeed personally if you fight measures that will benefit the business. Conversely, the success of the enterprise, even though it is due to the work of your most hated rival, means greater opportunities for you.

2. Do not indulge in office politics.

3. Survey your job objectively and decide which are its most important features. Push them vigorously first, then use the remaining time for cleaning up the less important things—but keep the big job going. A brilliantly successful business woman one day showed me a pile of neatly wrapped parcels on top of a cupboard.

"See them? They're what's the matter with women in business. These packages should have gone off a week ago. I return from a trip to find that my girls have wrapped them exquisitely and addressed them with care—then left them on top of the cupboard. Now I would have wrapped and addressed them any old way, but they would have been mailed on time."

SHE had learned the lesson her assistants had yet to master. Spending so much time on perfecting unimportant details that the main thing is lost sight of is the handicap of many a business woman.

4. Don't work too hard. I have heard ambitious girls many times express indignation because the men in the office seemed to take their jobs so easily. "Look at them, loafing a third of the time, going out to play billiards or squash, yet they get twice as much pay as I do and see how I work!"

Our ambitious complainant does work, like a slave, getting through mountains of detail, staying overtime, working herself into a state of nervous irritability, working gray hairs into her head and worried lines into her forehead. Working so hard, all the time, in fact, that she loses her perspective entirely and has nothing fresh to contribute to anything.

There are lazy men in business, of course. But in general the unharried attitude which so enrages the girl just quoted is simply a wisdom learned from generations of masculine experience in business. Do a good day's work and quit. Don't ever let a job get on your nerves. Keep poised and cheerful as a first duty. Relax now and then and get clearly in mind what the whole thing is about.

5. Be good to yourself outside of office hours. How many business women do a man's work downtown during the day and a woman's work at home afterwards? If housework, if the hundred little jobs women always have on hand are a pleasure and a relaxation, then do them and call it play. But if they are an added burden, can you afford to carry it? Conserve your strength for the things that count most.

The last plank in the business woman's platform will be the same as in the man's: to develop herself constantly by study, by widening her interests and contacts, by becoming the biggest person it is in her to be.

. . . and so to bed . . . late . . . too much supper . . . wish I could get to sleep . . . bad dreams . . . business worries . . . dog barks . . . baby cries . . . time to get up . . . jangled nerves . . . irritable skin.

—*then* is the time your skin needs the comfort of a fresh Gillette Blade

THE NEW FIFTY-BOX
Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 Packets of fives) in a colorful chest that will serve you afterward as a sturdy button box, cigarette box or jewel case . . . Ideal as a gift, too. Five dollars at your dealer's.

THERE are mornings when a fresh Gillette Blade is better than any pick-me-up you can name.

And there are mornings when your beard is as tough and blue as your state of mind; when the hot water faucet runs cold and your shaving cream is down to the last squeeze and you scarcely have time to lather anyway; mornings when all the cards seem stacked against your Gillette. But slip in a fresh blade. Enjoy the same smooth, clean shave that you get on the finest morning.

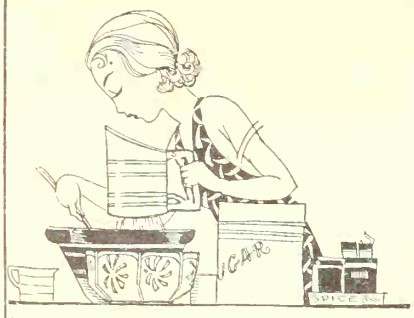
You have to go through the Gillette factory to understand how it's possible to pack so much dependable shaving comfort into a razor blade.

There you see some $12,000,000 worth of machinery invented and improved continuously for twenty-five years for just one purpose: to make the Gillette Blade—*every* Gillette Blade—do its smooth, expert job *every* morning for the thirty million Americans who count on it.

There you see in operation the unique system which makes four out of nine Gillette blade department workers inspectors—paid a bonus for every defective blade they discard.

At least a dozen varying conditions affect the comfort of your shave. But the Gillette Blade doesn't change. It is the *one* constant factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

THE *NEW* IMPROVED
★ ★ ★ **Gillette**
SAFETY RAZOR



Apple Sauce Cake: Sift dry ingredients;

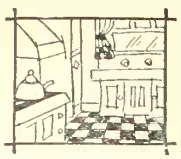
Add the apple sauce, well mashed;

Next put in the oil or melted fat.

Add the chopped raisins and nuts.

This month, a special prize of $5 is offered for the best recipe featuring raisins—another western product. The contest closes April 15th, and the prizewinning recipe will appear in the June issue. Address the Kitchen Cabinet, Sunset Magazine, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco.

—*The Editors.*



The Kitchen

These recipes are designed to be clipped and pasted on cards for your recipe file, or they may be pasted in your cooking scrap book

Poached Eggs Espagnol

2 tablespoonfuls of salad oil
1 onion
1 green pepper
2 tender stalks of celery
2 cupfuls of canned tomatoes
1 teaspoonful of salt
Generous pinch of pepper
1 teaspoonful of sugar
1 tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoonfuls of dry bread crumbs

Put the oil into a saucepan, and in it saute until golden brown the onion, pepper and celery, all finely chopped. Then add the tomatoes and bring to boiling. Add the remaining dry ingredients, thoroughly mixed, the bread crumbs and Worcestershire sauce, and cook gently until the onion is soft. Pour into a shallow glass or earthenware baking dish which has been well oiled, and break into it as many eggs as desired. Season the eggs, cover the top well with grated American cheese, and put into a moderately hot oven (400 degrees) until the eggs are done to taste—usually about 10 minutes.—Mrs. G. L. D., California.

English Chess Pies

Make rich pie crust into patty shells, and bake. When cool, fill with a cream mixture made as follows:

1 cupful of sugar
½ cupful of butter
1 cupful of chopped walnuts
1 cupful of chopped raisins
2 eggs, beaten
Juice of ½ a lemon

Cream the butter and sugar in the top part of a double boiler, and add the other ingredients. Put over hot water and cook about 25 minutes, stirring constantly at first; then cool, put into the baked shells, and top with whipped cream. This is sufficient filling for 6 or 8 shells, and the little pies are great favorites with men.—Mrs. C. L., Washington.

Pork and Noodles

1 pound of lean pork, ground fine
1 tablespoonful of butter
4 stalks of celery, diced
4 large onions, chopped fine
2 green peppers, chopped fine
1 can of tomatoes
1 package of noodles, cooked
1 cupful of ground cheese
Seasonings

Brown the pork in the butter, then add the celery, onions and peppers, and brown all. Add the tomatoes, with salt and pepper to taste, and allow to simmer for about an hour. Add the noodles, cooked in boiling salted water, let heat through thoroughly, and just before serving add the cheese.—Mrs. W. R. B., Oregon.

Apple Sauce Cake with Fruit Filling

2 cupfuls of flour
2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder
1 teaspoonful of cinnamon
1 teaspoonful of nutmeg
½ teaspoonful of cloves
½ teaspoonful of allspice
1 cupful of sugar
¼ teaspoonful of salt
1½ cupfuls of apple sauce
½ cupful of melted fat or cooking oil
½ pound of raisins
1 cupful of nutmeats

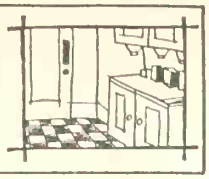
Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the apple sauce, which has been mashed thoroughly, and the melted fat (cooled before adding), stirring constantly. Add the chopped raisins and nuts, floured slightly. Bake in three layers, in a slow oven (325 degrees) about 45 minutes. Put together with the following:

Fruit Filling

1 egg white
⅞ cupful of sugar
3 tablespoonfuls of cold water
½ teaspoonful of baking powder
½ cupful of fig jam
½ cupful of finely chopped raisins

Place egg white, sugar and water in upper part of double boiler over rapidly boiling water, and beat with rotary egg beater exactly 7 minutes. Remove from fire, add baking powder, also flavoring if desired, then stir in the fig jam and raisins and spread on the layers immediately. This is especially good on apple sauce cake, but is excellent on any cake containing spices and fruit or nuts.—Mrs. G. B. S., California.

Cabinet ~



The prizewinning recipes in the fig recipe contest, which was announced in February, will be found on page 64 of this issue of the magazine

Swedish Pork Chops

Select 4 lean pork chops. Place in a deep baking dish, and cover with fine, dry bread crumbs. Wash but do not peel 2 good-sized cooking apples, cut in quarters, and place on top of the chops. Peel and quarter 2 small onions and arrange them also on the chops. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) about 45 minutes. Garnish with parsley to serve.—Miss L. S., Nevada.

Shrimps, Louisiana Style

2 tablespoonfuls of butter
1 small, mild onion, chopped fine
1 cupful of shrimps (canned or fresh cooked) shredded
⅔ cupful of hot boiled rice
⅔ cupful of cream
½ teaspoonful of salt
⅛ teaspoonful of black pepper
Few grains of cayenne pepper
3 tablespoonfuls of strained tomato sauce or puree.

Heat the butter over direct heat in the upper part of the double boiler. Add the onion, and cook slowly, covered, until soft. Rinse the shrimps in cold water and drain before shredding, being careful to remove the black vein on each. Add them to the butter and onion. When heated, add the hot cream, the rice, and seasonings. Add a dash of celery salt if desired. Put over boiling water and let cook about half an hour. Finally add the hot tomato sauce, and serve on strips of hot buttered toast.—Mrs. G. A. E., California.

Artichokes Western

Many persons do not care for artichokes because of their somewhat flat taste when merely boiled in salted water. Cooked a little differently, they become a favorite dish. Here is my pet recipe:

For each artichoke add 1 teaspoonful of salad oil and 1 slice of lemon and 1 slice of onion to the boiling salted water. Cook until tender, and serve as usual.—Miss A. G., California.

Raw Carrot Salad

Peel six carrots and grind them twice through the food chopper. Combine with

½ cupful of diced celery
4 or 5 medium-sized sweet pickles
¼ teaspoonful of salt
2 apples diced (Newtown pippins preferred)
1 teaspoonful of sugar

This may be served fresh with mayonnaise or a cooked salad dressing, using the vinegar from the sweet pickles in its making; or it is excellent to prepare for a picnic next day by pouring a pint of lemon gelatine, hot, over the mixture. The hot gelatine prevents the apples' turning dark. Serve with mayonnaise or boiled dressing.—Mrs. J. A. N., California.

Tamale Pie

¾ pound of round steak
3 tablespoonfuls of shortening
1 small onion, cut fine
6 level teaspoonfuls of chili powder
3 tablespoonfuls of flour
A little water
1 teaspoonful of salt
1 quart of hominy
Small can of ripe olives, stoned and chopped

Heat the shortening in a frying pan, and in it saute the chopped onion. Cut the meat in small pieces and brown slightly with the onion. Add a small amount of water and let the meat cook gently until tender.

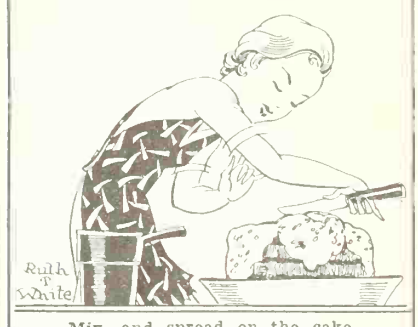
Then add the chili powder and flour mixed to a paste with more water, and cook, stirring until smooth. Let boil a few minutes, adding a little more water if necessary to make a good gravy.

Put the hominy through the meat grinder, and add a little salt. Put a layer of the meat mixture into an oiled baking dish, then a layer of hominy, sprinkling a few chopped olives on each layer, and alternating until the ingredients are all used. Have the top layer of hominy. Bake half an hour in a moderately hot oven (400 degrees).—Mrs. H. J., Oregon.

Bake in three layers, in a slow oven.

Filling: Beat first three ingredients

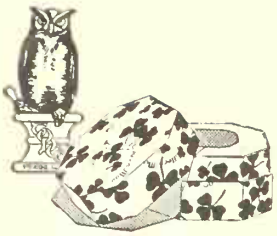
over boiling water. Add fruit.



Mix, and spread on the cake.

Will you share your favorite best recipes of all kinds with the other readers of Sunset, through the Kitchen Cabinet? This recipe exchange is a regular department, and $1 is paid for every recipe published. Address the Kitchen Cabinet, Sunset Magazine, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco.

—*The Editors.*



ALLAN BULLARD had met Martha in New London, but today he was not sure—she looked different—could it be—? Was it possible that she didn't go to Bermuda with her Mother?

For the first time she was 'wearing' Colleen Moore Face Powder. By Darnee—perfumer; a powder of exquisite fragrance, shaded to blend with definite beauty types, and sold by The Owl Drug Co. and agents for the Owl Drug Co. products.

Send 75c for the powder and 10c for the packing and postage to The Owl Drug Co. or agent—specify shade wanted.

There's an agent for the Owl Drug Co. products near you; ask your local druggist.

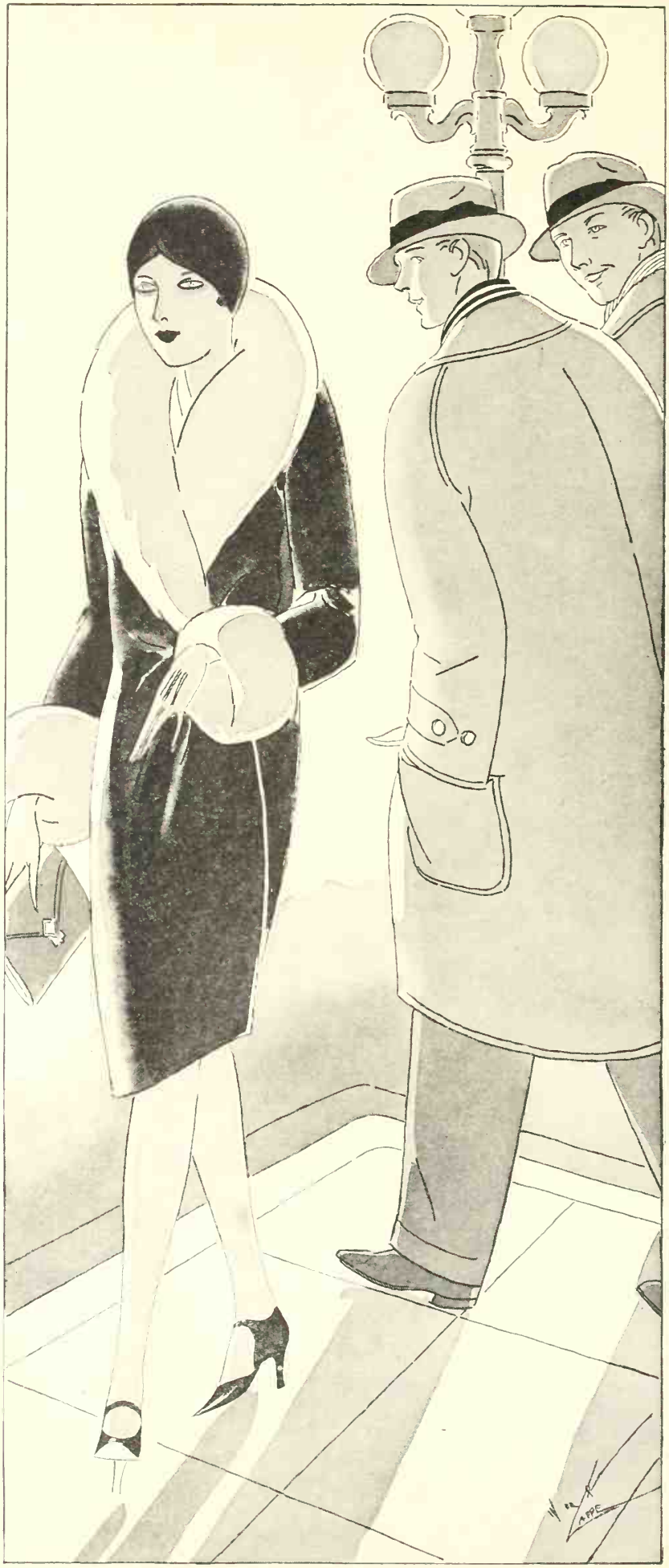
[Other *Colleen Moore* products are: Lip Stick, Rouge, Compact, Beauty Cream, Perfume, Toilet Water, Solid Perfume, Astringent, Talcum Powder, Body Powder, Liquid Nail Polish and Remover, and Vanishing Cream.]

For the third consecutive year Colleen Moore is accredited with leading the world in box office receipts—the acid test of public approval.

Colleen Moore Face Powder

The Owl Drug Co

San Francisco New York Chicago



by

GLENN FRANK

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

"Maps are a stimulant to my mind"

Books, newspapers, magazines, and the ceaseless flow of propagandist pamphlets bring us so many facts, so many opinions, and so many ideas that the job of selection and assimilation becomes yearly more difficult.

Maybe the ancient Greeks thought more because they read less!

I have found that a liberal use of charts and maps helps greatly in finding a way through this modern maze.

No good executive presents to his board a wordy document and a wilderness of figures if he can state his problem with a series of sweeping curves on a graph. Put before a board in graphic form, ideas, policies, and situations that are complex become clear by virtue of the fact that every aspect of the idea or situation is shown at one glance in its relation to the other aspects involved.

When we read, facts enter our minds in single file. And, entering one at a time, many of the facts lose the association with related facts that the writer intended. Some form new and strange associations. Most of them never find their right place, but float about in a muddy whirl until they sink out of sight.

A map or chart gives us all it has at once.

I look at a map of Europe. There is France. There is Germany. There is Russia. There are the new states born from the womb of the World War—Czechoslovakia and the rest. I see them in their relation at one glance. The whole of Europe is one fact to me. I might read a book on France, then on Germany, then on Russia, then on the new states. And Europe might become to me not one fact but a dozen facts that did not fit together in my mind.

I like books of travel. A good volume on geography fascinates me. But when I want to sense the world as a living organism, I look at a map.

Sometimes books are a sedative to my mind.

Maps are a stimulant to my mind.

✓ ✓ ✓

Either a globe or an atlas, certainly maps in some form, should hold an important place in every private library.

Cultivate the excellent and stimulating habit of reading them. Study them frequently. Teach your children to enjoy them.

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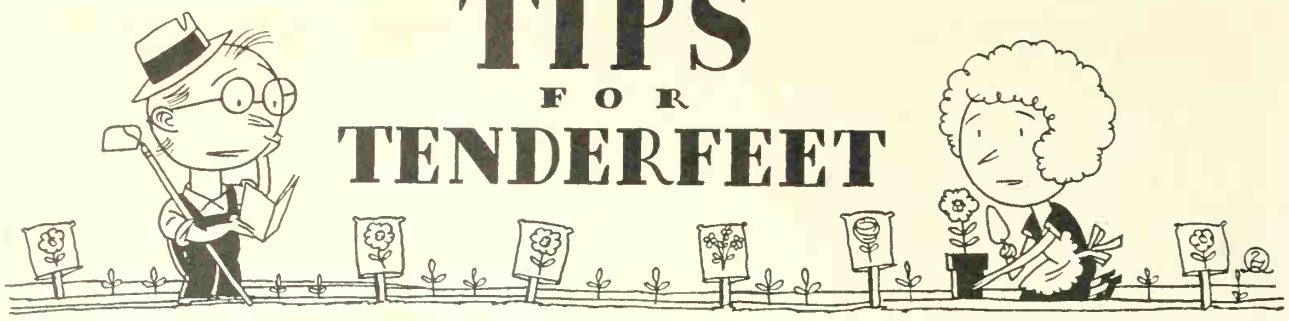
TIPS FOR TENDERFEET



IN the West, and especially the Southwest, preparation of the garden soil is always started with a thorough soaking of the garden plot in an effort to secure penetration of at least three feet. This done, further irrigation will not be necessary until the seedlings are above the surface, for the moisture thus stored will carry them through. The best way to flood is to make up beds about six feet square, with borders at least eight inches high. Fill them three or four times, allowing the water to soak in thoroughly each time.

✣ ✣ ✣

Garden irrigation can be simplified with many little "helps" that are easily made available. When the full force of the faucet is to be utilized, then there is always danger of damaging plantings, not to mention inconvenience in handling the hose. One may break the force of any pressure by using a "T" joint of a pipe size that will fit the threads of the hose. After screwing this on the hose end, wrap the joint loosely with old cloth. Another helpful device for handling water efficiently is made from a gallon pie fruit can. Make two slits about three inches long opposite each other in the sides of the can. Then set it at the head of the rows to be irrigated, so that when the hose end is placed in the can, water will flow through the slits into two rows.

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Do not fail to protect the trunks of fruit trees set out this spring from sunscald, borers and rodents. One can secure paper or yucca tree protectors to serve all purposes, or for sunscald and borers apply a coating of whitewash containing a little carbolic acid.

✣ ✣ ✣

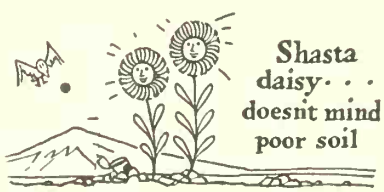
An important part of the garden equipment is a full supply of insecticides and fungicides, together with a hand sprayer, for the ubiquitous garden pest calls for a real preparedness program. The tool shed shelf, above the reach of the children, is the place for them. University of California Circular No. 265, "Plant Disease and Pest Control," is a valuable reference.

Contributed by

Western Gardeners

IF you have an especially good garden tip to pass on to those poor tenderfeet who are fighting gophers and trying to make water run uphill, send it in. One dollar will be paid for every paragraph we are able to use in this department.

—The Editors.



Shasta daisy· · · doesn't mind poor soil

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Growing dahlias from seed is becoming a popular Western hobby, largely because the gardener always has the thrilling possibility of producing an entirely new and desirable variety. The main thing to remember in germinating seed is not to plant too deep or let the seed dry out after planting. The best way is to prepare a seed flat carefully with good moist garden soil, smooth the surface, then place the seed an inch apart each way, pressing them into the soil about an eighth of an inch. Screen just enough soil over them to cover, then apply a very light mulch of leaf mold. Strive for an even moisture content until the seedlings appear.

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April is one of the best months of the year for making new lawns and renovating old ones in the West. Like any lasting work, the lawn should have a good foundation, and the essentials for a successful new planting are a thoroughly prepared seed bed, good seed and clean manure free of all weed seed. Only the best of everything should go into a lawn. Play safe with manures and fertilizers especially —use well known brands and not "something just as good."

✣ ✣ ✣

Tall growing bedding plants for the drier sections of the West are not easily selected. One of the best for exposed sunny locations where the soil is rather poor is the salvia, or flowering sage. The Splendens, scarlet, and Patens, bright blue, are recommended. Shasta daisies are also poor-soil plants.

✣ ✣ ✣

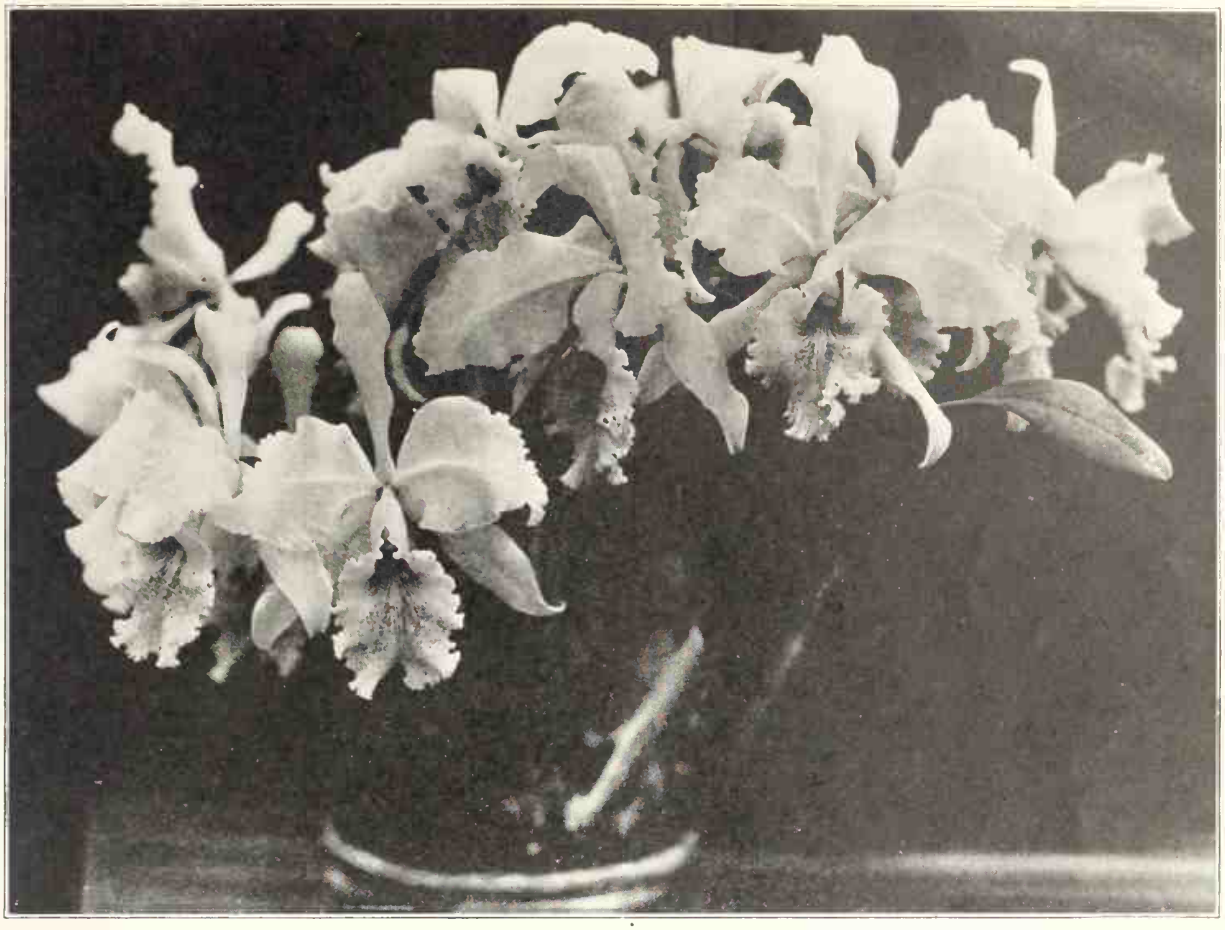
Newcomers to the West should become acquainted with our splendid native lilies, many of which are well adapted to garden culture. Perhaps the most interesting of these are the *Lilium Humboltii magnificum*, and the *Pardalinum*, or Leopard lily. One should seek for them a protected spot, preferably in the shade of tall growing perennial shrubs. If possible, select a well drained, friable, heavy loam, but do not use manures for its enrichment. Set the bulbs so that the tops are not less than four inches from the surface, and mix sand in around them.

✣ ✣ ✣

When pruning berry shrubs, such as cotoneasters, crataegus and the like, remember that the berries are produced on two-year-old wood and do not again set fruit on the same branches. This wood should therefore be taken out when pruning so that other branches may develop normally.

✣ ✣ ✣

Now is the time to give the rockery a good cultivation by thrusting the trowel deep into the soil and turning it over completely. Surface rooting plants, however, require a very light cultivation, in fact, should hardly be touched at all during this loosening of the top soil. From now on a repeated cultivation every six or eight weeks will keep the rockery in condition, providing dry days are followed by a light sprinkling late in the evening, which replaces the heavy night dews of the mountain regions where rock plants originate.



You Can Grow these ORCHIDS

IMAGINE clusters of great Cattleya blossoms, like the one shown here, opening out into full glory in your own greenhouse! Think of having "brought them to flower" yourself. And think of having this wonder repeated year after year as long as you live!

Any person with greenhouse facilities can bring such a dream to fact. Orchids are easy to grow, once their simple requirements are understood. The plants are extremely sturdy—they are nearly as long-lived as trees and are adaptable to all climates. And they require little attention, no hoeing or manuring.

If you also want material remuneration from your hobby, you will be amply rewarded. No one needs to remind you of the value of orchids as cutflowers. And this is not a fad value. They are commanding steadily increasing prices as their popularity increases. Also consider the small expense of growing. They require no costly labor or fertilizers. They yield more per square foot of glass and are less bulky to handle than most other flowers. And orchids are not seasonal. If they are properly selected, you will have gorgeous bloom the year round.

Cattleya seed is sown by the non-symbiotic method in the "incubator" at our immense orchid plant. This insures a high percentage of germination and a low mortality rate.

Let us send you a list of the plants available from the immense stock of vigorous young Cattleya hybrids grown from seed in our great orchid-breeding plant. These orchids are improved hybrids bred from parents especially selected for beauty, quantity and lasting qualities of bloom. Our parent stock includes many historic and prize-winning orchids from noted European collections. Some of their offspring will undoubtedly have prize-winning distinction. All will produce flower-clusters of unusual magnificence.

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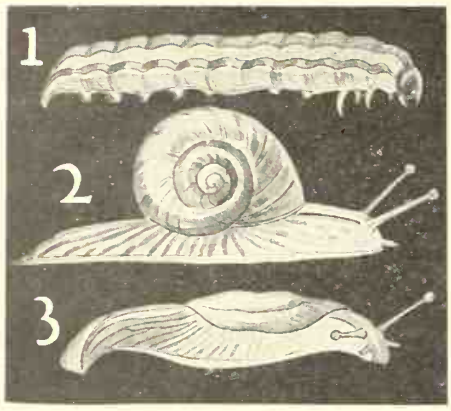

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DESTROY these unsightly and destructive pests in your garden with Snarol, the proved scientific method that has won the approval of thousands of home owners, gardeners and nurserymen everywhere.

You simply broadcast this ready prepared meal on the ground about the plants and vegetation. The pests eat the meal as a food and are quickly destroyed.

Unlike old time methods, Snarol is non-injurious to plants and vegetation when used according to simple directions. Also, water will not harm Snarol—in fact it works best when damp. This feature makes it ideal for use where rain and sprinkling cause wet garden conditions.

Act today for plant protection and freedom from these unsightly pests. For sale at seed stores, hardware dealers and leading drug stores in convenient 1 lb. and 3 lb. packages and 15 lb. bags. If more convenient write Dept. 84, Antrol Laboratories, Inc., 651-53 Imperial Street, Los Angeles, California, for free 24-page pamphlet and name of your nearest dealer.

Stop Ants

Antrol, a companion product to Snarol, quickly kills Argentine and other sweet eating ants. *Not a paste or powder* but a complete system composed of tiny glass jars which you fill with Antrol syrup. These jars then stand "on guard" like sentinels.

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Western Gardeners Ask Me These

Iris Questions

Carl Salbach

EXCEPTIONALLY rapid development in the breeding of iris during the past twenty years has brought this beautiful flower into a prominent position in the garden world, but just as many people are now learning of its charms, there are also many who know little about the care and characteristics of the iris. The questions and answers following cover the most important facts about bearded iris. Please bear in mind that the answers do not necessarily apply to Japanese and Siberian iris.

Do tall bearded iris require much care?

No, they are the easiest of all perennials. The two necessities are *sunshine* and *good drainage*. They are mostly natives of Asia Minor and the Mediterranean regions where the summers are hot and dry. They are therefore naturally drought resistant. This makes them particularly valuable for use in the interior valleys, for they bloom before the hot weather and need almost no attention through the summer, other than to keep the weeds from crowding or overshadowing the roots.

They are particularly adapted to planting on hillsides or parts of the garden that are hard to keep moist enough for most other flowers to grow well.

How should iris be planted?

One of the eastern growers says it most aptly: "Plant an iris as you would set a duck on the water, its feet in and its back out." The small feeding roots on the underside or the rhizome are the only part of the plant that should be under ground. The tops of the rhizomes should be left exposed so they can bake in the sun.

As to the form of plantings, groups of three or more of one variety or varieties of similar shades make for the best effect.

How often should iris be watered?

Near the coast, as in the San Francisco bay region, no watering is needed at all if the spring rains are late. In the warmer valley country, some water will probably be needed both before and during blooming time. Summer waterings should always be sparing. New plantings should be watered, but not soaked, every two or three weeks until the plants become established.

When should iris be planted?

June, July and August are the best months in the northern part of the Pacific coast, and September in the southern sections where summers are dry and hot. The iris do not need to be transplanted every year, but may be left in the ground permanently, provided only that some of the plants be thinned out and transplanted when the clumps become crowded.

What fertilizing does the iris require?

Fertilizer is seldom necessary, but when the soil has been overworked, a little bonemeal may be used. It is wise to mix a little lime with the soil in case the ground is acid.

When do bearded iris bloom?

They bloom in the spring between the tulips and the gladiolus. In southern California, they begin in February, around the San Francisco bay, in March, but most varieties are in bloom from the middle of April through May.

How tall do bearded iris grow?

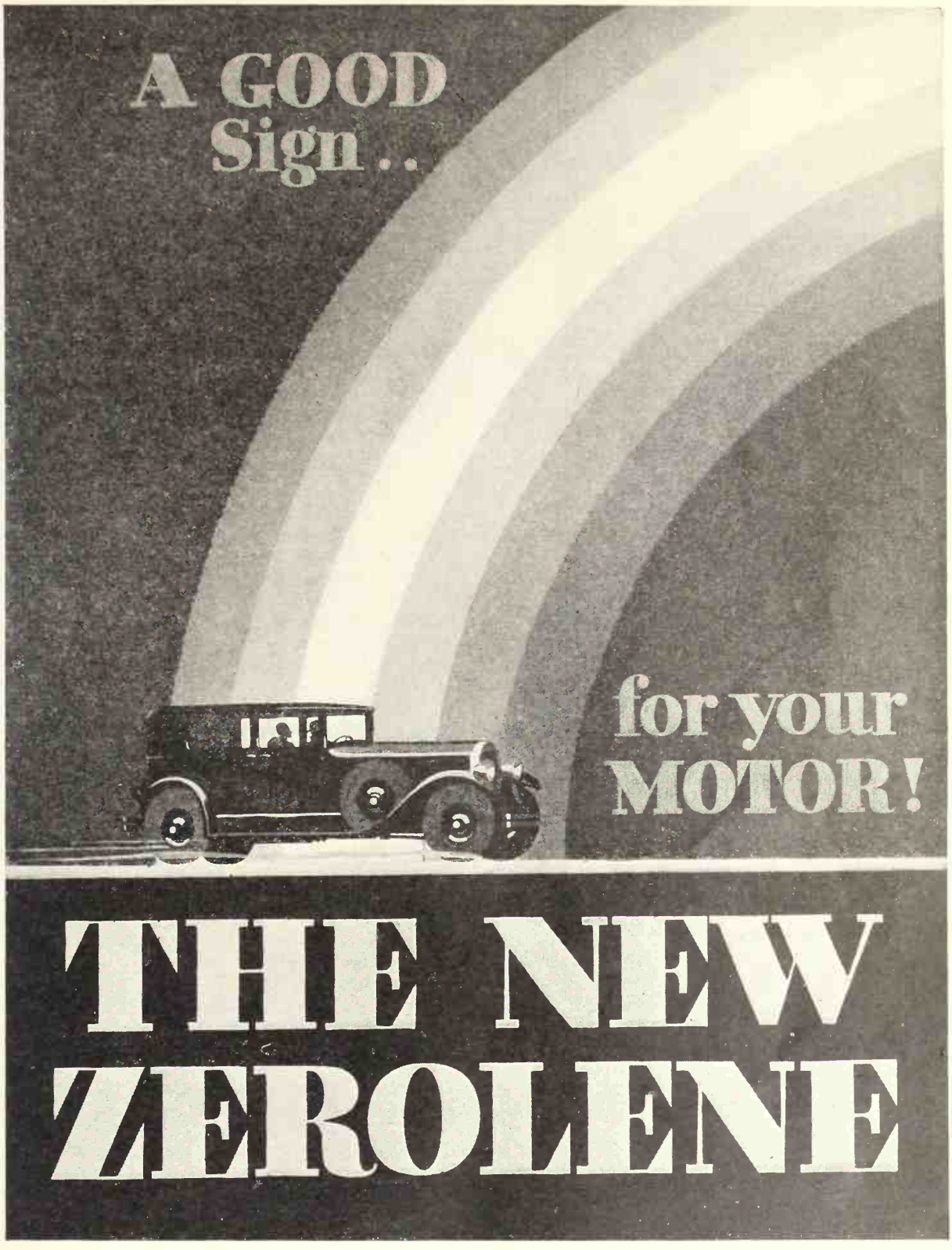
Some varieties may be as short as 15 inches, while some of the newer varieties tower to a height of over five feet.

How does one go about thinning out an iris bed?

A new bed seldom needs thinning until three or four years of growth have occurred. Then, when the plants are dormant at the close of the blooming season, the thinning should take place. It may be possible merely to cut out some of the rhizomes along the line of the natural divisions, or it may be necessary to remove the entire center of the clump. If the plants are very crowded, it is best to dig up the whole clump and replant it.

Are iris fragrant?

Most varieties are, a deliciously sweet and spicy fragrance.



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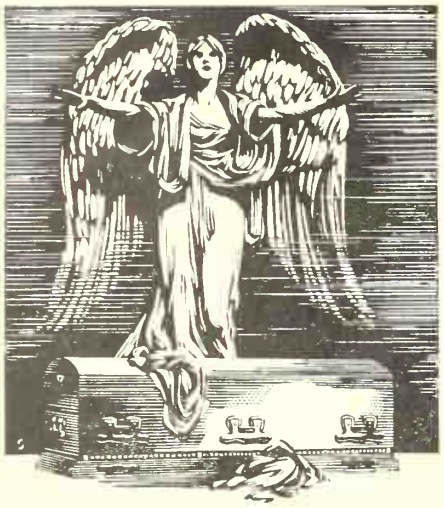

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SCIENCE, having curbed disease and lengthened the normal span of human life, now extends her protecting hands over the final resting places of the departed, lifting a burden of horror from the shoulders of Sorrow.

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"We Are Building An Estate"

Says this California Housewife in the third of a series of thrift discussions

RECENTLY, while talking over home budget ideas with a friend of mine, I happened to mention how interesting my husband and I had found the financial statement which we make out once a year. I explained how it takes us only a few minutes to list our assets and liabilities, subtract one from the other and then see in cold figures the amount we are worth. Year after year we surely enjoy the satisfaction of knowing just what progress we are making financially.

Incidentally I mentioned the figures as they appeared on our last statement, which told the approximate amount that John and I were now worth after having been married for 12 years. My friend seemed a bit surprised and asked, "How do you do it?"

Notice, if you please, she didn't ask me to explain any of my theories about budgets, or even how much I thought the average family should save out of an average income. She was interested only in hearing the actual facts about our money saving methods, and so she asked the simple, direct question, "How do you do it?" My answer was in just the same kind of simple language (I couldn't have used any other if I had tried), and this is what I told her.

My husband and I have discovered during these years that the most satisfactory way for us to accumulate assets is to bind ourselves to some contract or plan on which we are expected to make payments of fixed amounts on fixed dates. We have also found that saving systematically, although the amount be ever so small, accomplishes far more than saving larger amounts at irregular intervals.

HERE are the methods we have used successfully, listed according to the importance of the role they have played in our case: saving bank accounts; life insurance policies; stocks and bonds; real estate.

When we were married, John and I combined our separate bank accounts and opened a joint account with about $200.00. We tried to add to this from time to time during the first year, but we found that starting housekeeping on a very small salary was no joke and we had to make more withdrawals than we did deposits, with the result that we had less at the end of the year than at the beginning.

Before I was married I worked in a bank, and there I had an opportunity to see the fine results obtained by people who deposited definite amounts of money regularly on their accounts, even though the single deposits were very small. So my husband and I talked it over and decided to try some plan. The first one we used was an account on which we paid $1.00 a week for 49 weeks and then the bank gave us $50.00. By the time we had finished those 49 payments we had pretty much acquired the habit of systematic saving, and we found we could manage to deposit $2.00 a week during the next 49 weeks and receive $100.00 in return. It wasn't always easy, but the fact remains that we did do it.

Since then we have endeavored to keep some kind of systematic bank account going continuously. Just now we are making payments of $6.08 a week and at the end of 3 years we will receive $1000.00 There are hundreds of varieties of these so-called Thrift Accounts to choose from, as practically every bank in the country offers some such plan, the most common of which is the Christmas Savings Account. They have surely proved to be "the thing" in helping us get the thrift habit.

THIS isn't saying that we always complete our plan, for we are only ordinary human beings. Nevertheless we set our goal high and even though we do close out an account sometimes before it is completed, I am certain we have more to show for our pay checks than if we had never opened the account.

Next in importance in our savings program is our life insurance. My husband carried a $2000 policy when we were married. Then shortly after Billie was born John took out $5000 more and I took out $2000.00. Since then my husband has added another $3000.

At first it was very hard to meet the payments when they came due, but after I put my home finances on my modern budget plan, which provides for these big expenditures by making monthly deposits on a special household bank account, the payments were easily met.

Our life insurance policies have always given us a real sense of security. We feel sure that our little

family will be well taken care of in case of an emergency. Then again, we have several times availed ourselves of the privilege of borrowing money on these policies at a very low rate of interest. A big item on the asset side of our annual statement last year was "Life Insurance Policies, Cash Surrender Value $2683.50."

THE third method we have used to good advantage in getting ahead financially has been buying first class stocks and bonds. Here we find that the temptation of spending our savings is even further removed than in either of the preceding methods.

Our first experience in buying bonds was when we bought Liberty Bonds. Later we used them to make the first payment on our own home.

Our last method of saving money has been buying real estate. Seven years ago we bought our first home, a modern bungalow in a new subdivision. By using our Liberty bonds as down payment, we were able to make arrangements for very easy monthly payments. After we had lived in that house for about four years, a contractor was building a larger house next door. I liked the plan of this house, and we really needed another bedroom. So after debating the subject pro and con, we decided to take the big step and buy a second house. We were fortunate enough to rent our first house for $50 a month, which amount was more than the monthly payments and taxes combined, and we have been successful in keeping it rented ever since, so the one house is paying for itself and is each year adding a substantial amount to the asset side of our financial statement. I highly recommend owning your own home when you can afford it, but I believe it is wise to get your family finances firmly established on a budget foundation first. At least that is why it has worked so well with us.

Just a last word. Here is a hint I gave my inquiring friend. Be sure you save your money before you spend it. No matter what kind of a savings program you follow, try to make your payments on pay day.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA

to mark one section of your recipe file "Recipes I want to try"—and then try them.

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Vacation Time is Near

But before you make any definite plans on
HOW TO SPEND THAT VACATION

read

"Lazy Days in a Honolulu Cottage"

By Jean Harker in the

MAY

Sunset Magazine

This article is just one of a wealth of vacation suggestions which are coming to you in the early summer issues of this helpful western publication.

Around the Modern Camp Fire

Some Ideas Picked Up

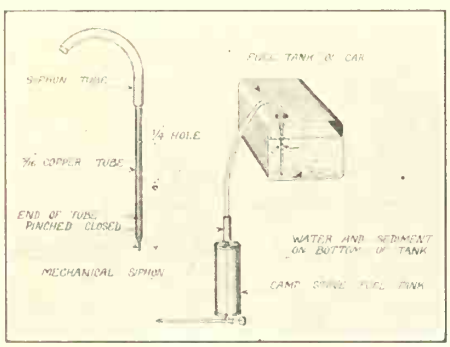
by

Dick Cole

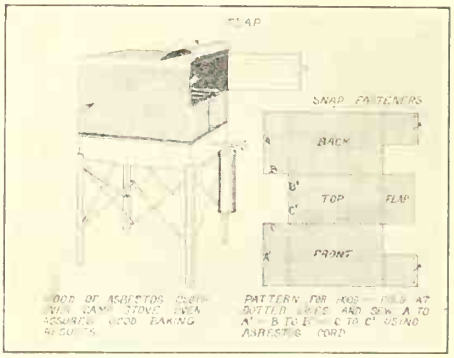
THE gasoline campstove has been generally adopted by the modern camper. The open campfire still holds a romantic glamor, and, bathed in its ruddy glow, campers still spin fishing yarns and tales of adventure, but, for practical use, the handy campstove is without a peer; particularly when we consider the dangers from forest fires.

While modern campstoves are very dependable, trouble occasionally will arise, due, in many cases, to dirty fuel. The rubber tube siphon—sucked by mouth or mechanically operated—is usually used to fill the campstove fuel tank from the gas tank of one's car. The end of the tube is often inserted to the bottom of the tank, and invariably there is sediment and water on the bottom of the tank of a car that has seen much service.

A simple means to obtain clean gas is illustrated just below. A length of rigid tubing—copper is suggested—



is fitted to the end of the rubber tube which enters the tank of the car. The lower end of the tubing is pinched together so that all gas must enter through a hole about six inches from the bottom. The tubing can be held vertically, or tilted, until the hole is just below the surface. If the car has stood for a few minutes, the surface gasoline will be absolutely clean and free of water. The precaution always to use clean gas in a campstove or gasoline lantern will save the camper much annoyance. It is wise also to ask your dealer what gasolines work best in your particular campstove.



AN oven attachment for a campstove is highly desirable. Not only does its use offer a variation from a constant "fried" diet, but at high elevations, such as in some of our National Parks, potatoes and other vegetables take a long time to boil, because of the lower boiling point of the water. Elevation does not affect the baking of vegetables, so this can supplant the boiling method.

Owing to the fact that the oven of a campstove is made of thin, sheet metal, and a large surface is exposed to heat radiation, it is an excellent plan to encase the oven in an asbestos hood. This assures consistent baking results.

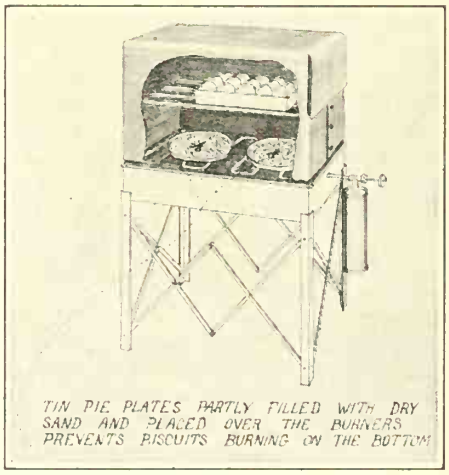
Such a hood can easily be made as in the sketch above. Woven asbestos cloth is used—not sheet asbestos, as used on the furnace pipes. A few strands drawn from the cloth will provide cord for sewing together the joining edges. The pattern for a hood is shown in the drawing. This is self-explanatory. Auto-curtain or large glove fasteners hold the hood in place.

The pattern shown conforms to the design of one of the most popular campstoves on the market, but it is an easy matter to figure out a suitable pattern for any other stove.

When the hood is not in use, it can be rolled into a snug, cylindrical roll and be carried in the stove cabinet.

"BURNT on the bottom," is a frequent complaint from users of a campstove oven. This can be entirely avoided if a simple precaution is taken as shown in the sketch. Place a tin pie plate, partly filled with dry sand, over each of the burners. Not only does this prevent the flame from striking directly on the bottom of the baking tin, but it tends to maintain a uniform heat throughout the whole oven.

A delightful barbecue flavor can be imparted to meat, fish or game by mixing a few hardwood chips with the sand. A larger quantity of chips and a "slow" flame will convert the oven into a miniature smoke house suitable for curing fish or "jerking" venison. However, before resorting to this practice, consult the game laws of the state you are in. The game laws of some states prohibit the preserving of game and game fish by any other means than refrigeration. This is to discourage the "game hog" and commercial hunter. Let your conscience be your guide. A real sportsman obeys the game laws in spirit as well as letter.



TIN PIE PLATES PARTLY FILLED WITH DRY SAND AND PLACED OVER THE BURNERS PREVENTS BISCUITS BURNING ON THE BOTTOM

EVEN in camp, light washing must be done. When a pail full of water must be heated, it is unwise to place such a heavy weight directly on the campstove grids. They are not designed for such heavy usage. A

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Ethyl

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DO you know *why* an automobile engine "knocks" and grows sluggish? The answer is important to you, as a car owner.

Power increases as compression is raised; the tighter gasoline and air are squeezed in the cylinder before ignition, the greater the force of the explosion behind the piston.

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The result was Ethyl fluid—the anti-knock ingredient which leading oil companies are adding to their good gasoline to form *Ethyl Gasoline*, the standard anti-knock fuel.

National distribution of Ethyl has enabled the motor industry, during the past two years, to offer new models with engines of higher compression and greatly increased performance. They will "run" on ordinary gasoline, but their full measure of power requires the use of Ethyl. Obviously, a "high compression" engine requires high compression fuel.

"*But what*," *you may ask*, "*of the millions of cars of average compression?*" To them Ethyl Gasoline means high compression performance as carbon forms in the cylinders. For carbon automatically raises compression by decreasing the size of the combustion chamber.

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Water Gardens
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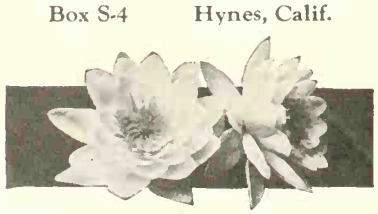
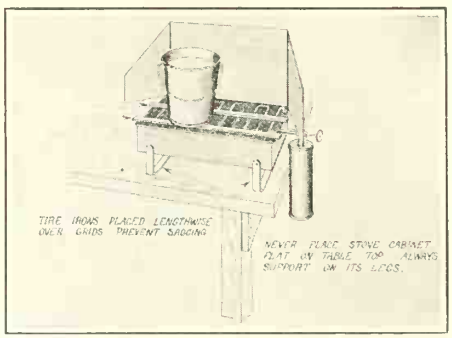


safer way is depicted in the sketch. Two tire irons, or pieces of old spring leaves, are placed lengthwise over the grid. These should be a little longer than the stove and the ends should rest on the stove cabinet. This reinforcement will prevent sagging grids.

It is well to mention at this time that a campstove should never be placed flat on a table top. Always support it on its folding legs. There are holes in the bottom of the stove


TIRE IRONS PLACED LENGTHWISE OVER GRIDS PREVENT SAGGING
NEVER PLACE STOVE CABINET FLAT ON TABLE TOP ALWAYS SUPPORT ON ITS LEGS.

cabinet which supply air to the burners. If these holes are obstructed the effect will be the same as cutting off the air supply to the gas range at home: a yellow, smutty flame.

Petunia Pointers

THE petunia is particularly adaptable to the western home garden, as it is very resistant to drouth. If you have never grown petunias before you may wish to begin by purchasing the small plants and transplanting them into your garden. Even an amateur, however, can easily grow petunias from seeds and, if best varieties are chosen, there will be no disappointments.

The petunia is an annual but it often lives several seasons in a mild climate, if it is not made to produce seed, which takes much of the strength of the plant. One should begin at least a month before putting plants into the ground to prepare the petunia bed. This includes the working of the soil into a state of thorough pulverization. Seedlings are usually transplanted twice.

The seeds themselves are planted in flats or seed pans. Prepare the soil by mixing two parts of any light compost or leaf mold with one part of clean sand, sifting all through a fine sieve. After the flats or pans are filled with soil, give a thorough soaking and after the water has seeped into the soil, sprinkle the seed evenly over the surface, but do not cover with soil. Sprinkle lightly with charcoal to prevent disease and cover flats with glass, using light shade if the sun's rays are direct. When seed sprouts, remove glass, transplanting the seedlings as soon as large enough into flat

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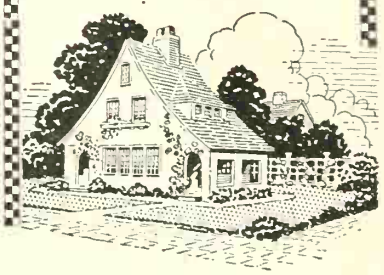

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This garden will be in best bloom from the middle of April through May. Enjoy these rainbow flowers with hundreds of other iris enthusiasts. The latch string is always out. Catalog on request.

CARL SALBACH
DAHLIAS, GLADIOLUS, IRIS
645 Woodmont Ave., Berkeley, Calif.
Phone Ashberry 1066

boxes, spacing them an inch apart. The young plants are later transplanted to their permanent homes. Keep seed boxes where snails cannot reach them.

In case you desire to grow the plants for seed you must expect long days of constant vigilance, for flowers must be fertilized by hand at the right time; the pollen is ready in single flowers with the opening of the first flower and in the double flowers with the second flower at which time it forms a light yellow powder which a circular movement of the brush in the center of the flower quickly scatters from the pistil to the stamen of the flower and thus provides for the development of the seed pod. In the double flowers these germinating organs are deep in the heart of the flower and in order to reach them one must be very skillful so that the corolla may be saved. Some people have supposed that the double flowers do not bear seed but although it is frequently not so profuse as in the single flowers, it is there. The seed of petunias must be gathered before it falls to the ground and is lost, as in many varieties it is very minute in size. It does not pay the home gardener to go to all of this trouble for seeds when good ones can be obtained; it does, however, explain why choice seeds cannot be sold for five cents a packet.

Probably the finest strains of petunias are grown on the Pacific coast, and they vary in color from white through the reds and to the more recently developed blues, many of them bearing flowers that measure five or five and one-half inches across.

Giant petunias in varying colors harmonize beautifully with dahlias and pentstemon along the garden wall and will give a distinctive effect that will long be remembered. Petunia Rosy Morn is a lovely small petunia for beds or borders. The growth is compact and it blooms continuously for months.

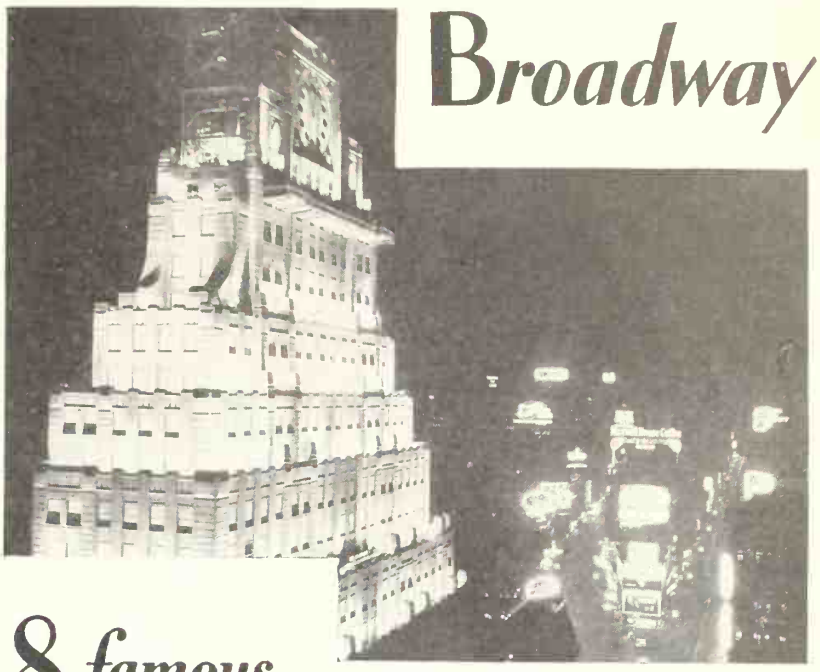
A man who has done outstanding work with petunias is Richard Diener of southern California. After years of labor he has developed strains which are marvels in the plant world. Seeds produced by him will grow flowers of rare beauty in every part of the country, but here on the Pacific coast they are magnificent.—ESTHER C. WARREN.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA

in fact a rule of good garden design, to make your garden paths lead to something beautiful.

THIS SUMMER

PAY YOUR RESPECTS TO Broadway



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These, America's newest, grandest wonderlands, may be seen on convenient, inexpensive side trips en route. You'll marvel at the rainbow immensity of the Utah-Arizona canyons, the breath-taking spectacle of proud geysers in action at Yellowstone. The low cost of these side trips will amaze you. Ask now for particulars.

A Glimpse of Bryce Canyon

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

With Western Garden Clubs

A Club Letter from Washougal, Washington

ABOUT three years ago our little city of Washougal, Washington decided to become a "City Beautiful," and through the auspices of the local branch of the Federated Woman's club, a garden club was formed to encourage the younger generation in the cultivation of beauty, and to promote interest among the townspeople in their homes and gardens. We took for our motto, "To make us love our city, we must make our city lovely."

In the beginning of our campaign it was voted to call our town the Dahlia City, in honor of the dahlia gardens located here, some of them being nationally known.

Among other things the club has done in so short a time was the providing of suitable shrubbery for the grounds around the new high school building. These grounds have since been artistically landscaped by our Smith-Hughes man.

Every spring announcements are made of prizes to be awarded to the boys and girls who raise the best gardens during the season; the competition has been very keen, and the result, many lovely gardens, and happy children during vacation.

Another thing we did was to sponsor and help materially with the purchase of a small tract of land shaded by splendid firs, adjoining our city park, together with a swimming hole that is safe and convenient for young and old alike. This park is a gathering place for the children and an ideal place for family picnics, in other words an outdoor home in summer for the entire community.

Every spring the club sponsors a seed and bulb exchange, where members take what they have to spare and exchange with the other members.

Every fall a flower show is held in our high school building, where flowers of many different hues and varieties are displayed, truly a feast of beauty for nature loving hearts. The long hall is lined with tables and pedestals holding vases filled with blooms of rare beauty. The soil along the Columbia river is very fertile, and given to the raising of lovely flowers. The growers of this community, both professional and amateur, pride themselves on the production of choice varieties.

A good deal of interest has been shown here recently in the growing of tulips, and many a bit of color has been added to the early gardens by the addition of these flowers.

The lily pool is also becoming a feature of many gardens, and adds a charming note to many otherwise plain yards or lawns.

A great improvement is noticeable in the appearance of our town since the Woman's club decided to take a hand in its affairs. The older homes have become more attractive, with well kept lawns and blooming flowers and new coats of paint and the owners of new homes are seemingly trying to out-do one another in their efforts to have the best looking places in town.

AMONG the plans that have been suggested for this club is one for the maintenance of school gardens where the children of the grade school may be instructed in the art of gardening and the growing of flowers and vegetables. The landscaping of the grounds around the school is another proposed plan.

In order to stimulate competition between home owners, it has been thought a good plan to run slides with photographs of the most attractive homes in different parts of the city.

Much work lies ahead for this club, but no doubt it will be done effectively, for great interest has been shown in the past. As Washougal is practically cut in two by the new Evergreen highway, sister highway to the famous Columbia highway on the south side of the river, there will be much room for improvement and for beautifying the now unsightly places to be found here and there along the highway where it runs through the city, and also in the suburbs.

With its background of fir-clad mountains, and the beauty of its sparkling rivers that bound it on two sides, Washougal may well become one of the beauty spots of the West.
—HARRIET MARKHAM GILL.

The Garden Club Bookshelf

WATER gardens seem to fit especially well into the western landscape. Imagine a patio without a water garden or a terraced lot of the northwest without a rockery and pool. It is easy and inexpensive to build a pool, to grow water lilies or to raise goldfish—especially easy when there is a book on the library shelf to tell just how. "Water Gardens and Goldfish" by Robert V. Sawyer and Edwin H. Perkins is that very book. Well bound, 110 pages of good practical information and neatly printed describes this book which may be ordered through SUNSET MAGAZINE, San Francisco, (or direct from the A. T. De La Mare Co. Inc., 225 W. 34th St., New York City) for $1.65 postpaid. Published by A. T. De La Mare. (*Cont. on next page*

For Your Next Meeting

AT one of those garden club meetings where the program plans fall through, it is interesting to hand out to each one present paper and pencil. The leader holds up one at a time a leaf of some western tree, vine or shrub mounted on white. The audience then writes down in order the names of the leaves as exhibited. At the end of the contest the correct list is, of course, read and papers judged. It really is surprising how few leaves even experienced gardeners can identify.—G. R.

A Garden Picture

Salvia lucantha, known to many gardeners as purple sage, may be planted either in single specimens or masses with rose bushes. The lavender chenille-like blossoms of the sage are in pleasing contrast to pink or yellow toned roses. With the Cecil Brunner rose, the sage is particularly charming.

More Iris Questions

To supplement those on page 54.

Are there more colors than the familiar light and dark blue and white?

Yes. Beside the blues, which, by the way, are all lavender-blues, there are pink, rose and claret colored blooms, yellows in combination with velvety mahogany, blended colors that look like changeable taffeta—the color combinations are infinite.

What percentage of the plants bloom the first year?

Ordinarily most iris bloom the first year after being planted. When planted in the shade, however, most of the growth goes into the foliage, and as a result, there are few blooms.

Do pests attack iris?

Root rot from too much water is likely to occur. Gophers are very fond of iris. A root borer sometimes gets in in the eastern gardens, but irises generally have fewer enemies than any of the garden plants.

Are iris good cut flowers?

Except for the hot house orchids they are the most exquisite of flowers. But they must be grown in one's own garden, for they are too delicate for the florists to handle commercially.

Where should iris be planted?

Almost any ground will suffice to grow iris, but good drainage and plenty of sunshine are necessary for proper growth.

Accept This Gift—

The New Mary Pickford Sweet Pea

Most Beautiful of its Species—Grown by Germain in California—Named by America's Sweetheart—Have them in Your Garden This Spring at Our Expense!

YOUR garden can blossom this Spring with Mary Pickford's own choice of sweet peas—a new variety grown in her own garden. Because this famous star wears them at formal functions they are named after her—The Mary Pickford Sweet Pea. And we offer you a package this year free—without charge or obligation!

We do this primarily to get acquainted. For we want you to know *Germain's*—California's horticultural headquarters. Since 1871 our seeds, plants and bulbs have helped give California its reputation. Now we offer them to you at prices no higher than for ordinary varieties.

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Famous people in famous homes will make their selections from Germain's "California Gardening" this year. This catalogue de luxe is the finest yet to be published and shows many full sized illustrations of prize-winning beauties that you will want.

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Please send me one packet of Mary Pickford Sweet Peas and your 1929 edition of "California Gardening."

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Hard water from a city faucet, softened with Melo, becomes like rain water. It makes a wonderful cleaner, with or without soap. As in rain water, soap becomes much more effective.

Put two tablespoonfuls in the bathtub and you have rain water to bathe in. Put a tablespoonful in the dishpan and the dishes sparkle. Put two tablespoonfuls in the washtubs and the clothes are as white as snow.

Melo costs only 10 cents a can. Buy 3. Keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry and one in the bathroom. Buy it at your grocer's.

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Manufacturers of Sani-Flush

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(SIFT-ING MA-CHINE)

Not an ordinary flour sifter, but a sifting machine. Highest quality—built to last for years. One hand operates—quickly—easily. Permits constant stirring while sifting. Double screen — one operation sifts contents twice. Avoids scattering flour. Eliminates lumpy baking. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Modern Priscilla Proving Plant and other Bureaus. Used and endorsed by foremost food authorities, home economic experts and demonstrators. Highly polished finish. Also furnished with handles in Green, Red, Yellow or Blue. Money back guarantee. At dealer's or postpaid for $1.00
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Prize-Winning Fig Recipes

The Results of the February Contest

IT is a hard job to judge a recipe contest. This is particularly true when hundreds of splendid recipes are received, as was the case in the fig contest.

The announcement in the February issue stated that prize-winners would be announced in the May issue. We have found it possible, after all, to judge the recipes and make the report in this, the April issue. The May magazine, then, will carry the results of the March contest, featuring calavo or avocado recipes.

The first prize of $5 goes to Mrs. C. J. Lowell, of Oakland, California, for her fig conserve recipe. This can be made at any time of year, using either fresh or dried figs, and is delicious. We know, because we tried it, using the dried black Mission figs, washing and soaking them as for ordinary cooking.

Fig Conserve

2 pounds of figs (any kind)
1 flat can of sliced pineapple
Sugar
½ cupful of broken nutmeats

Prepare the figs as you ordinarily do for cooking, slicing them if you wish. Cut up the sliced pineapple and add, with the juice, to the figs. Weigh, and add an equal weight of sugar. Cook slowly about 2 hours, stirring occasionally. Add the broken walnut meats just before taking the conserve from the stove.

Feeling that one recipe for this versatile fruit was not nearly enough to publish, we are giving here a few other extra-good recipes. A check for $1 has gone forward to the contributor of each of the following recipes.

Mrs. R. F. Chase, of Chewelah, Washington, submits the following directions for making fig crumbles, a delicious dessert.

Fig Crumbles

2 eggs
½ cupful of white sugar
2 tablespoonfuls of flour
½ teaspoonful of baking powder
¼ teaspoonful of salt
1 teaspoonful of vanilla
½ cupful of chopped figs
½ cupful of chopped almonds

Beat the egg whites stiff, and add the beaten yolks. Combine the remaining ingredients and fold into the eggs. Pour into a large, shallow, well buttered pan and bake very slowly (at 300 degrees) for 40 minutes. Remove at once from the pan, and cool. To serve, crumble in sherbet glasses, and top with whipped cream.

An interesting recipe for fig salad comes from Anne Gulley, of Portland, Oregon. Here it is:

Fig Salad

Cook figs (any kind) until soft. Cool, then open, and fill with cream cheese. Chill. Arrange 4 figs on a bed of lettuce with sections or slices of oranges between. In the center put a mound of whipped cream with a tablespoonful of mayonnaise on top of it. Place 2 ripe olives on each plate, and serve all very cold.

From Mrs. Maude L. Lane, of Lockwood, California, comes this recipe for fig frying-pan cake.

Fig Frying-Pan Cake

Melt 3 tablespoonfuls of butter in a heavy skillet and sprinkle ½ cupful of brown sugar over it. Mix 2 cupfuls of stewed or preserved figs (fig conserve may be used for this) and 1 cupful of chopped walnuts. Spread over the sugar, and let stand while you make a batter as follows:

1 beaten egg
½ cupful of brown sugar
¼ teaspoonful of salt
½ cupful of hot milk
1 cupful of flour
1½ teaspoonfuls of baking powder

Mix thoroughly in the order given, pour over the fruit in the skillet, and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) about 30 minutes. Turn out of the pan at once, and serve hot with whipped cream.

Please, if you haven't received a prize this time, don't give up, but keep right on sending in recipes. You never can tell when yours will be the chosen one—and it is such a neighborly thing to do, to pass along the recipes that you have enjoyed, receiving in return those that your neighbor in another state perhaps has liked especially well.—THE EDITORS.

Western Recipes

(*Continued from page 37*)

and light, then beat in the second cupful of sugar. Combine the two mixtures. Add the melted chocolate. (If ground chocolate is used, sift it with the dry ingredients.) Mix and sift the flour, baking powder and salt. Add alternately flour and milk, then the nut meats and flavoring. Lastly, cut and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Bake for thirty to forty minutes in a moderate oven (375 degrees). Ice with Mocha Butter Frosting.

MOCHA BUTTER FROSTING

2 tablespoonfuls of butter
1 tablespoonful of coffee
2 tablespoonfuls of ground chocolate
3 tablespoonfuls of hot milk
¼ teaspoonful of maple flavoring
1 teaspoonful of vanilla
1½ cupfuls of powdered sugar

Cream butter. Add gradually the flavorings, milk, ground chocolate and sugar. Beat hard until smooth and creamy. When the cake has cooled spread on the frosting.

Whatever your favorite combination for fruit salad, you will find Golden Dressing an intriguing addition. For my fruit salad I use oranges, bananas, grapes, pineapple, marshmallows, and sometimes nuts, in equal proportions, and always with the above mentioned dressing, for it seems to blend with the fruit flavors and give a richness that is lacking in all other dressings which I have tried.

GOLDEN SALAD DRESSING

2 egg yolks
4 tablespoonfuls of honey or corn syrup
1 tablespoonful of sugar
Juice of 2 lemons

Beat egg yolks, combine with other ingredients and cook in a double boiler until thick, stirring. Let cool and add to whipped cream, using enough to give a decided flavor.

Should you plan to serve asparagus, artichokes or Brussels sprouts you can make a truly company dish from them by using this dependable Hollandaise sauce.

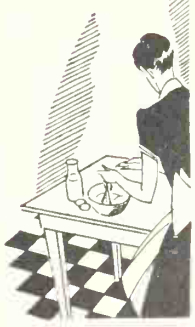
DEPENDABLE HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

A. ½ cupful of butter, creamed; add 4 egg yolks one by one.
B. 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice, ⅛ teaspoonful of salt, dash of cayenne or nutmeg
C. 1 cupful of boiling water.

Cook A in double boiler and add B. Stir until thick. Add C slowly, stir until creamy, and serve.

And if you need a last-minute dessert, try folding 3 or 4 slices of pineapple diced, 10 to 12 marshmallows cut in eighths, and ½ cupful of English walnut meats into half a pint of cold, stiffly whipped cream which has been slightly sweetened. Serve in tall glasses. If the marshmallows are not absolutely fresh, I often soak them for a few moments in the pineapple juice before adding them.

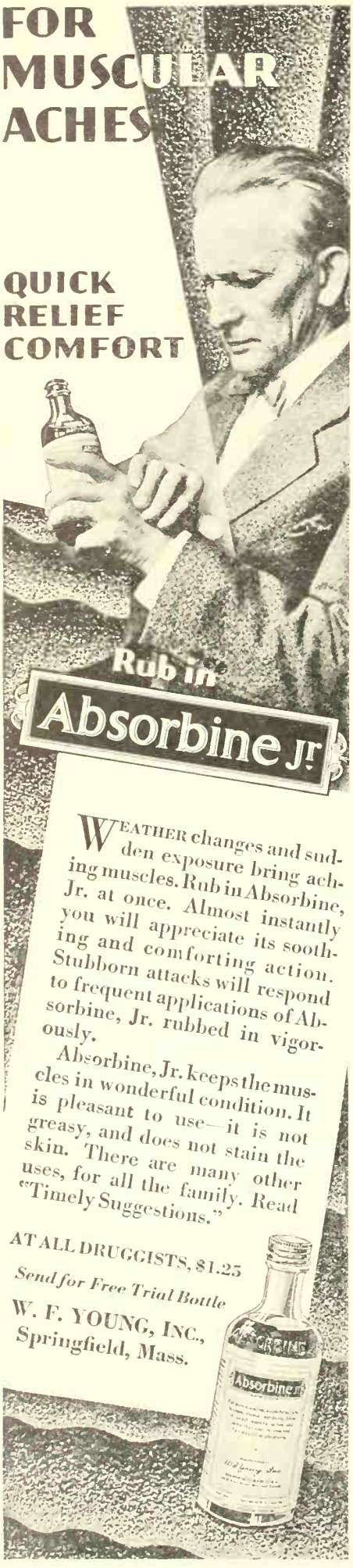
Free... this handy packet of Cooking Wisdom



Write for the famous "Sweet Sixteen" Recipe Packet—western ways of using chocolate, prepared for you in convenient form. The packet is *free*. The slips it contains are ready to go in your cook book or your recipe file—and oh, how good the results you obtain when you follow them! If you use Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate you can enjoy a new daintiness in chocolate dishes—a new variety in the menu. Enjoy, too, a new convenience in your cooking—for Ghirardelli's takes the place of all old-fashioned kinds of chocolate—*one* form for *all* uses—cakes, beverage, desserts, sauces, icings, puddings, candy-making.

For the recipe packet, write to D. Ghirardelli Co., 910 North Point Street, San Francisco. For the chocolate, say "Gear-ar-delly" to your grocer.

GHIRARDELLI'S GROUND CHOCOLATE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Beauty's Firm Foundation

By Jean Ashcroft

SOMETIMES I think that the old saying, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," was founded on the fact that it was, in the old days, almost as difficult to be clean as to be godly. Now it is at least easier to be clean!

Perhaps the cavaliers—the "boy friends" and husbands—of those days were not so fussy about such details; perhaps a woman did not need to radiate an atmosphere of entirely immaculate daintiness in order to be considered beautiful and charming. Well, all we can say is that she could not get by today! Now we know that positive cleanliness is the glowing foundation stone on which charm, good looks, beauty are builded. Take it away, and the structure topples.

The foes to cleanliness may possibly be more numerous today than they were in the "good old days." I don't know. But thank goodness, the aids to cleanliness are increased a hundredfold, and more.

There is more smoke and soot in the cities now than in the days before the great increase in number of factories; but we have bath rooms with gallons of hot water available in the least pretentious homes. We have tempting tubs and shower sprays; alluring soaps, big, luxurious towels and wash cloths that are just right; soft tissues for removing cold creams; interesting brushes; and a host of sweet-smelling creams, astringents, lotions, bath salts, powders, shampoos, and the like, which make keeping clean a pleasure rather than a bore.

It should be understood that radiant cleanliness is not merely a matter of the skin. Good health is a factor, for seldom does one's skin look clear and lovely when one has not excellent health.

Hair as well as skin must be clean and healthy. This entails frequent washing and brushing. Now that permanents and finger and water waves have liberated so many of us from the bondage of the marcel iron, we can indulge much more freely in the joys of the shampoo than we ever have before. This is exactly as it should be.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that nails must be free from even a tinge of discoloration. And so must shoulder straps, and collars and cuffs! I am glad that the introduction of soap flakes and soap beads has made this special type of daily laundering so interesting and easy.

Speaking of cleanliness, be sure that you wash your powder puff and comb and brush frequently. Well-set, firm bristles are more to be desired in a hair-brush than gold or silver trappings. Have the gold or silver or other precious material if you will, but above all, be sure that your brush will stand up well under hot soap suds, frequently applied, and hard daily usage.

But to go back to our discussion of the skin.

There are a number of good systems of caring for the skin. I am inclined to think that, as is the case in child training, the system that works for you is the one that you should follow.

CERTAIN beautiful women use creams alone for cleansing and nourishing the skin; others use soap and water and creams to accomplish the same results.

One simple treatment which I like particularly well is to wash the face and neck thoroughly with a bland soap, massaging the lather thoroughly into the skin. This I rinse off just as thoroughly in clear, warm water, and follow with an application of a very soft, oily cleansing cream. After allowing it to permeate the pores for a few minutes, I remove it with a soft towel wrung out of fairly hot water, and finish with a dash of cold water or ice, and an astringent lotion if I am getting ready to go out, or with an application of heavier cream, well rubbed in, if I am getting ready for bed.

Most of us find that even the diligent, consistent use of these aids to cleanliness is not all-sufficient, and that we must have an occasional "facial," either at home or in the beauty shop, to rid our skins of defiant blackheads. Much as I appreciate

Insure the life
and lustre of
your hair
by using
"HAIR-A-GAIN."

More *than a mere shampoo . . .*

It conquers Adult Cradle Crust

All authorities agree that the first requisite of beauty is perfect *cleanliness.* Applied to hair beauty this means, first of all, a clean scalp.

But many who think their scalp is clean would be shocked to know the amount of waste matter that mixes with the sloughed off epidermis and forms a hard, many-layered crust on the scalp.

This smothering film that literally chokes the hair to death is known as Adult Cradle Crust.

It must be removed and *kept removed* in order to insure the life and lustre of the hair.

No matter how frequently one washes the scalp and hair, this hard, deep scalp crust remains. Ordinary soaps and shampoos have no effect upon it.

"Hair-A-Gain" is a scientific, over-night method, simple and harmless, that penetrates the thick, accumulated Adult Cradle Crust, dissolves it and brings to the scalp and hair a tingling, wholesome sensation of perfect cleanliness and health. You will note its effectiveness in five days. You can actually *see* the unhealthy, gummy, choking Adult Cradle Crust being removed.

Try this simple, scientific method. Apply "Hair-A-Gain" tonight. No rubbing it in — no trouble. Just wash it out in the morning. As have thousands of men and women, you, too, will be delighted with the new life and lustre imparted to your hair, the perfect cleanliness that you can actually feel in your scalp and hair. "Hair-A-Gain" is obtainable wherever toilet goods are sold.

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Sani-Flush leaves the toilet sparkling. It is harmless to plumbing connections. Use it frequently.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. *In Canada,* 35c.

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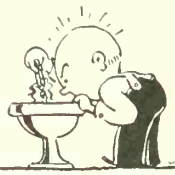
and enjoy the beauty shop variety of facial, I cannot take the time—(We won't talk about money!)—to have such a treatment as often as I should. Consequently a home treatment that can be enjoyed while I am manicuring my nails or doing other little tasks is a real time-and-beauty saver.

One suggestion which is not new but which we all need to be reminded and encouraged to follow is that of ending every cleansing treatment with a cold rinse or spray, or even with an ice rub. The easiest way to manage the cube of ice is to wrap it in a single thickness of gauze. Pat the face and neck with this, to contract the pores which have been relaxed by the previous treatment. Some persons find the ice treatment rather severe, so you will have to use your judgment about following it. A quick application of ice is ordinarily beneficial rather than otherwise.



IT'S A GOOD IDEA ~

to keep a pair of old tweezers on hand for removing hair, etc., from lavatory drains.

A Municipal Mother

(*Continued from page 25*)

any solution of our social problems. Her work has been principally with women and girls (although partly with young boys); but even in this limited field she is illustrating the fundamental soundness of her methods and theories through the psychiatric approach.

And so we find Mrs. Lossing one hour writing for scientific journals disinterestedly about "the Piggly-Wiggly shoplifter of eighty with senile dementia manifestations," about "manic depressives" and "dementia praecoxes"—while during the next hour she may be talking to a ten-year-old girl about just the proper way to grow a hyacinth in a pot—and another hour after that cooking her husband's dinner in a quiet house in a garden up on the Berkeley hillside, and not thinking or speaking of anything more remotely related to the city hall and criminology or psychiatric social work than whether or not Mr. Lossing likes cabbage, or where they will motor next Sunday, or what they will plant in that spot where the snails ate the snowdrops—or will he help her dry the dishes or not!

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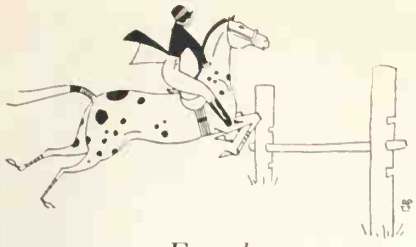


For the

Amateur Sportsman

TO horse! It's April. Wherever you live in the West, there's a bridle trail, green with spring freshness, bordered with clover, gay with wild flowers just poking their heads into view.

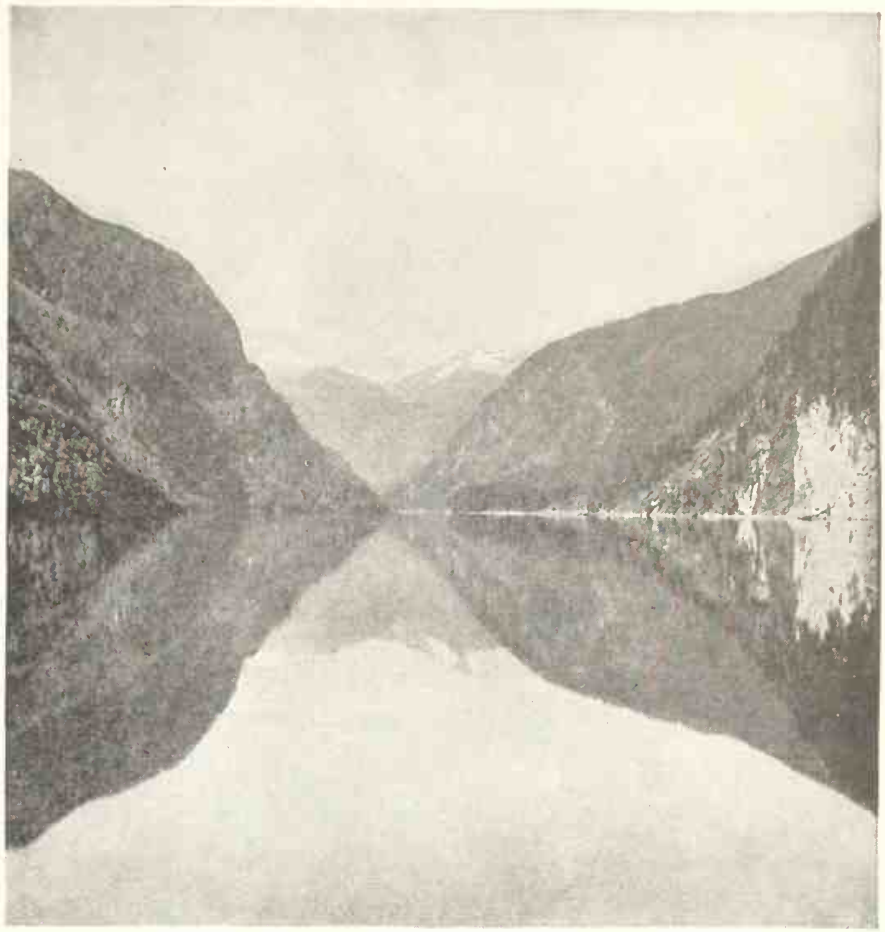
The Pacific Northwest offers equestrian paths around Lake Washington in Seattle and along the Columbia and Willamette rivers near Portland. San Francisco boasts a hundred miles of riding paradise, through Golden Gate Park, the Presidio, along the sand of the ocean beach. There are ozone and beauty on Monterey Peninsula's fifty miles of bridle trails, winding continually from woodland to ocean vistas. Los Angeles tempts one with jaunts in the foothills beyond Beverly Hills. Or, if you live in the more rugged West, you will find no finer month to pick your way along bouldered paths near Denver, through sagebrush in Nevada or in the cool of the cottonwoods in New Mexico or Arizona.

Perhaps, lucky person, you spent your childhood on a farm where there was a horse who took the saddle willingly after a day in harness. If that was your introduction to riding (primitive though it was), you've probably been an enthusiast ever since. You don't have to be told of the thrills of rushing along with the wind in your face and warm, vital horseflesh beneath you, taking your every command. If you're a bit flat, here's a tonic of aliveness that will make your heart leap with your horse and the blood sing in your temples and flush your face with exuberance.

If you're afraid to look the scales in the face (whisper it!)—here's a way to reduce sans diet, mechanical exercises or boredom. If you want to stay young, none has exclusive rights to this fountain of youth. Jump on a horse and ride away from old age! There's a gentleman in San Francisco, Mr. H. C. Ahlers, who's 74 and looks 50, with a clear ruddy face, thick brown hair and a fine erect carriage. For twenty years, he has ridden six days a week.

Mr. Ahlers does fifteen or twenty miles usually. If you are just taking up horseback riding, make ten miles or less your limit for a while. Otherwise, sore muscles will protest and you will find yourself having dinner

THE EVERGREEN PLAYGROUND



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Gentlemen: Please send me your free illustrated booklet *"The Evergreen Playground."*

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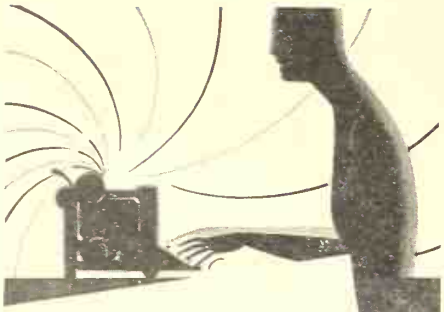

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DICK COLE
Goes around the country picking up
Tips from Tourists

In the May issue he is going to tell Sunset readers what he has found out about
Camp Lighting

Look for this timely Article

standing up. As you become accustomed to longer distances, your enjoyment will increase. By riding slowly for not more than two hours a day at the beginning, your riding career will be one of uninterrupted pleasure, not punctuated by days when you don't care if you never see a horse again.

It was all right for Richard the Lion Hearted to cry "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" Today, King Dick would be told that it's not necessary to swap a kingdom for a horse. You can get a good one for two hundred dollars. Or, easier yet, you can rent one for an afternoon cheaper than you could a taxicab.

The best way to become an accomplished rider is to take several lessons in the art. Your instructor need not be a professional, though professionals are preferable to amateurs whose knowledge is limited or, as frequently happens, who have more theories than experience.

A few hints, however, may be helpful to the neophyte and refreshing to the minds of veterans.

One should see to it that the saddle sits comfortably on the horse. That one item will do much to insure safe, pleasant transportation.

Stick to a double bridle until you are an expert. The less severe snaffle bit makes the double bridle much preferred by the mount, while the rider who uses a curb bit only must have a master's touch.

Ride with a light rein. If you are a man, be particular about this. Force isn't necessary, usually, in guiding the horse. Women realize this. Consequently, as beginners they usually do much better than men.

A good seat, as any riding master will tell you, depends on balance, leg-grip and relaxation. Balance is acquired by sitting erectly but not rigidly. Grip is obtained by keeping the legs close to and in light contact with the animal, steady and free from all involuntary motion. Relaxation is a matter of mind as much as muscle. Its secret is the use of the loin as a shock absorber and avoidance of any rigidity.

Better than by any words, however, perfect seat is depicted by "The End of the Trail," a statue by James Earle Fraser. An Indian, last of his tribe, exhausted at the end of a gruelling

IT'S A GOOD IDEA—

to use doors at the side rather than a hinged top on the child's play box—then there is no danger of smashed fingers.

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ride, is seated on his jaded horse. Weary though he is, the horseman preserves a natural poise and gracefulness in the saddle that is a picture of the perfect seat.

A posting-trot, just fast enough for the rider to get the full benefits of ups and downs is easiest on the mount and best exercise for the horseman. It stirs up the much-advertised liver, but contrary to those who know horseback riding only from a distance, posting does not "shake the liver out of you."

Canter and gallop are exhilarating to both horse and rider—if indulged in occasionally. Now and then, give yourself and the horse a rest by stopping for a few minutes. If it is a long ride, dismounting will afford the animal a welcome respite. If you would like to ride daily—don't. One day's rest in seven preserves the enthusiasm of both man and beast.

When your horse shies, be patient. Coax him forward toward the object he fears. If he still turns away, guide him yet farther away from it than shying would naturally take him and then start him back again toward the object. The animal will gain confidence from the fact that his own impetus is taking him toward his bugaboo.

The saddle is one place a woman may dress as much like a man as she wishes. For formal events, there is no substitute for the conventional riding habit. The derby is not only dressy but a fine head-protector in case of a spill. Coats run to darker colors.

In the informal riding costume, appropriate for park and bridle path, one has more leeway for distinctiveness. Men like breeches of cavalry twill, with tight fitting English cut boots, also called polo boots. These are brown or tan, never black. Black, in fact, is not greatly favored in informal riding garb this season. A two-pocket, two-button sport coat, either dark or light, may be worn. Sleeveless sweaters, however, are coming into fashion, in bay, white, tan or brown, all popular and correct. A white or tan shirt with a solid color cravat in one of the darker shades, and a soft hat, tan or brown, complete the picture.

Milady will not want high boots much this spring. Jodhpurs are the thing, trousers that fit the leg snugly from ankle to knee and flare like breeches above the knee. A sleeveless sweater, possibly in one of the more striking shades, a crush hat and sport blouse, both in brown or tan, are comfortable and modish.

Sharp spurs are unnecessary, but a stiff crop is swanky and useful.

In your rides, take the children along. If he has passed the mature age of four, teach Junior how to ride on a gentle old plug, bareback.

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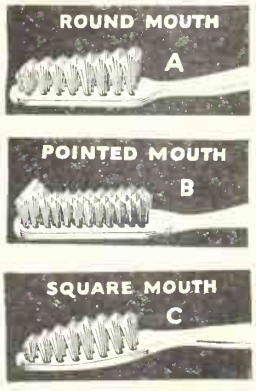

DENTISTS say the real secret of healthy, sparkling, white teeth is *proper brushing.* They claim the use of an incorrect brush is responsible for 75 percent of stained, decaying teeth.

They distinguish 3 types of mouths—round, pointed and square. Each requires a different shape brush. The ordinary brush hits only the "high spots." It misses the inbetween places where decay begins.

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Routing Dahlia Enemies

BEAT insects at their eating game! This bit of advice comes from J. J. Broomall, a well-known dahlia grower of southern California. He says:

"I raise a few chickens for the sole purpose of keeping down various bugs and worms. Not for years have I been bothered with cut worms, wire worms, root maggots, stalk borers, or like destroyers that have so greatly annoyed other growers. Ten or twelve hens to the acre are sufficient. More are not really wanted for they do some damage themselves and do exasperate us at times. But this is my method:

"I give them free run of the place when the ground is being dug up, for that is when they do the maximum of good and the minimum of harm. Then they are shut out; and when the plants are up and growing nicely I buy, beg, borrow or hire an old hen with a large brood of chicks, tie the hen by the leg close to the dahlia beds and let the chicks do the bug-picking. They do very little damage to the dahlias and are most effective bug-eaters.

"My second preventive of plant troubles is the use of overhead sprinkling; I also use the furrow system of irrigation because dahlias are hard drinkers. High up sprinklers, however, approximate nature's method of a gentle shower, and this kills red spiders, mealy bugs and aphis. With the sprinklers overhead and the chicks working about the roots I have no further worries on this score. You see how my plants grow!" and he held up a splendid specimen of Golden West, a bloom that measured nine inches in diameter, a flower that could grow only under perfect conditions.

—LEE MCCRAE.

Among the more easily procurable varieties of iris, no two used in combination give a finer color effect than the pinkish tones of the low growing Queen of the May massed against the pale blue of the taller Princess Beatrice.

Spring Garden Tasks

REMOVE any mulch that was given the roses late last fall, spreading it out on the beds and spading it under with the addition of well rotted manure mixed thoroughly into the soil, selecting a calm day, after a dull or rainy period for this work. And while the plants are still dormant spray the bushes thoroughly with lime and sulphur solution, after which a good pruning should be given them, leaving only three or four of the strongest shoots and about three or four eyes to each shoot, cutting the branches back to within six to twelve inches from the ground. Spray again in May and June for aphis, using nicotine sulphate solution, and later in the summer with sulphur dust and bordeaux dust for mildew.—N. S., Oregon.

✣ ✣ ✣

For splashes of scarlet and gold in the sunny exposure of your garden throughout the entire summer and until frost sets in, endeavor to get some tigridia bulbs, which should be planted in clumps of four or five in mass effects, about two or three inches deep, and then treated like gladiolus. They are rare, beautiful, hardy, multiply bountifully, and are worth trying to get.—A. M., Washington.

✣ ✣ ✣

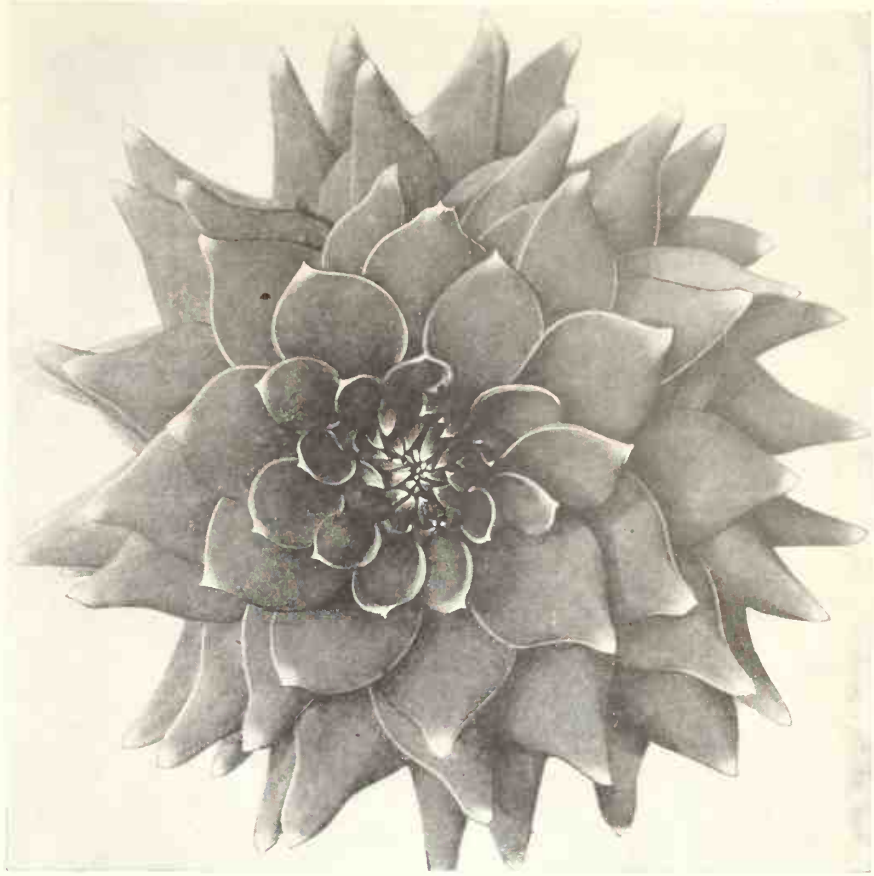
Soils of the Southwest, being of a semi-arid character, are naturally lacking in nitrogen and humus. An improvement program should, therefore, consider these elements. Planting of a cover crop of *Melilotus Indica*, or alfalfa, is one of the best ways to put new soils in shape for intensive production.—R. G., California.

✣ ✣ ✣

The lily pool should have its spring cleaning this month before the goldfish commence to breed, and additional prepared soil should be put in the water lily beds, followed by a two-inch covering of clean, coarse sand. Be sure to order your lilies and other water plants immediately.—S. D., Idaho.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA —

to overflow the lily pool occasionally. This treatment prevents a scum forming on the water.



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The Investor's Catechism

What is a bond?

When you buy a bond you really buy a sort of promissory note. That is, you loan a big corporation or business your money for which they pay you interest. Your bond is your receipt. Attached to each bond are coupons or tickets which may be cashed once or twice a year (depending upon the bond) as interest. Bonds are transferable and may be used as security when borrowing money.

What is meant by the denomination of a bond?

Bonds are issued in amounts or denominations of $100, $500 or $1,000. Denomination alone is not a determining factor of safety. For example, ten $100 bonds might be a better investment than one $1,000 bond, depending entirely on the issuing company.

How many kinds of bonds are there?

When grouped according to types of security, two. Bonds secured by taxing power, such as government, municipal, state, city, school and district bonds; those secured by income and property of a corporation, such as railroads and other public utilities, industrials, building and land bonds.

What is a good bond?

Three desirable features of a bond are safety of principal, income return and marketability. All three features are seldom if ever found in one security, but a good bond must have the first and one of the other two. Unless the investor anticipates the necessity of regaining his principal on short notice he can sacrifice high marketability for good income return.

What is the maturity of a bond?

By maturity is meant the time when the amount invested or loaned to the issuing company must be returned to the investor. No interest is paid after maturity.

Is a bond ever paid before maturity?

Yes. There are both callable and non-callable bonds. A callable bond may be retired before maturity at par or at a premium. The whole issue may be called or only a portion of it, as in the case of serial bonds. In serial bonds when part of the issue is

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called the security of those remaining is naturally enhanced. The callable feature governing any particular bond is stated on its face and is important information for the prospective purchaser, since the actual total yield of the bond is influenced by this call feature. A bond may or may not be called on its first callable date but it is well to assume that the prerogative will be used and to avoid buying bonds selling at a premium above the call price.

What is a convertible bond?

A convertible bond is one exchangeable, at a stated time and price, into another security of the same company. This security is frequently stock and in the case of a dependable company often proves a desirable exchange.

Are there any tax free bonds?

Yes. Certain government bonds are exempt from tax entirely, others are partially tax free; also bonds on which the issuing company pays the federal income tax up to 2 per cent of the face value of the interest are known as tax exempt bonds.

Can a bond be purchased on time?

Yes, Building and Loan bonds are purchasable through certain companies on the installment plan with monthly payments as low as $7.00. There are also land companies which issue bonds on the monthly payment basis.

Is it wise to put a bond away and forget it until coupon time?

No. All investments, even good bonds, should be checked frequently. In this way the principal is kept active. Call features, convertible elements and general progress of issuing company are points to be reviewed from time to time.

What is the most important feature of all?

Security. Safety of principal is essential beyond everything. Large and small investors alike are primarily interested in this point since both expect ultimately to receive back invested capital for further investment or expenditure.—D. MACFARLANE.

Next month—Stocks: What they are and how they work.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA

to keep your spice boxes on a painted tray. When a box is wanted the whole tray may be easily lifted down and the right box located.

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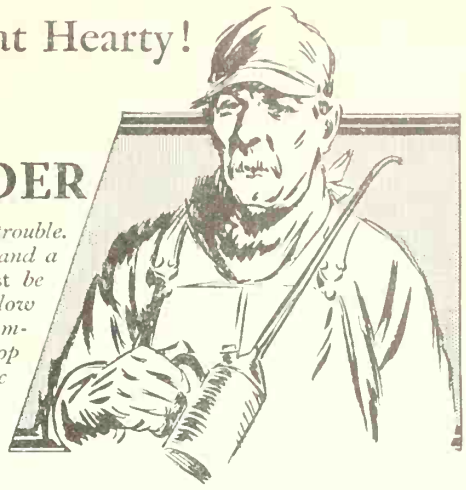

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Sunset Travel Service

(*Continued from page 9*)

(named after an Indian tribe), falling daintily more than 600 feet, and taking rank among the highest waterfalls in the Nation.

By all means, take the side trip from Hood River to Mt. Hood, the most beautiful of the galaxy of Oregon's crowned pinnacles, 11,225 feet in altitude.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: We recently arranged an airplane trip for a fair subscriber, and at the time asked her to write and tell us—and incidentally our readers—of her experience. Her letter, which follows, we feel sure will be as delightful to you as it was to us.]

Travel Editor, Sunset:

You asked me to write you about my airplane trip from Oakland to Los Angeles. I am still so excited I can scarcely think of a thing to say.

It was a fine trip and I enjoyed every minute. The planes are really wonderful and are very comfortable.

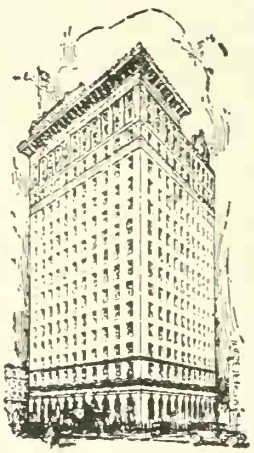
The fog was just as thick at the flying field at Oakland as it was in San Francisco—maybe thicker. We were 25 minutes late in starting. It seems the route and time of leaving are up to the pilot. Shortly after we arrived at the field, the motors were started, in order to test them out and warm them up. About 9:25 the pilot came out and said, "Let's go," so we piled in. I don't think I was a bit afraid but was so excited I could scarcely breathe.

Going up didn't bother me at all. We went straight up (or at least it seemed so to me) 1500 feet through the fog. It was just like going through a snow drift—we couldn't see a thing. Finally we were above the fog and into the sunshine. About the first half hour we could see nothing but these billowy white clouds below us. They looked like great fields of soft, feathery snow—much the way I have always thought the Arctic regions must look. After a while, tops of hills appeared and finally the clouds were gone.

We came the inland route. The coast is said to be more scenic but I liked this all right. They brought us lunch at 11 o'clock. We flew at an altitude of 8500 feet most of the way but when we struck air currents went higher—once nearly 10,000 feet.

Our pilot has a record of always landing on time, and though we started 25 minutes late, we landed at exactly 12 o'clock—just 2 hours and 35 minutes, traveling part of the time at 165 miles an hour.

It was a wonderful experience and I am certainly going to fly again soon. —J. R. H., IOWA.



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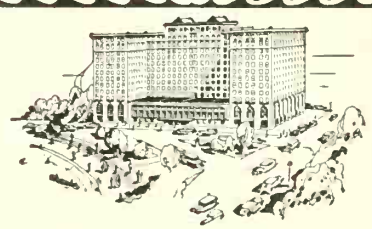

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ENTER the doorway of this popular hostelry and you feel at home. There's an atmosphere of cordial welcome which marks the difference between the Hollywood Plaza and ordinary hotels.

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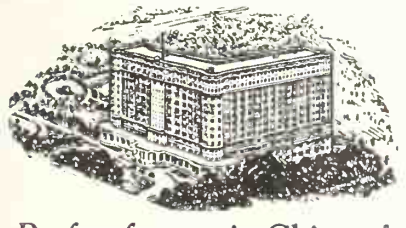

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CHICAGO, ILL.

"Wonders of the West"

Answers to the Questions Asked on Page 9.

THOSE interesting pines near San Diego which the drivers on buses point out as "Torrey Pines" are so called in honor of Prof. John Torrey who discovered them. There is a variety of pines similar to the Torreys growing on the coast of Asia and the supposition is that seeds of those trees floated to the western coast of America and under different climatic conditions produced the Torrey Pines we see clustered on the hills near San Diego.

It is a superstition among the Indians of Taos that trimming the houses with bright blue paint will keep the devil away.

The first white men to penetrate the trail to the west coast (excluding the Spaniards in the south) were Lewis and Clarke who left St. Louis in 1804, crossed the northern states and sailed down the Columbia River to the Pacific. In the fall of 1841 the Bartleson Bidwell party crossed the Missouri River, coming over the trail followed by trappers as far as Green River, across Great Salt Lake by way of the Humboldt and Walker Rivers, over the mountains, and settled near Mt. Diablo.

Every tourist has a story of the petrified forests in Arizona. It is evident that ages ago this section of Arizona was visited by a volcanic eruption. The hot alkaline waters carrying dissolved silica covered the surface of the earth and changed living trees and animals to fossils. Many of the trees have been removed and portions polished for decorative purposes, but there are enough of these wonders left to repay the tourist for leaving the main highway to see them.

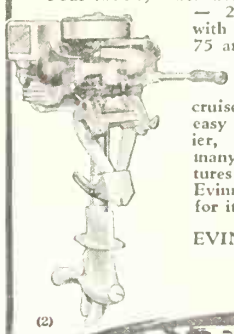
On September 25, 1513, one Spaniard named Balboa stood on a mountain top on the Isthmus of Panama and viewed the Pacific Ocean. On the 29th of that same month and year he reached the water at the Gulf of San Miguel and on the shores of that great body of water planted the Spanish flag.

"Fascinating San Francisco" says, "At the extreme westerly end of the park, (Golden Gate) fronting the sea whose perils it braved, is the sloop Gjoa in which Captain Roald Amundsen cut one of the Gordian knots of exploration and found and navigated the Northwest Passage."

"Drive" the Waters this Year

FOR about half the cost of a low priced car you can "drive" the waters this year. It's more fun than flying, with a powerful, smooth running Evinrude at the stern of a sleek, trim runabout! Room for the whole family. Away from crowds, traffic.

Four *twin-cylinder* Evinrudes, to choose from — 2½, 6, 14, 20 H. P., with light weights of 44, 58, 75 and 95 lbs., respectively.



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Now is the time to "skip a winter" and sail South to our neighboring America. One cruises thru the Straits of Magellan aboard 12,000 ton McCormick Liners to Summertime in South America. See BUENOS AIRES, with its gay shops, colorful parks, race tracks and social life in the midst of its renowned Summer. And MONTEVIDEO and SANTOS, bathing in the summer sun. Send for complete information. Reduced round trip fares.

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ADIOS

YOU who have just read this April issue of SUNSET MAGAZINE have been on what we hope is a stimulating and interesting journey along the Pacific coast. Without stirring from your easy chair you have mentally been a vagabond, traveling first the marvelous highways which the road builders, those pioneers of progress, have constructed for you and which Tod Powell so graphically pictures in "The Romance of Western Road Building." Leaving these roads of romance you have gone on into a "Land of Lilies" and observed with Anderson McCully the fairy flowers which inhabit the Sierra, the Cascades and the Coast Ranges. By studying these denizens of the alpine meadows you have learned something of the soil, moisture and other conditions under which lilies thrive and you have gathered suggestions which will help you to grow these and similar lilies in your own home garden. From this land of lilies you have gone on down into some California gardens to study color schemes and flower combinations.

FARTHER along in your trip through this April issue you have stepped into the study of Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Leland Stanford University, and an outstanding figure in the world of education, and through his eyes have seen something of the "Broadening Horizons" which lie before all of us here in the West. From Dr. Wilbur's study you have been hailed into the police court at Berkeley to meet Mrs. Lossing, a woman who deals with morally sick boys and girls, and who, as a result of her study of psychiatry, has been able to restore many of these unfortunates to normal living.

SURELY you did not miss dropping in on the boys at camp back on page 34 to discover how real scouts spend their time while on vacation. Jim Thompson, the boy who tells this story, is a fine manly chap—just the type of boy that your son will meet when he goes away to camp, whether it be a scout affair or one of the good private camps that have been developed in recent years. And of course you sat down with Dick Cole beside the modern camp fire and picked up a few tips on how to get best results with your portable gasoline stove. And with the voice of spring calling on all sides, could you resist sitting on the hillside with a few of our western verse writers, reading the songs which floated blithely from their notebooks?

ALTHOUGH most of your mental journeyings in this April issue of SUNSET have taken you up and down the Pacific coast and back into the Rockies, you have also shipped far from home by way of the travel department back on page 9, gleaning bits of information which will help you to plan your own trip around the world, over to Hawaii, or back East to see old friends. And, unless you are easily frightened, you have crawled through mysterious halls, witnessed gruesome murders and shuddered in morgues with Mr. Harbinson as he reviewed some of the mystery and detective stories of the present day.

BEST of all, in this SUNSET you have met scores of families like your own, visiting them in their homes, enthusing sincerely over their gardens, and exchanging recipes in the kitchens; first, into the attractive San Diego home which Marjorie Mohler introduces to you; then into the rooms which Mary McDuffie Hampton discusses in her article about the home that grows. We hope, too, that you have stopped to take a drink of inspiration from the article about refrigeration on page 36 and strolled through the kitchens of some of our good cooks of the west coast, tasting delicacies for which the recipes are given in "The Kitchen Cabinet" and in Miss Leiby's article on "extra-special" cookery.

(By the way, we are positively beaming these days because of the hundreds of splendid recipes that are coming to the Kitchen Cabinet. How we wish we could buy and publish every one of them!)

YES, you who have read this April issue of SUNSET MAGAZINE have been on quite an extensive journey. How did you like the trip? Won't you please write and tell us? For next month we are planning an even more interesting and stimulating mental cruise. Until then, *adios*.—THE EDITORS.

P. S.—Right on top of today's mail is a letter which says, "Your new SUNSET compels me to renew my subscription." We hope every one of you will feel that way about it!

. . . And He grew tall, and She grew fair. And love came, and at last they set out together to fulfill their wondrous dream—the dream of a home of their own . . .

How many times is this, the greatest drama in the world, enacted every day? A thousand? Ten thousand? It scarcely matters. What matters, above all, is—how near to the "dream home" will be the home of reality? How practical a planner will Love turn out to be?

Will he begin aright? Will he remember, for instance, that there are floors to be covered and that their covering can *make* or *mar*—even a home o' dreams?

Fortunately, nowadays, there are Mohawk rugs designed to reflect the taste and style of every dwelling, whether it be new or old, whether it be cottage or mansion. Rugs that are soft and impressible to the touch, warm and comfortable. Patterns and colors in bewildering array, seamless in every modern weave, come from the looms of Mohawk. Woven loveliness to grace the floors of homes of every type, present and planned—including *yours*.

Best of all—and this is true of Mohawk fabrics only—no matter what you wish to pay, the rug you choose can always be a Mohawk.

The pattern shown is Mohawk Imperial Karnak, No. 6029 A

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Gentlemen:

I should like to own a set of the revised *Mohawk Course in Home Decoration*, written and illustrated in full color by Agnes Heisler Barton. I inclose 10 cents in stamps to cover mailing charges.

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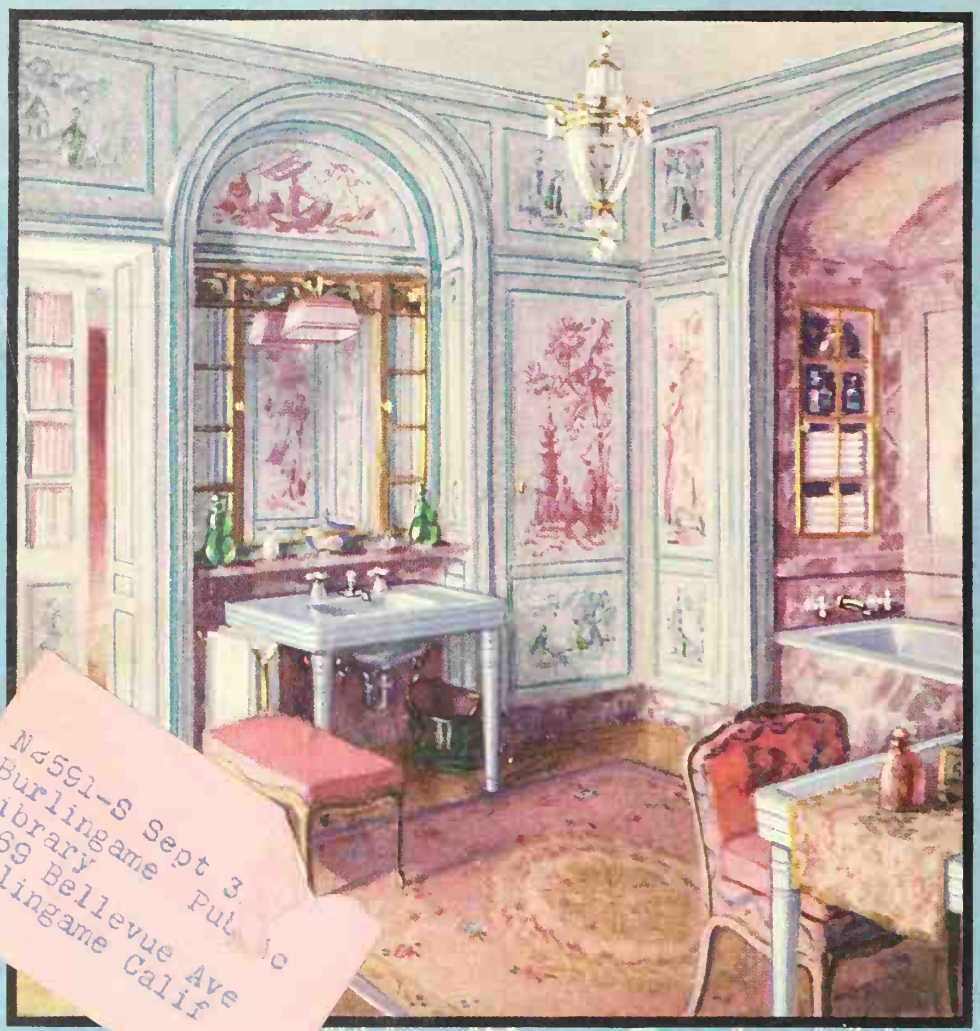
MOHAWK RUGS & CARPETS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Burlingame Calif

INSPIRED by the sheer simplicity of modern architecture, Crane designers developed the new *Corwith* group of fixtures. With set-back slabs, a few deft touches, they achieved a distinction which brings fresh charm to a modest cottage bath, as well as assists elaborate decorative treatment. In a boudoir-bath of chinois decorations from the time of Marie Antoinette, the *Corwith* lavatory and dressing table in Lucerne blue are here seen. The complete *Corwith* group . . . . lavatories, baths, dressing tables, sinks, in a variety of interesting colors . . . . is illustrated and described in the beautiful Crane brochure, A. D. 46. A request will bring it, without any obligation. See the actual fixtures at the nearest Crane Exhibit Rooms. A responsible plumbing contractor will tell you about the economy and better service of Crane materials.

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MAY 1929

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SUNSET

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB.

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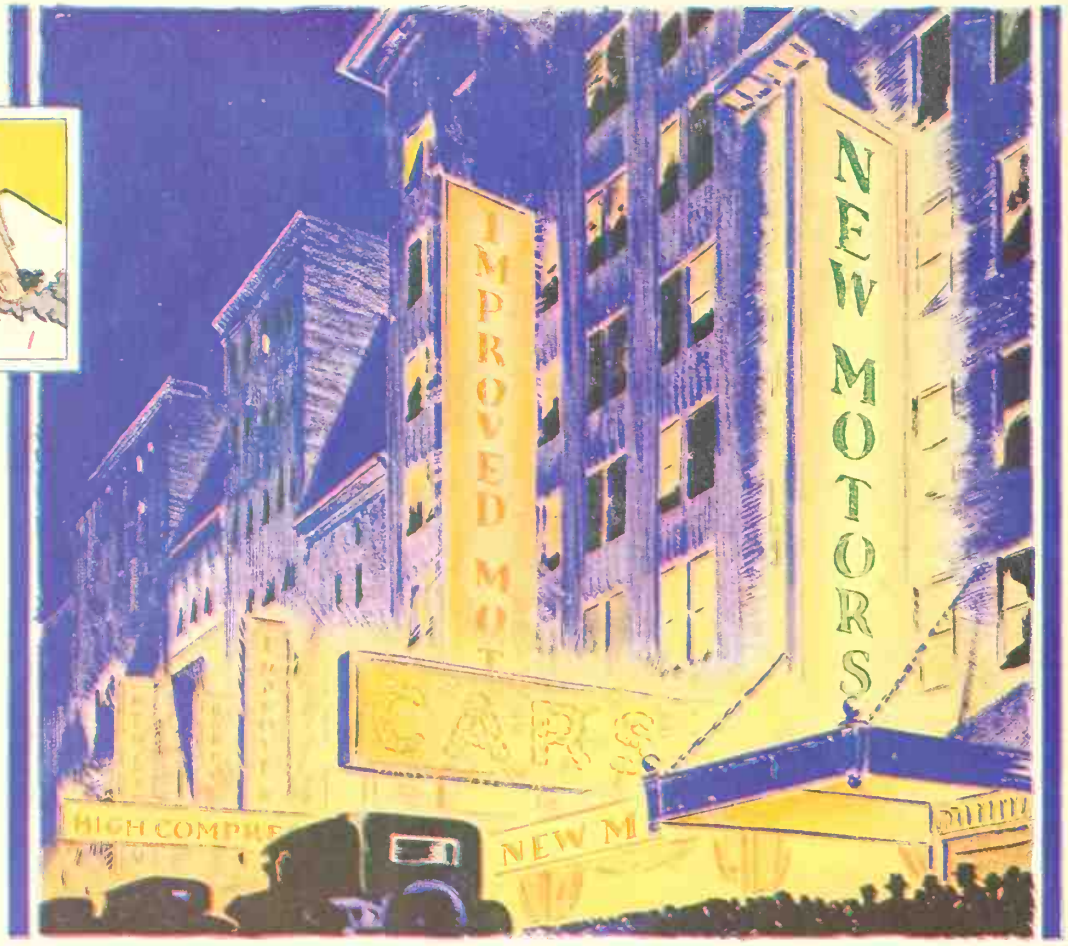
Abrasive! Flint carbon from ordinary oil chips off and grinds through moving parts — wearing away your motor It will scratch bearing metal under a finger's pressure!



This sudden development in motors makes *hard carbon* a curse

ALL THE newer motors are higher compression. That means less space for carbon—even as little as 1/32 of an inch—between piston and cylinder head.

You know, of course, that carbon causes trouble. You've seen it scraped from spark plugs, pistons, valves. You've had your motor knock and show strain, choked with carbon. And with these new engines carbon is a veritable curse!

Perhaps you never thought of it, but this coke-carbon comes from burned oil. And many oils leave *hard, flinty carbon* —the kind that builds up in layers.

There is one oil, however, that every motorist should know about. An oil only recently developed.

A new high vacuum process produces it. A refining method so gentle that none of the sturdy lubricant body is lost.

A marvelous resistance to heat, to congealing cold. This new Shell Motor Oil is truly a fine lubricant.

Only a little soft soot

Carbon? It leaves *two-thirds less* than even the costliest oils! *No hard, gritty carbon*—only a little soft soot that blows away.

Thus in this one oil you combine fine lubrication with protection from the scourge of carbon. Truly you can "add thousands of miles to the life of your car" with Shell Motor Oil.

Older motors might find room for a handful of coke-like carbon There is but a knife blade of "clearance" in our fine new engines — no room for carbon

SHELL MOTOR OIL

Shell 400, the new "dry" gas that burns cleanly and keeps out of the crankcase, is the ideal running mate for Shell Motor Oil. Even Shell Motor Oil can be ruined by "thinning" with a "wet" gas

Low fares East
Effective May 22. Return limit October 31. Example of roundtrips to:

Chicago . . .	$90.30
Kansas City . .	75.60
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New Orleans .	89.40
New York City	151.70

"Going to Sea by Rail"

Crossing of Great Salt Lake is only one of the many scenic adventures along the Overland Route to the East

Fifteen miles west of Ogden you actually "go to sea by rail"—over Southern Pacific's famous "cut-off" across the mighty Great Salt Lake.

For nearly 103 miles your "San Francisco Overland Limited" skims over this remarkable man-made pathway. The Wasatch Mountains of Utah rim this vast dead sea. The beauty of the great open spaces, the silence of the desert, the wheel of seagulls far from their native oceans, the strange play of sunsets, make the passage of Great Salt Lake one of the memorable events of your journey.

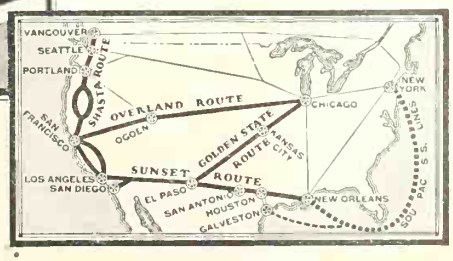
Near Promontory Point, where your Overland first reaches the western side of Great Salt Lake, frontier history has been made. Here, on May 10, 1869, the eastward—and westward—pushing lines of America's first transcontinental railroad met and linked the nation with a golden spike. That forever ended the day of the "covered wagon." The work of the intrepid pioneers was finished.

From San Francisco the Overland today follows the Overland Trail of '49. Climbing to Sierra's summit, via the historic American River Canyon—you view a scene of breath-taking alpine beauty. Then across Nevada's wide plains, where snow-capped mountain ranges back away to half-hide in purple shadows or boldly, in bright relief return the yellows and reds of the sun.

By means of Southern Pacific's four great routes, all of which follow pioneer pathways, you can see the heart of the historic West. Go one way, return another, and add variety and contrast to your trip. Stopover anywhere. Only Southern Pacific offers choice of four routes.

Please send your name and address to F. S. McGinnis, 65 Market Street, San Francisco, for copy of free, illustrated travel booklet: *"Four Great Routes to the East."*

The comfortable club-car is a far cry from the bullock wagon which once slowly creaked westward around the shores of this vast lake.



Southern Pacific

Four Great Routes

IN THIS MAY ISSUE OF

SUNSET MAGAZINE

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

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Vol. 62 May, 1929 No. 5

Planning high-speed business

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

MORE than 95% of the telephone calls from one town to another in the Bell System are now on a high-speed basis. This holds whether the call is from New Orleans to Boston or from New York to Oyster Bay.

Even if it is a long call, the operator in many cases now asks you to hold the telephone while the call is put through.

Calls from one town to another used to be handled by one operator taking your order and giving it to another group of operators to put through. You now give your call direct to the operators who put it through—and put it through fast while you are on the line. The average time for handling all toll and long distance calls in the Bell System was further materially reduced in 1928.

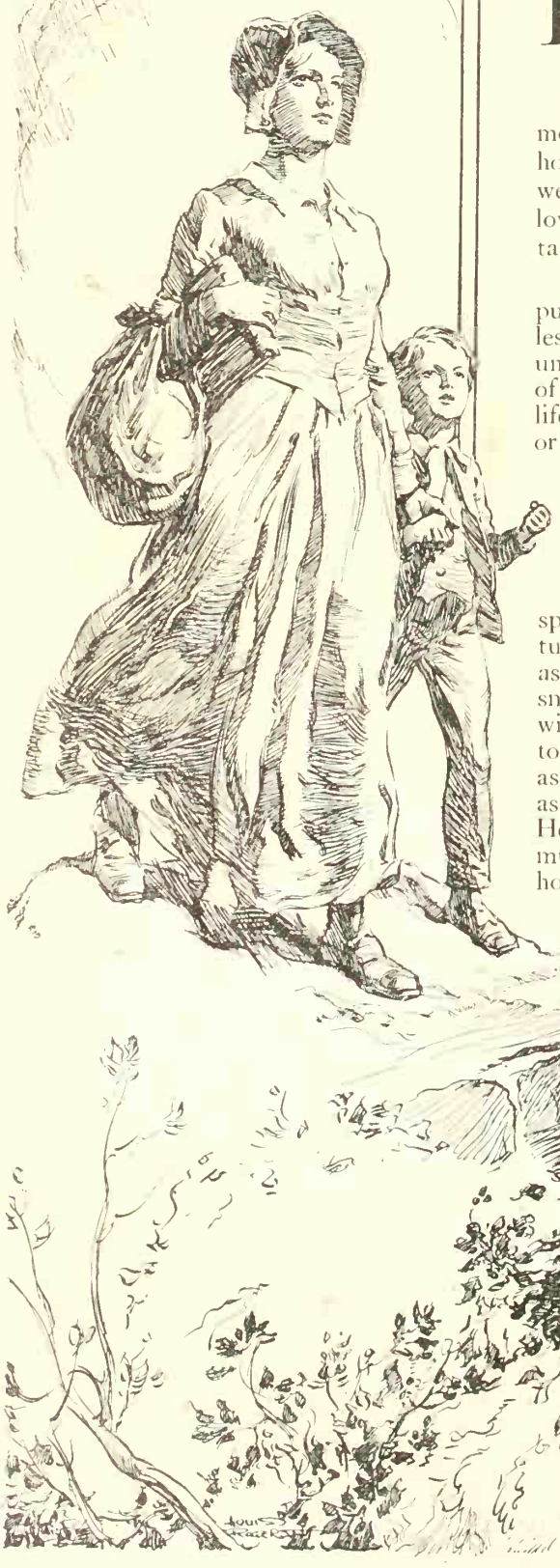
A high-speed service to all parts of the country—calls from one town to another as swift, clear and easy as local calls—that is the aim of the Bell System.

This is one of the many improvements in methods and appliances which are constantly being introduced to give high-speed telephone service.

Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is ever the goal of the Bell System.

"THE TELEPHONE BOOKS ARE THE DIRECTORY OF THE NATION"

SUNSET GOLD



PIONEER MOTHERS! There is poetry in the name of those courageous women who came, young and unafraid, side by side with the pioneer fathers, to build this land of the West.

It is particularly fitting that in this month of May—the month of our mothers—we of the West should pay special honor and tribute to those mothers who established the first western homes. It is from them that we have inherited our love of home, and we are close enough to them to have retained at least a little of their pioneering spirit.

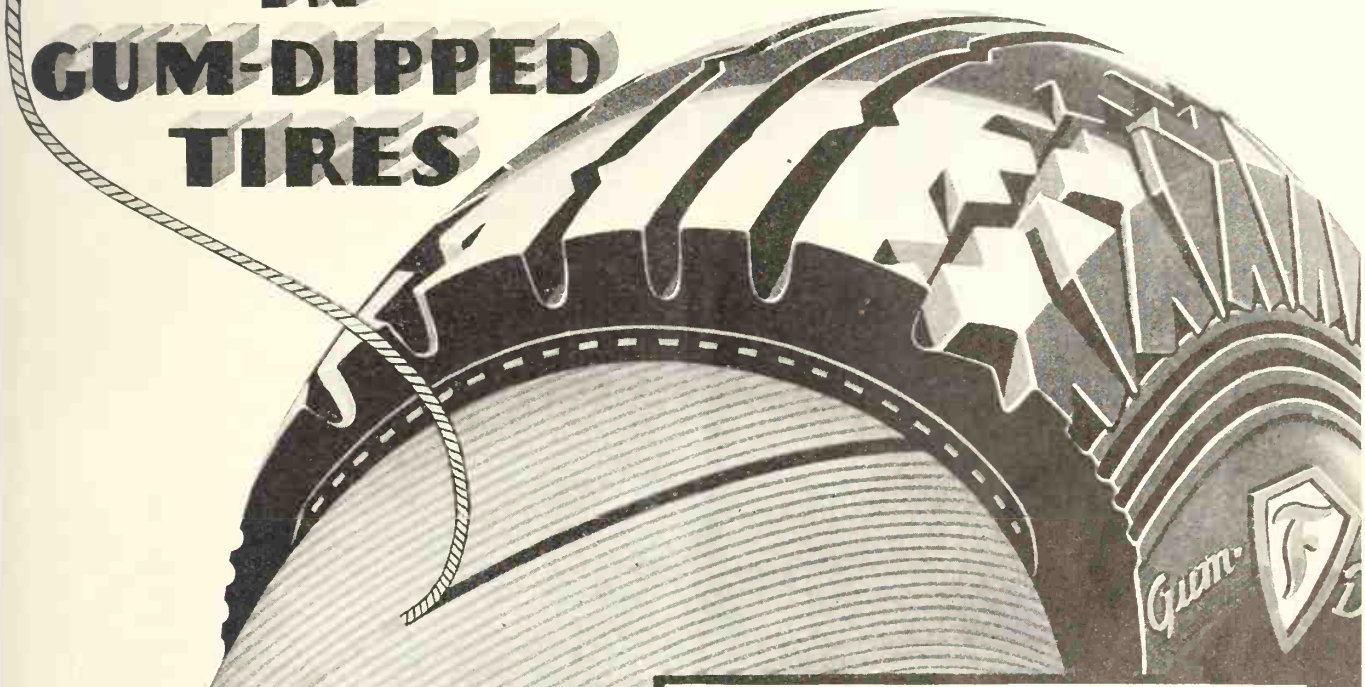
What pushed these people forward? The same thing that pushes us all forward toward we know not what goal: a restless surging ahead, plus a love of adventure, of trying the untried. For we must remember that these pioneer mothers of ours were young, vigorous, buoyant women, full of zest for life and adventure. They must have been true sportswomen, or they would not have started West. They were anxious, too, to build homes for their immediate families in the new land; their interest in us, their eventual descendants, was too remote to count.

The young pioneer mother in her sunbonnet, bumping along beside her bearded young husband on the springless seat of a covered wagon, with the youngsters tumbling in the back, was just as modern in her thought as is the earnest young mother of today who pulls on a smart little felt hat and steps into an equally smart sedan—with the children tumbling in the back—to take her husband to the office after breakfast. And the modern mother is just as anxious that her children go forward in the right direction as were those mothers of three-quarters of a century ago. Her children must live up to the possibilities that are in them, must be ready to meet the new perplexities of business and home life that the coming generation will have to face. Every thoughtful mother, in every generation, is a pioneer, faced by new problems, beset by new difficulties, but experiencing always the age-old joys peculiar to mothers.

All honor to the woman in the sunbonnet who laid the foundation for the western home. All honor to the pioneer mother of every generation!

Bryant Baker's statue of the Pioneer Mother was awarded first prize in the Marland competition two years ago.

Extra MILES IN GUM-DIPPED TIRES



Extra miles because of the extra strength, endurance and outstanding superiority of Firestone Tire construction. First, the scientific twisting of cotton cords for greatest strength and elasticity... Then, Gum-Dipping—the extra Firestone patented process which saturates and insulates every fiber and strand of every cord with pure rubber. Only in Firestone Tires do you receive all the advantages of these extra features of in-built mileage, plus the security and safety of riding on the deep, rugged Firestone non-skid Tread.

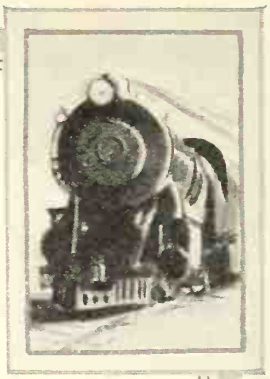
Firestone Tires hold all world records for speed, safety, endurance and mileage. See the Firestone Dealer. He will save you money and serve you better.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

FIRESTONE REACHES AROUND THE WORLD TO SERVE YOU BETTER

The Map *of* Happy Memories

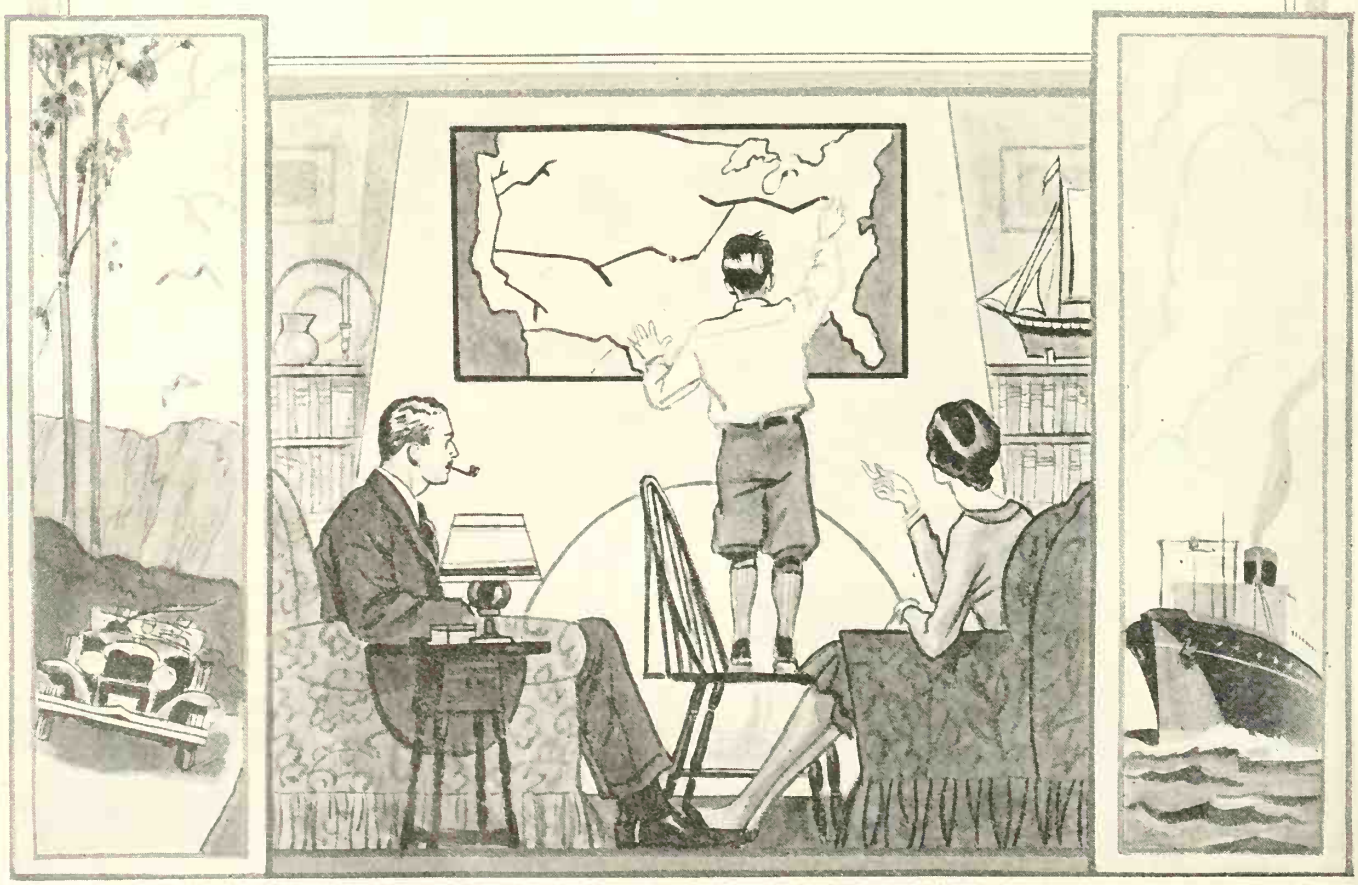


BY the fireplace in the Stewarts' living room there hangs a gaily-colored map in a smart black frame. That is nothing strange in this day of decorative maps and globes, but this map is quite unusual and most interesting. The Stewarts refer to it as "our map of happy memories," and such it has surely proved to be.

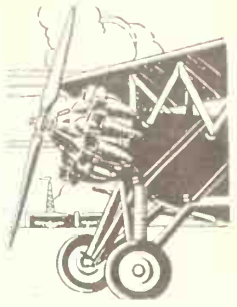
Like other progressive American families, the Stewarts believe in taking a family vacation trip every year—oftener if possible. It was on one of these trips five years ago that Mrs. Stewart thought of making a memory map. Immediately after their return home, she bought a good-sized colored map of the United States, accurate in all details. Then she and Jimmy Junior, aged ten, proceeded to draw in with black crayon the route of their trip, marking with stars the cities and spots of special interest. Not to be outdone in originality and general helpfulness, Dad carried off the map to his work bench in the basement. Using rubber cement, he mounted the map carefully on heavy cardboard, reinforced with braces to keep it from buckling, and finished it off with a narrow black frame. No glass was used, for this map was to be a friendly comrade, as all maps should be. Neither was it shellacked, for the plan was to mark on it in similar manner all future vacation trips.

The idea has proved a happy one. Every year since that time the Stewarts have taken a trip, and after each trip a different colored crayon has been used to mark the line of travel. (By the way, it is astonishing how interested Jimmy Junior has become in geography.)

The map of happy memories has become an established institution with the Stewart family. Perhaps you would like to borrow their idea, and record your family vacationings as they have done. They have not patented the plan.—A. R. O.



SUNSET *Travel Service*



If you are going East, West, around the world, or on a short vacation trip, write us for information. Tell us just what your problems are and we will do all we can to help you. Address Sunset Magazine, 1045 Sansome Street, San Francisco

Travel Editor, Sunset:

I have to make a business trip to Denver, Colorado, in June, and I want to take my family along. Are there any cottages and camps in the Colorado Rockies where I could establish my family for a few weeks, and do you think such a plan advisable as well as feasible? —P. D. A., Salt Lake City, Utah.

We should say so—twice! Life in the pine-clad, snow-fringed Colorado Rockies is little short of perfection. Here you will find every conceivable kind of accommodation: Hotels that invite formality, inexpensive resorts and camps that appeal to travelers who just naturally prefer to do their vacationing in outing costumes or comfortable old clothes.

There are hundreds of furnished housekeeping cottages and rustic cabins in the Colorado Rockies, some in connection with hotels. Other furnished cottages for light housekeeping may be found in small mountain settlements. These cottages are in the National Parks, National Forests, along streams stocked with fish, at the base of snow-capped peaks and rainbow tinted canyons, and may be rented by the week, month, or season. We are sending you a booklet of the better known resorts found in the Colorado Rockies, giving addresses and prices.

Travel Editor, Sunset:

Will you tell us something about transportation service into Crater Lake National Park, as we do not care to drive there in our own car?—G. W., Portland, Ore.

Improved motor transportation service to Crater Lake National Park from nearby railroad terminals will be furnished to travelers when that park opens to the public on July 1, according to an announcement made by the Secretary of the Interior.

Particularly interesting is the reduction in rates. Whereas in recent years the round-trip automobile fare from either Medford or Klamath Falls, Oregon, to Crater Lake and return to the starting point has been $17.50, the rate for this service will be $12 during the 1929 season. Round-trip automobile service to the park will also be available this year from Chiloquin, Oregon, at the same rate as from Medford or Klamath Falls.

Not only will the round-trip fare be reduced, but the visitor to Crater Lake Park will have the option of entering by any one of the three gateways and leaving by the same or by either of the other two. This is similar to the service that has been in force in Yellowstone National Park for years. In that park the standard automobile tour of the park, in any one of the entrances and out by the same or any other entrance, costs $25. The fact that this rate has been applicable to all of the park entrances has made it possible to buy Yellowstone tickets in every ticket office in the United States. It is expected that the same condition will prevail with regard to Crater Lake National Park now that a universal transportation rate has been established there. Such a universal rate is very convenient for ticket agents, especially in connection with planning stop-overs on long trips.

Similar arrangements in regard to transportation service are now in effect in most of the national parks.

"Wonders" of the West

If Some Tourist Asked You About These, How Would You Answer Him?

1. I wonder why the entrance to San Francisco Bay was called "The Golden Gate?"

2. I wonder which was the first National Park in America?

3. I wonder how many missions there are in the West?

4. I wonder if the Farallone Islands, which can be seen off the "Golden Gate" on a clear day, are inhabited?

5. I wonder how far El Camino Real extends?

6. I wonder why the Creosote, or Greasewood tree, is called the "Medicine Chest" of the desert?

(*Answers on page 75*)

Travel Editor, Sunset:

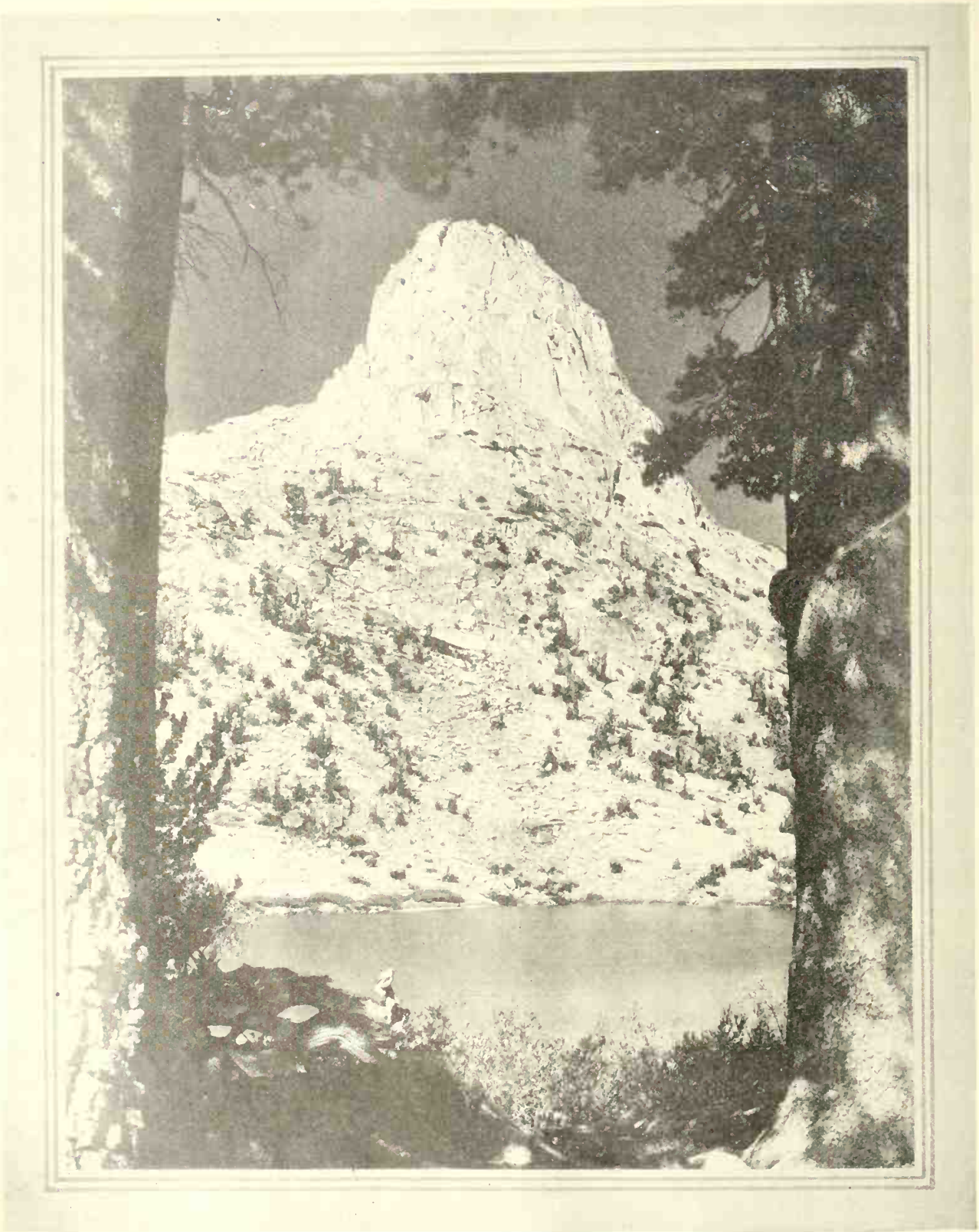
I am going to stop over for a few days in Honolulu on a round-the-world tour. What will there be there for me to do? —Mrs. P. D., Seattle, Washington.

Drive up to Pali and see Diamond Head in true Hawaiian moonlight style. Take a day's trip to the Volcano and have your dinner on the edge of the boiling crater. If you are lucky enough to be invited to a real Hawaiian beach dinner of "three-finger poi," consider yourself fortunate and be a good sport about it. Take your gayest bathing suit, and go to Waikiki Beach for the afternoon and try a surf-board ride—at least once. It is great sport and worth a little ducking. Undoubtedly you will want to visit the shops. Here you will find an abundance of such things as hand-wrought and hand-designed Samoan tapa and South Sea novelties. You might even want to buy yourself a grass skirt and anklets to startle the natives back home.

Travel Editor, Sunset:

We contemplate a recreational motor trip to Vancouver. Will you outline the trip for us?—E. R. N., Palo Alto, Calif.

Come up to San Francisco and from here we suggest you take the Redwood Highway to Eureka. This route takes you through Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Willits. From Eureka you go on up to Crescent City where you branch over to Grants Pass. If you prefer to take the Pacific Highway the entire distance, your route will take you to Woodland, Willows, Redding, Dunsmuir, Mt. Shasta, Ashland, Oregon, Grants Pass, and on up to Eugene, Salem, and Portland. (*Continued on page 74*



Photograph by Laval Co.

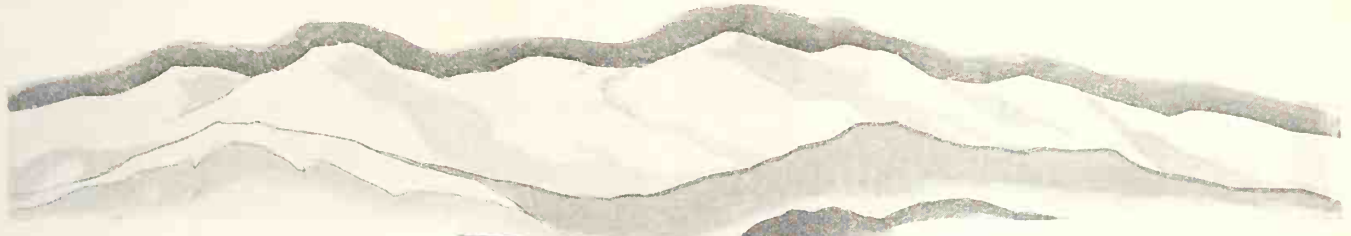
Fin Dome, at the Head Waters of the Kings River

No, this is not an ice cream sundae full of raisins. It is Fin Dome up atop of the workaday world guiding those who hike the rugged trails of the Kings River country, California

A New Yorker Looks at the West

By
Edward Frank Allen

Decorations by
Philip Little



THE author's label is mainly geographical, a guarantee of perspective if nothing else. The story is, in a manner of speaking, the personal reactions of a cat who looked at a king.

To call a person a New Yorker may mean any one of a number of things. He may be a farmer who drives the cows to pasture on the northern tip of Manhattan Island, or he may be a well-groomed, astute and altogether sophisticated man of affairs who operates on Wall Street. Then again, he may be, probably is, someone like you or me whom Fate has identified with the largest city of the western hemisphere. Generally speaking, he is a worthy individual, not immune to new ideas, and he has frequently been known to change his opinions.

On my first visit to the Pacific coast I was reminded of the tourist who was asked if what he saw exceeded his expectations. "It surely does," he said, "but I rather thought it would." It may be counted upon to do so in many ways. Take size, for instance. One's preconceived notions as to the relative extent of the East and West are likely to be revised twice between leaving New York and returning to it. No matter what you have heard or read about the great open spaces, the visual proof as glimpsed from train window, motor car or airplane cabin will yet give you the impulse to exclaim about the spaciousness of those spaces, the elbow room, the opportunity, in short, to swing a cat without detriment to nearby articles of bric-a-brac. The West is bigger than either people or figures have told you.

Your calculations are entirely upset, however, when you are introduced to someone in Tacoma or Sacramento as being from the East. Your new acquaintance will remark, "I am from the East too—I come from Denver!" Right there you learn that although the West extends from the Pacific coast as far east as, say, Chicago, the East extends from the Atlantic coast as far west as Denver. Perhaps Doctor Einstein can figure out whether the East or the West is the larger territory.

Besides the scenic and climatic wonders that are to be met from Puget Sound to San Diego, there are many features of the Pacific coast that impress a New Yorker, and these are concerned largely with its manner of living. It is customary, for example, to omit the apology when silver dollars are given in payment for purchases. The "cartwheel" is distinctly bad form back East and I shudder to think of what would happen should a purchaser receive four of them at once in change from a five-dollar bill. In picturing the New Yorker as a dollar chaser it must be borne in mind that the dollars must be of paper. Boston is not the only conservative city in the East.

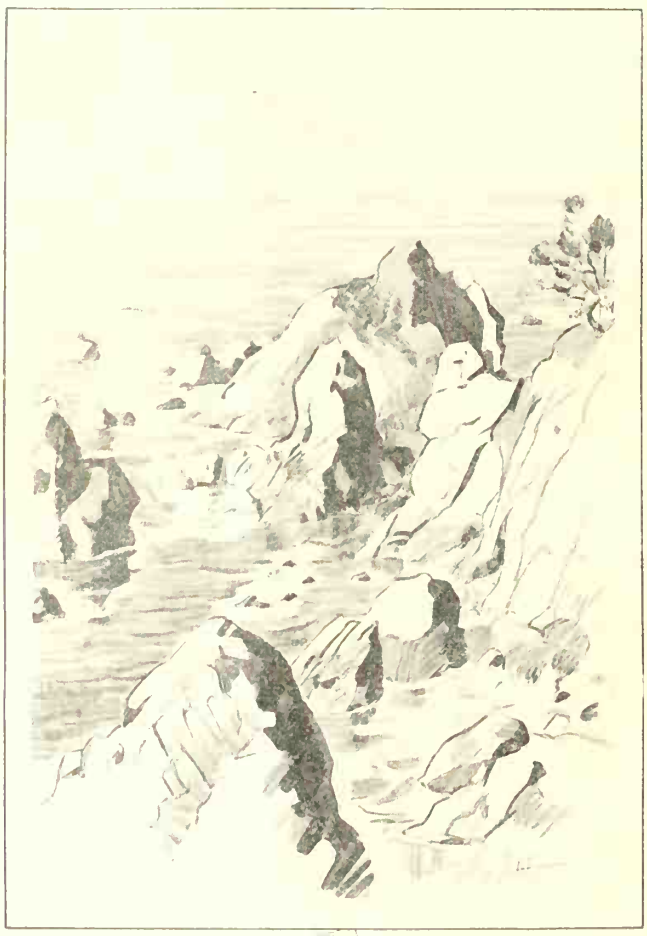
IT seems as if the pursuit of life and happiness were much more to the Westerners' fancy. A mild climate lures them to the outdoors, excellent motor roads enable them to take their pick of mountain, sea or forest, and a disposition to play keeps them young. Life in the West is an outdoor life, and I have been struck by the fact that generally when the people go a-jaunting to somewhere else it is for the purpose of enjoying the open in another setting. In New York we go to the country to dine and dance at a roadhouse, to our friends' apartments to play bridge, to the suburbs for more bridge and dancing,

to one of the beaches in summertime, where there will be more dancing and, very possibly, a little swimming. Our relaxation during eight months of the year is mostly taken indoors, and we take it in an atmosphere of commercialized amusement or of prescribed formality.

The Pacific coast is pleasantly unconventional. One evening in a southern California town a group was gathered to welcome me. When the party was about to break up one of the men casually mentioned that he was driving to San Diego the following day. "Are you taking anyone with you?" asked the Lady with the Auburn Hair. "I hadn't planned to," was the reply, "but I'd like to have company." "We'll go with you then," came the verdict—and we did. A journey of 300 miles by motor covering two days was arranged in five minutes, and the spontaneity no less than the trip provided a new thrill for the tenderfoot.

And what a trip! Those miles of blue ocean seen from the boulevard that follows the ever changing contour of the shore, skirts cliffs from which the sea foam looks like white lace billowing from the hem of a turquoise dress, dips up and down over the dunes—those miles were full of wonder. And it all came about with as little concern as a New Yorker feels when he suggests going to Coney Island.

IT was somewhere in California that I first saw salad served before the meat course instead of after it, a custom which has much to commend it and which other parts of the United States would do well to follow. In the matter of food the Pacific coast need not yield to any portion of the world, but it seems to have an inferiority complex when it comes to sea food of the bivalve variety. This is difficult to understand when one has had an opportunity to eat the small, succulent Olympia oysters that come from Puget Sound, but except in a comparatively few cities of the Northwest it appears that oysters to find favor must be labeled on the menu as coming from the East. And this, be it noted, is no recommendation to a Gothamite who, although he acknowledges the compliment to his native heath, believes that the oyster's travels should be limited to something less than 3,000 miles.



The west coast has so many approaches to a man's heart that it is a brash statement to say that the shortest is through his stomach, but certainly he remembers vividly the gorgeous rosy apples of Washington and Oregon and the exotic fruits of southern California. The avocados, persimmons, guavas, pomegranates and so on are rated almost as museum pieces in New York and may be had only occasionally at the high class fruiterers' at prices which put a permanent crimp in one's bank roll. In California one may have an avocado salad and a new automobile the same season, while in New York one alternates. About the same differential exists in the price of artichokes, which are called cheap in the East when they can be purchased in the market at fifteen cents apiece for the same grade that sells in the vicinity of San Francisco at fifty cents a dozen. In fact this vegetable is comparatively seldom seen in the East, and there are plenty of people in Manhattan who don't even know how to eat one. There are also occasional benighted folk who, having learned to eat them, fail to see why they should exert themselves to that extent.

I have found several cosmopolitan centers of population along the coast. Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, Oakland, and the other bay cities, Los Angeles and San Diego all have their quota of the foreign born, but it is forcibly brought home to the Easterner that here are fewer people who are in the process of Americanization. It seems to me that the west coast is the most distinctively American portion of the United States. And perhaps it is for this reason that people here are taken at their face value to a greater extent than is the case in the eastern part of the country.

There are several manifestations of this state of affairs that surprise and charm those who arrive from the region of Broadway and Forty-second Street. The first is courtesy. The man who sells gas and oil at a filling station does not try to convey the impression that he is doing you a favor. He cleans your windshield and polishes it with a chamois, brings up the water in your radiator, inflates your tires if necessary, and stands ready to serve you without charge in a variety of other ways.

TRY and offer him a tip! He would refuse it firmly but gently, and you would go away feeling as if you had tried to tip the paying teller of your bank for cashing a check. On the other hand, I have had some success in tipping in hotels, restaurants and a few other places. But I have found that, while I may err in New York by

not giving a tip, it is almost equally possible for me to err on the Pacific coast by offering one. Easterners with weak hearts should be warned of this.

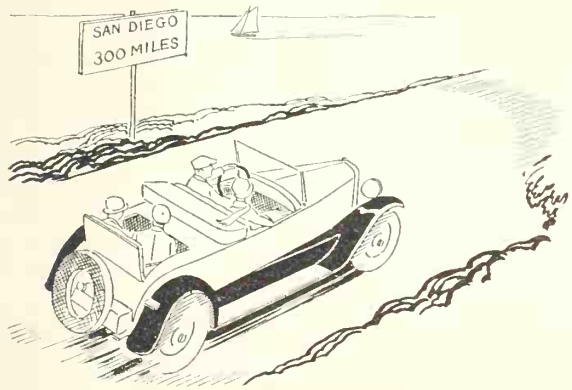
It is, naturally, the contrasts to the things he has known or expected that impress the visitor. I include myself when I say that arriving for the first time in southern California from the East is a disappointment to many. The landscape as seen from the observation platform does not conform to what the newcomer has expected. It is difficult to believe that these mountains can offer anything in the line of beauty.

True enough, the hard gray battlements of the Sierra Madre seen from the desert or irrigated valley are impressive for their mass and form, but apparently they are as bare of vegetation as the palm of a trapeze performer's hand. In the cold light of morning or under the noonday sun they are drab and forbidding. So this—sniff—is California!

IF the new arrival is not open minded he is due for a thrilling hour some evening at sunset when these same mountains make him change his viewpoint. On what was a blank canvas a picture is painted before his eyes—a moving picture, in the spiritual as well as the dynamic sense. And when the last subtle colors have faded from those jagged peaks one is willing to admit that if these mountains can offer no more than this, their existence is justified.

But there are still the canyons, cleverly hidden in the wrinkles of this grim barrier, where there are trees and ferns, running brooks and drinking deer, and the whole Pacific coast offers no greater surprise to a New Yorker.

If one is at all susceptible to the beauty of the outdoors and the paraphernalia of nature, the mountains along the whole coast in their various forms and moods must prove an everlasting satisfaction, and their differences of structure and vegetation from the mountains he knows make them especially alluring to the Easterner.

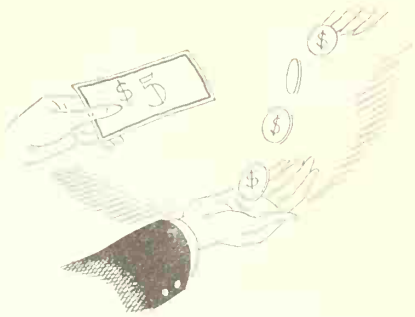


Even before the motor car and the construction of well paved and graded roads made them accessible to the multitude, the year-round residents knew the inspiration and recreation to be had among these mountains. It took longer to make these trips than it does today, and it required more planning. One couldn't go often because one had his living to make. Time is money, even on the west coast.

Today there is an automobile for practically every family in the three states bordering the Pacific, and it

appears that the justification for about two-thirds of them is the necessity of getting in touch with nature in the shortest possible time. The per capita consumption of gasoline is enormous, but from my observation it is patent that for every gallon burned there is an incalculable net return of pleasure and health.

There are certain recollections that I shall always carry with me from the Pacific coast and not all of them are mentioned in the railroad folders or guidebooks. I remember my delight at being wakened by a nightingale. It was in southern California in orange blossom time and the combination of the liquid bird notes and the scent of the perfumed air was irresistibly poignant. I remember also the razzberry party at breakfast



the next morning when I spoke of the nightingale, which turned out to be a mocking bird.

The memory of my first ripe olive, as plucked from the tree, still lingers—wormwood and gall tinctured with alum. Then there is the music of the meadow lark in springtime, the smell of sage after the rain, smoke from burning eucalyptus, and the burgeoning of the acacias. These impressions have registered heavily and will remain with a thousand others, which include a soul-stirring, death-defying ride on a San Francisco cable car, a soul-stirring, life-giving hour among the big redwood trees, a slide down Paradise Glacier on the side of Mount Rainier, or, if you prefer, Mount Tacoma—a mount by any other name would be as steep!

One cannot say that the effete Easterner is without ambition, for here within the small compass of a magazine article I have embraced a territory of some 300,000 square miles. And you may give the word "embraced" its two meanings if you wish to, for I certainly have taken it to my heart. If there is some of it that I have not covered, I count that my hard luck, but Rome was not built in a day nor can the West be seen in a lifetime.

THERE is so much of the glorious handiwork of God concentrated in the three coast states that few visitors can see more than a small part of it. After a sight of Mount Rainier with its glaciers and its tall Douglas firs, a spin along the Columbia River Highway that overlooks the West's mightiest stream, a climb to the snow crowned peak of Mount Hood; after a sojourn in the bay region of San Francisco and a motor trip down El Camino Real to Los Angeles and the orange country, a glimpse of the missions at Santa Barbara, San Miguel and San Juan Capistrano; after these one feels that he has just begun. His appetite has been whetted and he will return. But what will lure him back is not alone the soul-stirring sights of the coast, nor even its climate. It will be the remembrance of its freedom, its hospitality and its true hominess.

The home of the founder of San Clemente. Every house in this village is of Spanish style

A little garden that looks to the sea

A Dream City

Described by

A CITY of one style of architecture. Sounds interesting, doesn't it? San Clemente, situated midway between Los Angeles and San Diego, is just that. Every building in this new community is of Spanish design, regardless of cost, location or type. Furthermore, every structure has white exterior walls and red hand-made tile roofs. The effect is lovely indeed.

San Clemente is a community of beautiful gardens and patios. Nearly every home has a walled garden. Some are very modest and others are pretentious.

Ole Hanson, founder and builder of the new city, had definite ideas in mind when he established San Clemente. He wanted a community that would stand out as a beautiful thing, one that would cause people to stop and exclaim, "Well, here's something different!" He desired a clean, modern city with none of the drawbacks found in older towns.

Before a building can be erected in San Clemente, the architect's plan must be submitted to an architectural committee of three city officials. In addition to being of Spanish design, every structure must conform to good building practices. No shacks are allowed in San Clemente. Everything must be up-to-date.

Unlike most cities, San Clemente enjoyed city planning before it was built. Expert planners and engineers specified the width of streets and the manner in which they should be built. Certain types of buildings must go on certain streets. The business section and the residential district were established beforehand instead of afterwards, as is usually the case with cities.

The result is a city that is at once arresting. The community is situated on gently sloping land that ends at the shore of the Pacific Ocean. The town is so laid out that the ocean is visible from any portion of the city.

FROM cattle grazing land the community has grown in less than four years to a population of 2000 persons. The first work was started in December, 1925. Two years later the citizens incorporated as a city of the sixth class. Now, San Clemente has its own water system, public school, two community clubhouses, Spanish plaza, fishing pier, bridle paths, hospital and tennis courts, not to mention several business houses. The weekly newspaper boasts that it has never published a line of "boilerplate." The bank of San Clemente was declared by the state banking department to have shown a larger increase in business in its first year than any other bank of its size in California.

Ole Hanson and H. H. Cotton are the owners of the two most elaborate homes at San Clemente. Both homes overlook the ocean and each has a patio that is at once striking and beautiful.

In the center of the Hanson patio is a pool and fountain, with a large statue in the center. The patio is lined with flowers, shrubs and trees. Leading to the pool and around it is a tile walk. A tile-roofed wall encircles the entire patio, after the manner of old Spanish gardens.

Every house in San Clemente has its patio. The intimate garden above is representative

on the Pacific

Neil Stanley

Fronting the house is a circular gravel driveway, centered by a stone-lined space containing shrubs, trees and flowers. The entire estate has been landscaped so that it is one great piece of greenery.

Adjoining the home of the city's founder is the home of his son, Ole Hanson, Jr., which has been similarly landscaped.

Included on the H. H. Cotton estate are numerous guest houses, and stables for Cotton's large string of thoroughbred horses. The patio on this place is in the form of a square, with a fountain in the center. A large fireplace is at one side, and distributed throughout are numerous potted plants. Like the Hanson home, the Cotton place is situated on a bluff just above the ocean.

The San Clemente hospital, a low rambling structure on the state highway, is fronted its entire length by a wide lawn. Planted along the highway side of the hospital are numerous flowers, trees and shrubs. Back of the building is a low hill. In front and beyond the highway is the city and then the blue Pacific. A tile walk runs from one end of the hospital to the other on the highway side.

In front of the public school is the Spanish plaza, with a large pool occupying a prominent place. The school grounds have been landscaped and planted to trees and flowers. At night the plaza is lighted.

Of the two community clubhouses, one is designated as the Beach club and the other the Social club. Both have been carefully laid out with an eye to beauty and utility.

The two clubhouses, school, water system, plaza, pier, bridle paths, tennis courts and the entire strip of beach were presented as free gifts to the community by Hanson.

MORE than 400 buildings have been erected in San Clemente since the city was laid out. The community has one of the most active chambers of commerce in the state. The secretary of this organization, Captain Haakron H. Hammer, was associated with the late Roald Amundsen, Arctic explorer, for many years.

Pool and plaza fronting the school

"I have always felt that architecture was neglected in communities," Mr. Hanson says in recalling how he came to establish the new city of San Clemente. "Not only architecture, but landscaping, flowers, all the beautiful things seemed to be forgotten in the mad rush to build cities.

"I resolved long ago that if ever a good opportunity came to found a new city I would strive to create something beautiful as well as substantial. When the way was paved for me to create San Clemente, I determined that the community was to be a thing of beauty.

"Cities are awakening to the need for city planning. The citizens realize that parks are necessary for happiness. Home builders are demanding that their houses be beautiful as well as substantial."

When Hanson announced that he planned to create a new type of city, he was told, "It can't be done." But Hanson was firmly convinced in his own mind that it could be done and with characteristic energy he set about building his dream city on the Pacific—San Clemente.

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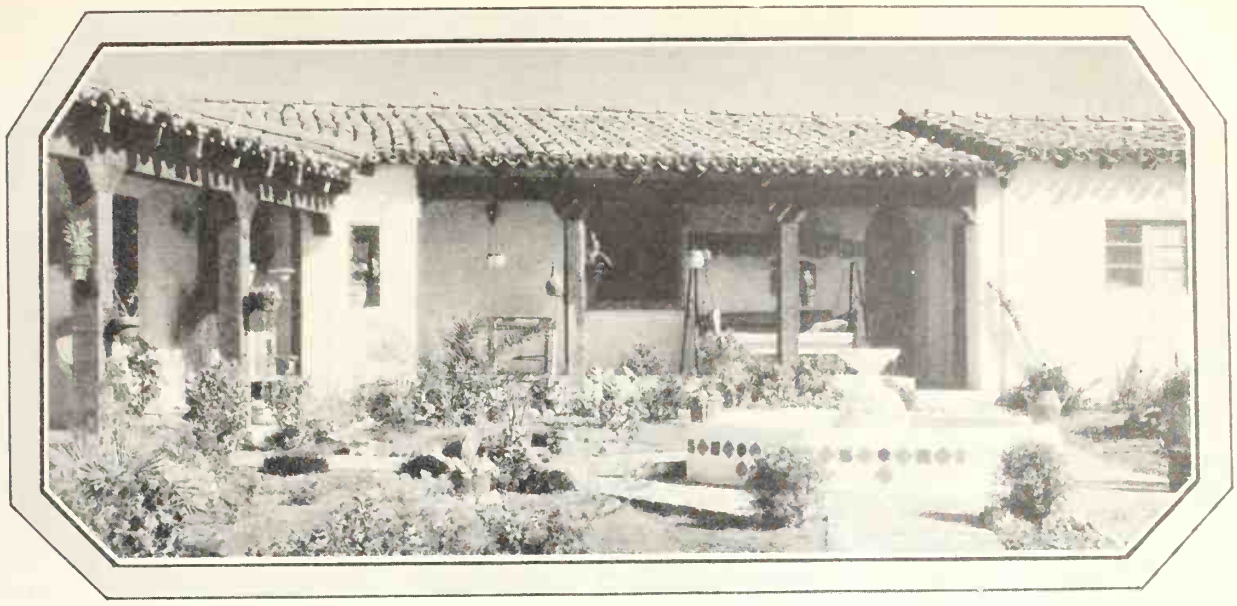

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Adjoining the home of the city's founder is the home of his son, Ole Hanson, Jr., which has been similarly landscaped.

Included on the H. H. Cotton estate are numerous guest houses, and stables for Cotton's large string of thoroughbred horses. The patio on this place is in the form of a square, with a fountain in the center. A large fireplace is at one side, and distributed throughout are numerous potted plants. Like the Hanson home, the Cotton place is situated on a bluff just above the ocean.

The San Clemente hospital, a low rambling structure on the state highway, is fronted its entire length by a wide lawn. Planted along the highway side of the hospital are numerous flowers, trees and shrubs. Back of the building is a low hill. In front and beyond the highway is the city and then the blue Pacific. A tile walk runs from one end of the hospital to the other on the highway side.

In front of the public school is the Spanish plaza, with a large pool occupying a prominent place. The school grounds have been landscaped and planted to trees and flowers. At night the plaza is lighted.

Of the two community clubhouses, one is designated as the Beach club and the other the Social club. Both have been carefully laid out with an eye to beauty and utility.

The two clubhouses, school, water system, plaza, pier, bridle paths, tennis courts and the entire strip of beach were presented as free gifts to the community by Hanson.

MORE than 400 buildings have been erected in San Clemente since the city was laid out. The community has one of the most active chambers of commerce in the state. The secretary of this organization, Captain Haakron H. Hammer, was associated with the late Roald Amundsen, Arctic explorer, for many years.

Pool and plaza fronting the school

"I have always felt that architecture was neglected in communities," Mr. Hanson says in recalling how he came to establish the new city of San Clemente. "Not only architecture, but landscaping, flowers, all the beautiful things seemed to be forgotten in the mad rush to build cities.

"I resolved long ago that if ever a good opportunity came to found a new city I would strive to create something beautiful as well as substantial. When the way was paved for me to create San Clemente, I determined that the community was to be a thing of beauty.

"Cities are awakening to the need for city planning. The citizens realize that parks are necessary for happiness. Home builders are demanding that their houses be beautiful as well as substantial."

When Hanson announced that he planned to create a new type of city, he was told, "It can't be done." But Hanson was firmly convinced in his own mind that it could be done and with characteristic energy he set about building his dream city on the Pacific—San Clemente.

Here is an Interesting Westerner Who is a Teller of

Tall Tales

James Stevens of "Paul Bunyan" Fame

By

Marion Lay Davis

"Jim" Stevens, logger and story teller

WHENEVER an American tells you that this land has no folk lore, send him to James Stevens, the Northwest story teller of "Paul Bunyan" fame. "Jim" is tall, sandy-haired, with a contagious laugh that booms across Elliott Bay and makes the Olympic Mountains totter. He is slimmer than he used to be in his days as a logger or a workman on the green-chain gang in a Bend sawmill, before he became a "writin' man" and a popular novelist.

Jim will tell you about American folk lore. The old folk heroes of Europe, such as Siegfried who slew German dragons, or the Cid who conquered Spanish cities, or Robin Hood who played jokes on English sheriffs, are familiar to every American child. But how many know Paul Bunyan, the great logger who strode through the forests with Babe the Blue Ox, a logger whose shoulders brushed the tips of the tall firs? How many know Jim Bridger, the Old Man of the Mountains, the "king of western explorers, hunters, trappers and scouts, but above all, the first of the western team hands?"

From coast to coast one hears the question, "Where is America's folk lore?" Is it in the legends of the Indians? Is it in the borrowed myths of European races? No. Jim Stevens will tell you it is in the old west. Here our folk tales were born, and their heroes are the toilers and builders of the pioneer era, the loggers, crop hands, cow punchers and railroaders. These came first. Cities came in after years.

Several of the Paul Bunyan legends Jim Stevens has put into one book, but he says a complete collection would crowd a five-foot shelf. From Maine to Michigan to the Oregon country, the loggers' hero and his blue ox have followed the logging operations on this continent, until they stopped in the Washington forests on the edge of the Pacific. There was Paul Bunyan's cook shack with a pancake griddle so big that little black boys from the Arabian Desert skated over it on greased skates every morning. There was the year of the two winters—but Jim is telling me about other heroes, and we must not miss any.

There was John Shears and the Scissorbills. Shears was the great farmer. His giant threshing feats are everywhere recounted by crop hands on the western ranches. The Scissorbills were Shears' special crop hands, remarkable men all, though the name has since become a term of reproach.

Many are the tall tales about Pecos Bill, the only cowboy on the western ranges who ever straddled a cyclone, dug spurs into it, rode it down to the ground. It is in the cattle country of the Southwest that Pecos Bill became a legendary hero. Around the ranch house fires, cow punchers still ride cyclones to glory, when their work is done and the story telling is at its height.

The early railroaders around Seattle made up the story of Bill Puget, the great digger, who scooped out Puget Sound. The imaginative gandy dancers laying the first tracks did not know about Captain Puget of the British Navy, so they invented a Puget of their own, better suited to their needs.

Down south, near the Mexican border, westerners hear of the Great White Stallion among the mustangs, a miraculous horse with the strength and beauty of Pegasus. All border horsemen know of him. None have seen him.

John Henry, first of hammer men, came out of the South. Hard rockmen came to the West to work on tunnels and irrigation projects. They brought John Henry with them. He gradually became a western character. Now, when a construction job is too hard to tackle, they "let John Henry do it."

The Little Black Bull is a favorite northwest hero, as are also the timber beasts, the hodag and the sawger and the swamp swilligan. And these are only the beginnings of America's tall tales. Already, Jesse James in song and story has grown into our hearts as our own Robin Hood—a robber who was good to the poor, a hold-up man who always had a kind word for the unfortunate.

JAMES STEVENS has made this folk lore his own. We may expect from him some day a book of truly American folk tales. Last year, we read his "Homer in the Sagebrush," collection of stories about the early days of the Northwest. It is not in mythical heroes alone that he is interested.

The facts of history are as in great a danger of being lost to us as our legends, Mr. Stevens says. He chides people in our western towns for not taking more interest in their own true, colorful,

(Continued on page 72

What to Do for Fishin' Fever

In This Timely Article

Tod Powell

Recommends a Cure

HOW do you feel? Does the office chair seem hot? Is the living room temperature too high? Do you find the air in the city streets stuffy? Do your ankles ache for the feel of thick socks and rubber waders? Is there a peculiar nervousness in your right, or casting hand? And do you experience a certain sort of itching irritation all over every time you pass a sporting goods store, together with a strong disposition to let your footsteps lag while you sneak an extra glance into its window?

Do you feel that way? Well, brother, you needn't stick out your tongue nor give Old Doctor Powell your pulse to feel; I know what's the matter with you. You've got the Fishin' Fever!

Come April, I get it myself and have for so many years that it's easy to recognize the symptoms in anybody. Why, I can spot a bad case as much as two blocks down the street in early season and by August, when the lying phase of the dread disease has bitten home, I can tell a fellow-sufferer a mile off just by his gestures. But don't worry; it isn't fatal. The worst that can happen is a long spell of loosening of the purse-strings; while the early stages are on you'll find yourself constrained to buy a lot of unnecessary gadgets which you'll probably give to the stage-driver's nephew by June or July. Later on, you'll find the mind bedevilled by a variety of reasons why you should lock up the office and leave town for a day, a week or a couple of months.

But you'll get over it; we all do. Perhaps if we could fish as much as we wanted, the keen zest of it would wear away and we wouldn't love it as we do. So be philosophical. Console yourself by dragging down the old tackle box and going through its contents. The trout season is at hand in all our western states and the roar of the automobiles taking fishermen—and fisherwomen—out to the brawling streamsides is abroad in the land.

Now fishing consists of two parts or you might say has two phases—one, catching fish, and, second and most important, pitting wits and brain against Mr. Fish's in a struggle as nearly equalized as possible. The first is fishing, and fun, but the second is angling, which is an art, a sport and a God-designed exhilarant. Be ye fishermen and feast upon trout; be ye anglers and return from the streams with a full heart, whatever may be the condition of your creel.

THE reason for the popular belief that all fishermen are liars, a subject which has done yeoman service to the jokesmiths, is that our less favored, untutored, non-fishing friends never have been able to comprehend the clean and vivid zest attendant upon the practice of the noble art of angling. They don't see

Photograph by Laval Co

The home of the golden trout, Lewis Creek, Kings River Canyon

how any human being could have such a good time as we do, merely trying to catch fish, and so they chalk us all up as liars.

But your true and yarn-dyed angler finds in his vice a joy greater than anything else in the world can give him. He would rather walk five miles to the streamside, wade icy water for three hours up to the deep hole under the spruces and then battle five vain but glorious minutes with Old Gus than have a Hollywood beauty in all her glory make love to him.

Gus may sear him with the bitter iron of defeat, as he has seared many another good angler before, but your true angler would rather make a sportsman's try at the old boy with a five-ounce rod and a gossamer leader than drag home a whole basketful of beauties taken easily from a productive water where skill is not a requisite to victory.

"Fishin' you might say has two phases —one, catching fish, and second, pitting wits and brain against Mr. Fish's in a struggle as nearly equalized as possible. The first is fishing and fun, the second is angling, which is an art, a sport and a God-designed exhilarant that uplifteth the heart of mankind beyond compare."

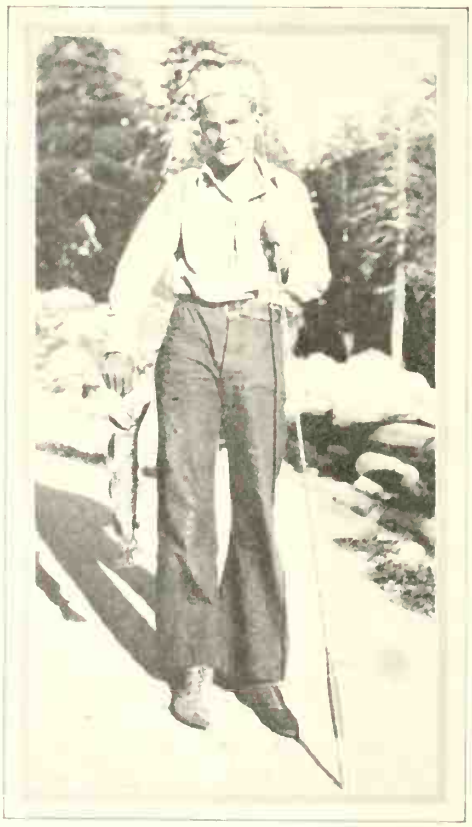
—Doc Powell.

FISH and the world fishes with you; angle and you have a wonderful time alone. Anybody can haul fish out of the water by means of bait, a clothes-line and a derrick pole but it takes something above the collar button to bring home *salmo irideus* with light tackle. If you can fight a fish fifteen minutes with that, you can be pleased even with defeat for you've done something. And you can respect the trout that gives you such a fight. You can be licked but you'll like it and you'll have the satisfaction of knowing you are a sportsman, because only genuine sportsmen are good losers.

This is something you have to be an angler to understand; not even good fishermen of the plain, or heavy tackle, variety, can get the meat out of it.

But, angler or just plain fisherman, there's no call to handicap yourself unnecessarily by trying to catch 'em where they aren't or to seek to set your tackle into anything but good fish. Play the streams rather than the lakes if you want either good eating fish or trout that will give you a racy battle.

The greater vigor naturally required for combatting the swift current of a true trout stream, the greater obstacles of a stream as compared to a lake, the increased difficulties of merely gaining a living in a stream, combine to make a stream-grown fish stronger, gamer, more intelligent, more desirable as a foodstuff and more worthy as an antagonist. Personally, I prefer to use one fly rather than two but there are some quite good anglers who use a pair. So you'll have to use your own judgment as to whether the second, or dropper, fly is a handicap or not. As a compromise, a dropper fly may be used sometimes to try out the color or variety of lure the fish may prefer on a particular day. In this case, after a few casts, it seems best to me to return to the single fly of the preferred variety, for the second fly may result in your losing Old Man Trout by striking unexpectedly into some sunken snag or patch of weeds as you battle him. Don't handicap yourself by using dry leaders; soak them thoroughly before using so that they will be tough and pliable instead of brittle, but keep your main reserve stock dry until it is time to replenish the day's requirements in your leader box.



"I don't have any special rules when it comes to fishin'. I just go where the fish are and get 'em"

Use good tackle. Sadly I must admit that the best is often the most costly but in the long run you'll save money by purchasing the best you can afford. Buy less and buy good stuff; you'll get at least even service, dollar for dollar, out of it and you'll not lose fish by having inferior tackle or gear break or go wrong at critical times.

Maybe your favorite stream responds best to wet fly fishing. If not, and you are fishing with a supposedly dry fly, don't forget to make enough false casts to dry your fly every time it approaches the soaking point and refuses to float. Dry flies, flies made to be used dry, are imitations of live insects; wet flies are supposed to represent insects which have been drowned and are offered to the fish from a point beneath the surface of the water. A dry fly is tied differently and while it may be used as a wet or sunken fly, primarily it is made to float and to cock itself upon the water.

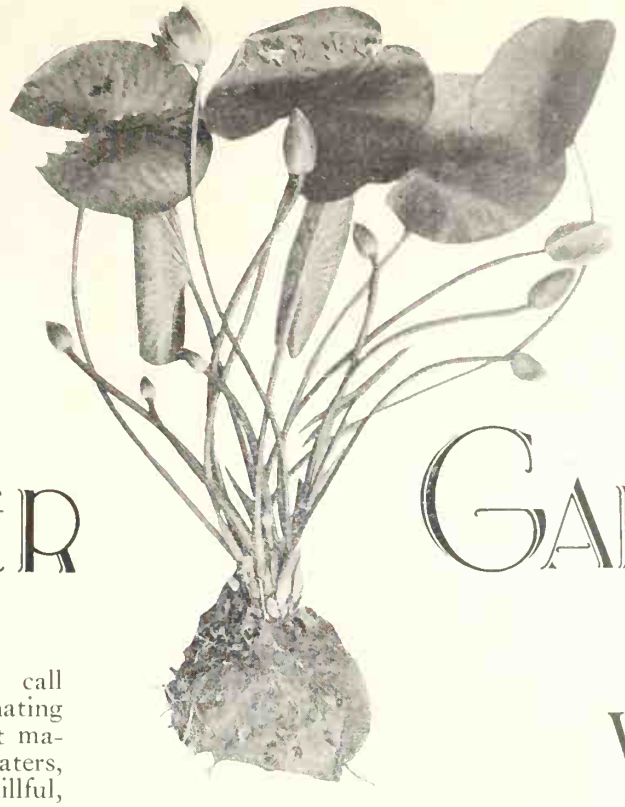
Practice casting until you have sufficient dexterity to place your fly delicately just in the manner and just where Mr. Trout may be outwitted.

WHEN on the stream, watch your hook-points. Often it happens that a poorly made backcast will cause the fly to strike a rock, dulling, bending or even breaking the point of the hook.

Watch your line, too. You cannot drag a tapered line across rocks indefinitely without chewing the enamel through at various points, though some persons think this can be done.

When you've got your fish, kill him. It's humane and it prevents the quality of meat from deteriorating. It's easy to slip a knife-blade through his spine, just back of the head, or bend his head back until the spine breaks, or rap his head sharply against a stone Dress your fish before you leave the stream, drying them thoroughly.

Don't forget to take care of your tackle. Coil away your leaders carefully, pack your flies so the predatory moths won't get 'em, dry your rod before putting it away, hang it up straight from the tip if you do not care to take it down after a day's hard fishing, hang your tapered line on the rack after use, clean and oil your reel at proper intervals and don't be guilty of tossing it into a duffle bag wet at any time.



A water lily all ready to be planted

Photograph courtesy Johnson Water Gardens

WATER GARDENS *for* Western Homes

A Practical Article

By

Naomi Swett Sommers

NATURE gardens we call them — these fascinating scenic effects of plant material and captured waters, which through the talents of skillful, practical landscape artists may now be produced in dry and arid as well as in habitually moist localities of the West. And whether the available space is the proverbial "two-by-four" rear garden of a small city plot, or a large estate in the country, the underlying principles of construction and planting are always the same.

Now Nature never did, and never, never will place a pool of water or a rippling brook within the cold, hard confines of a formal bowl of concrete or tile. Rather is she prone to splash her bubbling streams amongst the wild flowers, through the green, over the rocks, and against the cliffs.

In western Oregon and Washington, landscape gardens possess strikingly interesting shrubbery, flower and water compositions which seem almost impossible to be the creation of Man, but rather of that greatest of all landscape artists, Nature herself. And now in California and the southern states, too, there is a gaining tendency toward garden naturalness, even where brick floored patios with tiled fountains and formally tubbed plants and shrubs characterize the favored Spanish architecture. Here gradual blends of plant material lead to delightful informality, where each fleeting mood of the season is reflected in the ever-changing colors of flowers and foliage.

Because there are long lists of exotically beautiful plant material that require no irrigation whatever, Nature gardens in the sagebrush country are now as crisply green and gorgeously flowering as where water is plentiful, with gurgling brooks, as well, through the economical modern device of the electric centrifugal pump that keeps one small stream of water on a constant round trip, producing freshets that tinkle never endingly, almost into eternity, 'twould seem.

ALWAYS versatile, Nature offers countless variations of water gardens to inspire us—diminutive pools among the rocks, placid lily ponds smiling in the sun, mirror-clear Alpine lakes bordered with profusion of flowers, and creeks and brooks racing through the woods into entangled swamp growth.

The natural lily pond, or the mountain lake and Alpine garden always demands full exposure to the sunshine, either one very lovely if not less than six feet in diameter, and irregularly shaped.

The depth of the pool depends on two things, first the climatic conditions, second on the kind of planting to go into it. When ordinary water lilies are used, and the climate is mild, a two-foot depth is sufficient, but where wintry weathers prevail a deeper pool is necessary. However, if the Nelumbium, which are very popular in southern California, are chosen, a depth of between three and four feet must be provided, since these wondrous beauties possess extremely long stems.

If there will be a grotto, pile up all excavated material at the back for a foundation, and wherever water lilies are to be planted dig circular pits ten inches deeper than the rest of the pool for all varieties but Nelumbium, which require an eighteen-inch deep pit. Instead of digging pits for the lilies, however, the bottom may be made level and the roots planted in boxes of dirt.

After excavation, line the entire pool with a four or five-inch coating of concrete. One good formula is to use one part cement, two parts sand and three parts gravel. See detailed information given in the box on page 20. Press the bordering rocks of varying sizes into the soft mixture, making sure to leave a four to five-inch pocket between the rocks and the dirt, where cement should be poured to keep the pool absolutely watertight.

THE most economical way to keep the pool filled is with the garden hose, exactly as for a bird bath. Running water may be introduced through piped city water with an inlet trickling through the grotto, or a small, natural mountain stream running through the rockery; in either event the same principle of construction is to be observed.

In the patio of the Hugo Carlson home at San Clemente, California, is found this pool

Now arises the pertinent question of drainage, which may be accomplished with a garden hose converted to a siphon, or through a main drain to the sewer or to an adjoining cesspool loosely lined with rocks. The drain is made of two to three-inch galvanized pipe with an "L" built into the lowest point in the concrete floor, and provided with a reducing plug tapering from about one-half-inch to three-quarter-inch, fitted to an upright overflow pipe topped with a double "L" to prevent floating debris from crowding in.

When the pool has been completed we are then ready for the lilies. Do not, however, attempt to set them out until the water registers 70 degrees. May and June are the planting months. Before your water lilies are received have the boxes of dirt or the pits filled with very rich dirt (plenty of cow manure or bone-meal should be mixed with garden loam). Set the plants, placing boxes gently at bottom of pool. Cover the dirt with a layer of coarse sand to keep the pool clean. Then fill the pool with water which has stood in the sun until warm, taking care that the water is a foot or so over the plants. In naturally swampy ground a bog garden is achieved merely through the addition of well-rotted cow manure, and proper planting, but is easily available almost any place, through a swampy condition formed artificially by the overflow from a pond or lake.

There are two ways to make the artificial bog garden—one by grading up the bottom of the lily pond to the required twelve to eighteen inch depth, which is separated from the pool proper by means of rocks imbedded into the cement; the other to excavate the desired space adjacent to, and connecting with the pond, then lining it with a two to three-inch concrete mixture, and refilling with soil which if too heavy should be replaced with turf.

TO make an artificial creek through the rock garden dig a little trench to wind irregularly, and occasionally fall over a slight hill into a bit of a pond. If there is room enough for several of these little ponds, make certain that each one is lower than the other in order to provide gravity system of drainage, for cleaning convenience. Line the bed of the creek with concrete, pressing rocks of varying size into the sides, thus not only concealing the concrete, but, also, providing natural shelter for native ferns and wild flowers.

A permanent bridge, as Nature builds it, is always made of stone, and may be easily imitated by building a wooden form to a graceful

This picturesque pool is located on the crest of the hillside lot of the Simon Tannler home in Portland, Oregon

Pool Construction

Place pool in full sun.

Forms are unnecessary except for the oblong pool.

For the circular or irregular-shaped pool (which by the way is most popular) excavate at least 2½ feet, sloping sides gently to center.

For a small pool mix 3 shovelfuls sharp sand, 4 shovelfuls rock or gravel, 1 big shovelful Portland cement, adding water to make pasty mixture.

Spread on to a 4 or 5 inch thickness, depending on elimate. Tamp down.

Before cement thoroughly dries, brush on thin watery coating made of 1 part sand and 1 part cement, mixed with water.

Do not dry pool too fast.

Fill with water about third day.

arched shape, lining the exposed sides with natural rock in irregular placement, and then filling with concrete mixture of the same proportions as for the pools. Perhaps it will be best for the amateur to consult some experienced cement worker. Where the soil is light, a greater bedrock depth will be necessary than for heavy soil, and a larger bridge will require a proportionally larger foundation than a small one. Finishing touches of coarse gravel, and rails of weather bleached wood for a rustic effect produce a natural appearance of appealing charm.

THE underlying success of a rock garden being the provision of correct drainage, full sunshine, and free circulation of air, here are next the added requirements of proper drainage, and deep, specially prepared soil to permit the extremely long root systems of most rock plants to creep freely and naturally into the rock crevices.

First. Lay the foundation for the rocks: Dig out the soil to a depth of six inches, fill in the excavation with small rocks, and then cover them over with two or three inches of moss or leaf mould.

Second. Set the rocks in position: Use mossy, honeycombed rocks, choosing the larger ones to border the pool, or front the rockery, and leaving ample space between the rocks for the crevices and pockets that will contain the soil preparation, filling the spaces between the rocks and the solid ground back of them with smaller rocks, and then putting the earth into the space between.

This rustic bridge arches the rock-bordered water garden belonging to James Donovan in Elk Rock, Oregon

The tropical water lily known as Rose Star is a popular variety this year

GENERAL FORMULA FOR ROCK PLANT SOIL

- ⅛ Sand.
- ⅛ Old, rotted manure and bonemeal mixture.
- ¼ Rough leaf mould.
- ½ Clayey garden soil.

The rocks must fit solidly into their beds, with their exposed surfaces sloping inwards, in order that water will lead into the crevices, one of the commonest errors in rock garden construction being to permit the water to run away from, instead of into, the dirt pockets.

Grottos are more difficult. Larger, and rather flat rocks are required for the grotto, which peculiarly enough, except where water is to be piped, can be made as large as desired without the use of cement, imbedding the rocks into the soil in such a firm but delicately balanced manner that they are immovable. The grotto is composed of rocks piled on three sides of its earth foundation to the wanted height, and then to cover the top. When water is to be piped, the rock at the back of the grotto must be concreted into place, and occasional openings left for native ferns.

Planting of Lilies

Order roots from a reliable dealer.

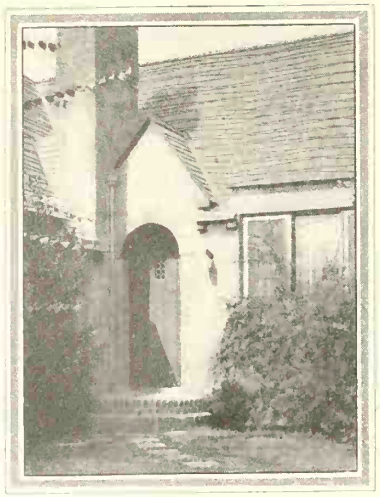
In southern California, planting time is in May. For the Bay Region and Northwest, late May or early June. For the mountain states, June.

Tropical lilies are especially lovely, coming in many colors and will grow anywhere. Wherever orange trees will grow they can be carried over winter, otherwise they must be treated as annuals.

A pool six feet across will hold 4 or 5 lilies.

Water should register 70 degrees.

Lilies may be planted in rich dirt at bottom of pool, or in boxes which have been filled with dirt mixed with cow manure or bonemeal. Plant in one foot of soil, leaving one foot of water over plants.



Hospitality is expressed in this quaint, informal doorway of a small English house

Does Your Home Picture Your Personality?

By
Edgar Harrison Wileman

IT is not enough that a house be beautifully proportioned, well built, nicely furnished, charming in all respects. It must express something of the personality—the group-personality perhaps I might say—of the family that lives within it if it is to be entirely successful. In order to decide whether or not a house does picture one's personality, it is necessary to know something of what is expressed by the different styles of architecture and the types of furniture that have reflected the manner of living in the various periods of history.

The architecture of any country usually reflects the customs and habits of the natives, who, in turn

Photographs, courtesy of Barker Bros.

Most livable is this simple Spanish dining-room of the Monterey type

have developed a way of living largely determined by their natural environment.

In the various sections of our own country these same influences have been at work. Picture for a moment a stately southern colonial mansion with its classical capitals, columns, and pediments, and its symmetrical balance of facade. Is it not a perfect setting for aristocratic Southerners?

Enter the beautiful Georgian door and you will find every room radiates hospitality and the appointments reflect the personality of the occupants.

The patio, borrowed from Spanish architecture, is an outdoor living room and should be furnished as such

COLONIAL houses of today may not be as large as formerly, but the furnishings are somewhat the same. Printed linens, Toiles de Jouy and gay cretonnes are still used for draperies, and furniture is, or should be, of the Chippendale or Sheraton styles. The atmosphere thus created is especially suited to the quiet refined person who loves to entertain friends at informal dinners or converse with them, quietly, by the fireside.

Is this a picture of you and your way of living? If so, then such a house should be yours.

Where climatic conditions permit outdoor living, the Spanish house has proved very popular. The walled in patios, covered cloisters and wide balconies seem especially designed for this purpose. Many Spanish houses are somewhat austere and cold looking, but others are quite the opposite. Plain stucco walls are usually bare looking, but when they are broken by colorful tiles, wrought iron grilles, gayly painted woodwork and evergreen shrubbery, the house takes on a far more pleasing character and appearance.

Spanish homes as we find them today bear little resemblance in home furnishings to those in Spain. Stiff backed chairs, hard seats, generally uncomfortable seating pieces were formerly the rule; today they are the exception. Tile floors are still copied, but are covered with rugs of rough texture, in which large designs and strong colors predominate. Plaster walls of varying textures and colors make a suitable background for the heavy masculine furnishings. Coarse monks cloth or a similar fabric for draperies harmonizes in texture with furnishings of the simpler, Monterey type; while heavy velvets are typical of the more wealthy homes where polished woods and silken textures prevail.

If a Spanish house appeals strongly to you, then the Southwest offers you a wide range in architectural designs and in suitable furnishings.

You may feel, however, that an early English house is your type. Such homes call for rather heavy furnishings, and oak, the old time wood, may still be used. Drapery materials of hand blocked linen with large floral designs in heavy colors, suit living and dining rooms. Crewel work on plain linen is also suitable, as it harmonizes in texture with its surroundings. Tapestry panels may hang on the plaster walls and will give a warm, pleasant informality. Large, comfortable, easy chairs impart to this picture an air of coziness which on a chilly evening is greatly enhanced by a blazing fire.

A Tudor English house with gable roof, half timbering, and casement windows, is associated with pleasant coziness of nooks and corners, quaint attic rooms and oak panelled walls. It should have a neat informal garden with rose arbor and restful benches. It seems to typify the home and garden lover, the student.

PERHAPS you feel that you would be at home in the Georgian home of the Eighteenth Century. It was a large, sumptuous dwelling with panelled or damask covered walls. In living and dining room a beautiful marble mantel with an oil painting above was the center of interest. Persian rugs were used on the floors, and the furniture was of carved mahogany, while sofas and chairs were upholstered in silk velvets, damasks and

brocades. Silver or Sheffield plate accessories, Chinese porcelain, fine lace, crystal and linens show the polish, brilliancy and magnificence of these homes which reflected, to a large degree, the French taste. Here is the home, pretentious and grand, in which we should expect to find the connoisseur, the Epicurean, or the nobility.

Its prototype, the Italian house, is similar in many architectural features. The furniture, however, is massive and of carved walnut. The drapery and upholstery fabrics are heavy in color and large of design.

Frank Alvah Parsons says, "Man is exactly what he lives in, for environment is the strongest possible factor in man's development." A love for ostentatious display shows itself, among those of limited means, in cheap jewelry on their persons, and in over-decorated furniture in their homes. Wealthy people with similar tastes overload their houses with rich, ornate furnishings and costly objects of art. Both classes consider their homes well furnished, but to a person of refinement they seem to be in extremely poor taste, and merely show the character of the residents. Well furnished homes need not be costly; simple articles, well designed, and few of them, but selected with thought and placed with care, make a house a home and give that restful atmosphere which should pervade all homes.

Our choice of homes and particularly of home furnishings is very wide. There are kinds to suit all purses, styles to suit all tastes. Wave after wave of fashion brings in something new or revives some old style. How shall we furnish our home so that it will effectually picture our personality? An important thing to bear in mind is that period furniture has character, differing according to the particular style. One type suits one person, but may not suit another. Study the various kinds and select the one you like best, or, if you cannot make up your mind, get a good interior decorator to help you. Do not, however, copy your friend's house or your next door neighbor's. Your personality is different from theirs and you will appear at your best when you are surrounded by the things you love, because they must necessarily be a part of you.

You may have a strong liking for more than one type of furnishings. Do not, however, make the mistake of trying to combine utterly unlike types in the same room—a rich lace bedspread and a braided rag rug in your bedroom, for bad example. Either one in its proper setting would be excellent, but used together the effect is that of a woman in a lovely evening dress, with high laced hiking boots on her feet.

Many persons are guided in their choice of home furnishings solely by the whim of fashion. "What are *they* using?" they ask; whereas, the proper question would be, "What should *I* use to suit *my house* and *myself?*" Those mysterious persons called "they" need not be consulted.

MR. WILEMAN, the author of this fundamental article on home furnishing, bases his writing upon splendid training and experience. After studying art at Goldsmith's Institute, University of London, England, and interior decorating at the Goodyer Studios, Regent Street, London, he went to Buenos Aires, Argentine, and worked for several years for Messrs. Thompson Muebles of that city, assisting in carrying out the decoration and furnishing of the Congress Hall, Plaza Hotel, and many important Argentinian homes. During this time he made several trips to Europe and the United States.

For the past five years Mr. Wileman has been associated with Barker Bros., Los Angeles, as lecturer and consulting decorator, at the same time doing considerable educational work, as lecturer for the University of California, Los Angeles, extension division; University of Southern California, University College; and, also, as special lecturer in the School of Architecture of Southern California.

Mr. Wileman's next article will be on the subject of the right use of color in the home. Watch for it in the June issue.

With wood-paneled walls, rich hangings and furniture, this living room is typically Georgian

CHRYSANTHEMUMS *for* *Coast Gardens*

Hardy mums flourish in all gardens of the West

By Sydney B. Mitchell

IN condensing into a page or so the essentials of chrysanthemum culture, I propose to place emphasis on growing them in the garden, as the Pacific coast provides conditions for outdoor use in general far superior to those in the middle west or on the Atlantic coast, where a hard early frost so often ruins them as they come into flower. While I should like to touch on those other daisy-like flowers, perennial and annual, which are botanically members of the chrysanthemum family, our infinitely varied fall-flowering species, *Chrysanthemum indicum* and *C. sinense*, deserve and must get our attention. There has been plenty of time for the tremendous variation in form and in size to develop, for chrysanthemums were garden flowers in China when the Parthenon was being built in Athens, and while Alfred the Great was king of England chrysanthemum shows were beginning in Japan. Yet it was only during the French Revolution that the flower reached Europe and thence spread to America and Australia. In all these countries so much has been done in the development of the plant that we now have here alone some five main divisions.

First comes the large so-called Japanese type, great fluffy flowers sometimes ten inches across, generally with incurved or intertwining petals, the flower best adapted to the decoration of large rooms or halls, requiring containers of umbrella-stand size to accommodate the long stems. In the gay nineties college boys wore as large ones as they could afford in their buttonholes at football games, and the players before the days of headguards grew their hair to match. The very large flower is now less popular. It is primarily a commercial flower and is so grown by specialists, who flower it under glass north of San Francisco Bay and even sometimes south of that, and in warmer sections often use muslin shelters to protect the flowers from the weather.

The essentials here are, for outdoor planting, a deeply dug and heavily fertilized bed or border, planted yearly, about early May, with young plants previously rooted in sand. Through the summer they must have plenty of water and more fertilizer, for they are heavy feeders. It is unwise to allow more than from three to five growths or stems on each plant, and these must be staked and in August or September all buds but one removed from each stem. Where size is the chief consideration growers, particularly those having greenhouses, often grow but a single flower to each plant either bedded in the benches or grown in large pots.

Group two would comprise the smaller varieties of the large chrysanthemum, often called the decorative type, where the more naturally grown plant forms a broad bush with a dozen or more medium-sized flowers, generally disbudded. This type is much used in England and France for garden flowering, and should be more grown on the Pacific coast. Into this class go such varieties as Madame Marie Massé and its sports, Caprice du Printemps and other members of the Cap family, Horace Martin and its relatives, and such later English decoratives as Jean Puttridge. Emphasis here is often placed on the desirability of earliness in flowering. This is most important on the north Pacific coast where the fall is cool, but in California all the earlier decoratives are a comparative failure because our September and October are too warm for the proper development of the flowers. Selection of varieties depends on the climate.

FOR general garden decoration as well as to provide beautiful sprays for cutting, I pin my faith as a lazy gardener to the pompom group. They

are so easy to grow, either from proper cuttings or from suckers planted in May, cut back in late June, and then allowed to branch and flower without disbudding. Within the class there is much variation in size, from the Lilian Doty type, the size of a small Chinese aster and best disbudded, through the smaller Idulph, old Julia Lagravere or Ruby, all best in sprays, to the large buttons, Hilda Canning or Christmas Gold, and the little baby buttons, derived from the tiny hardboiled yellow Baby.

GROUP four comprises the anemones, to be grown like the pompoms, but with flatter flowers which would be single were it not that the center of each is filled with small petals. The old Garza comes here, but there are many newer ones.

The last main group, of far more importance than the anemones, will take in all singles, from the large, rather coarse, undisbudded flowers to the graceful sprays of smaller flowers, decorative both in house and garden. Mrs. W. E. Buckingham, Ida Skiff, and Golden Sun are good examples. Culture is about as for pompoms. Singles are very easy to raise from seed; sown in flats in April, pricked out and moved into the open ground in May or June, they will flower all fall and can then be thrown out or the best ones propagated for next year.

Plants of all these groups are usually ready for delivery by commercial growers in April or early May, and variously cost from fifteen to fifty cents each depending mainly on novelty. They are raised from cuttings. When the amateur has secured the varieties he wants he can renew and increase his plants in the same way. Keep over the winter an old plant or two of each variety desired. About March, when new growth is well above ground, remove three inches of the new growth, cutting each green stem just below a joint; remove the lower leaves, clip back the upper ones, and insert the cuttings half their length in a box which contains about three inches of sand. Cover the box with a sheet of glass or a window frame, and water and shade when necessary to prevent drying out.

In about three weeks or a month the cuttings will have rooted and they should then be moved into small pots of good soil and later planted out in the garden. The large chrysanthemums are always raised in this way, but the more casual amateur may propagate his pompoms and singles by simply removing rooted suckers from the edges of last year's plants, cutting back the tops before planting them out directly in the garden. It is an unprofessional but reasonably satisfactory method. In the case of the pompoms, singles, and decorative types the object is to get a well shaped, fairly dwarf plant which will carry many flowers. To do this it is often necessary to cut them back again to induce lower branching in June or early July. Do it before the wood gets too hard.

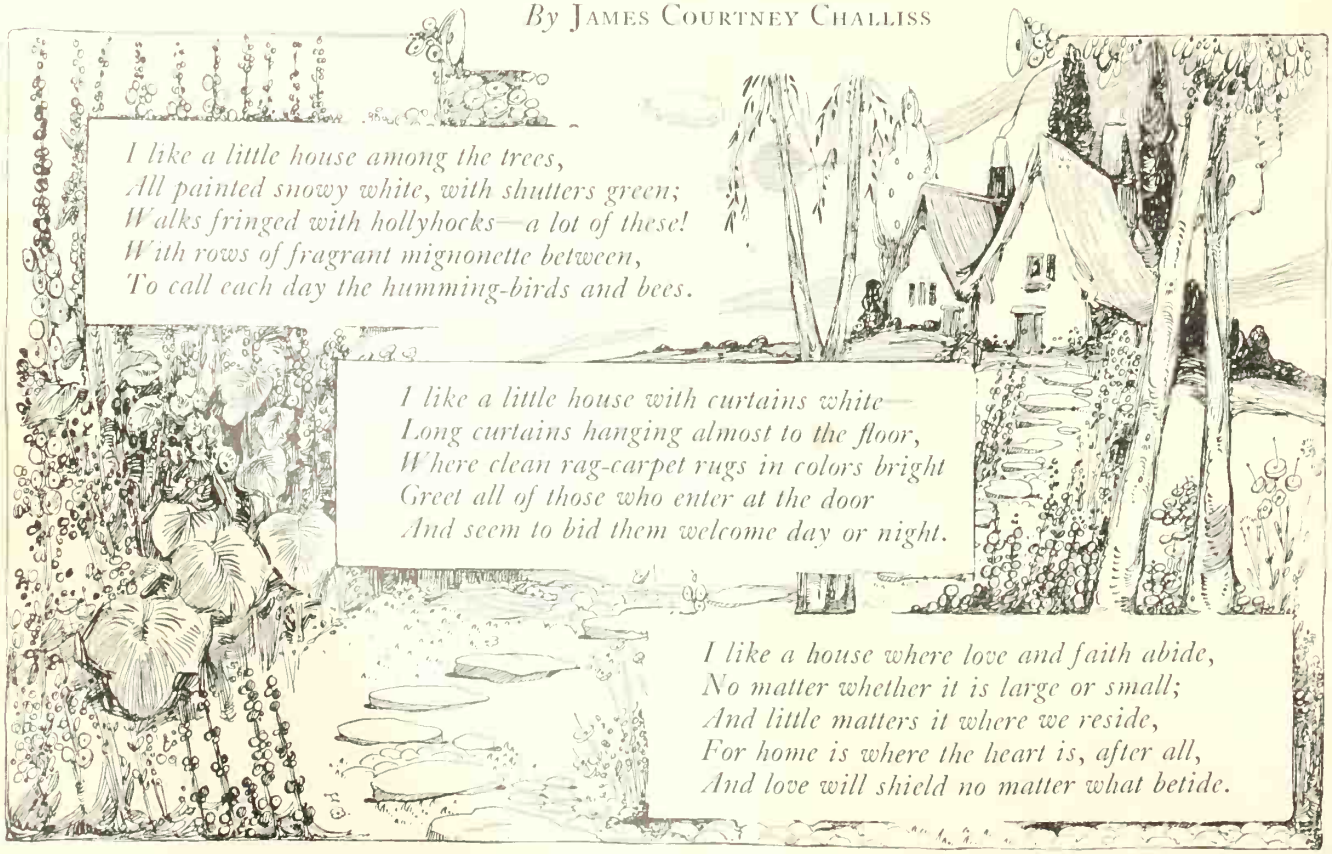
New varieties are raised from seed—a few from sports—but this means dozens of scrubs for the occasional prize, and is best for those with lots of space, little money, or an adventurous spirit. From a packet of seed I got from Burpee years ago I raised nearly a hundred singles, and hated to throw many of them away.

IT is well to remember that chrysanthemums move easily even in flower, so that if desired they can be grown all summer away from the house and replanted near it to flower, always moving them with lots of soil and watering them thoroughly after the move.

The old cook books used to say, "Flavor to taste." Your selection of varieties should be on the same principle, but remember that in California at least, the yellows, bronzes and reds seem most appropriate in fall flowers.

A Little House

By JAMES COURTNEY CHALLISS



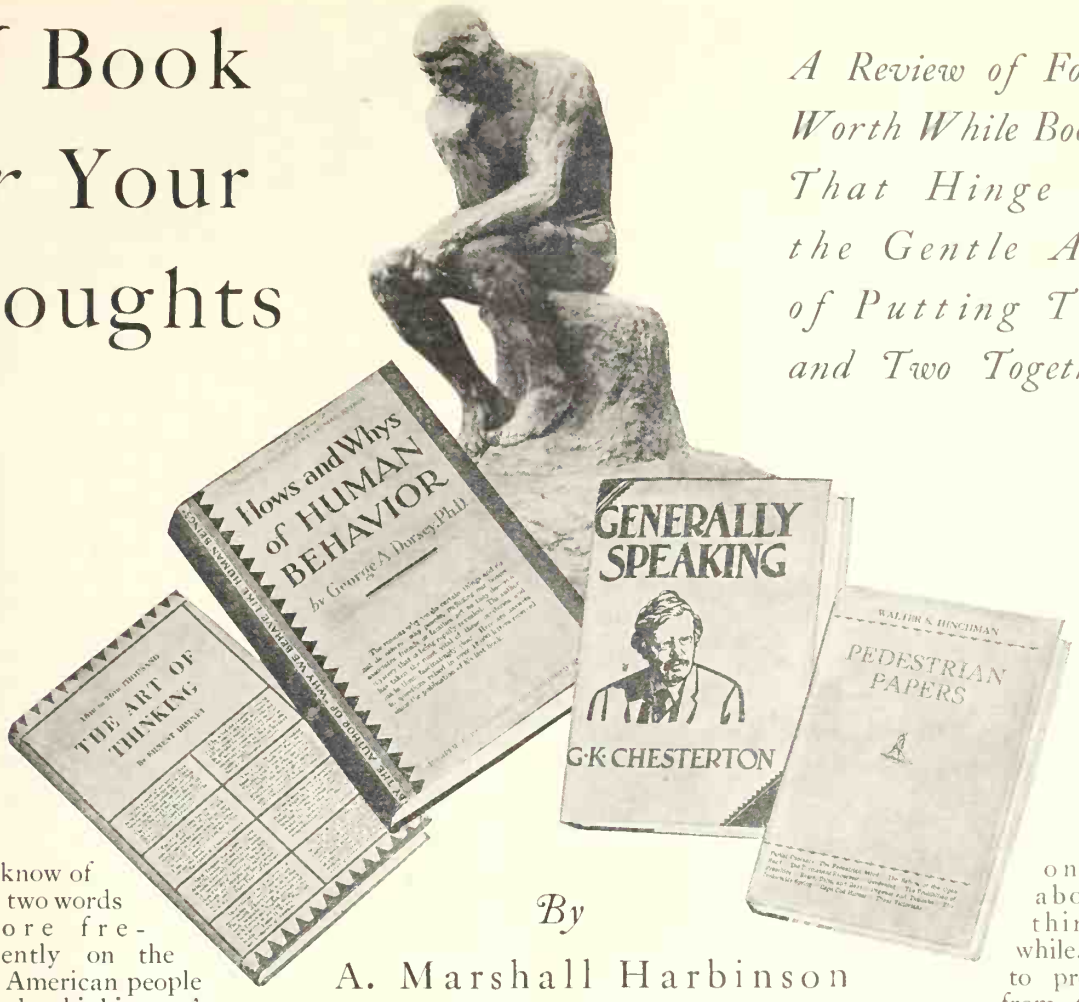
I like a little house among the trees,
All painted snowy white, with shutters green;
Walks fringed with hollyhocks—a lot of these!
With rows of fragrant mignonette between,
To call each day the humming-birds and bees.

I like a little house with curtains white—
Long curtains hanging almost to the floor,
Where clean rag-carpet rugs in colors bright
Greet all of those who enter at the door
And seem to bid them welcome day or night.

I like a house where love and faith abide,
No matter whether it is large or small;
And little matters it where we reside,
For home is where the heart is, after all,
And love will shield no matter what betide.

A Book *for* Your Thoughts

A Review of Four Worth While Books That Hinge on the Gentle Art of Putting Two and Two Together



By

A. Marshall Harbinson

WE know of no two words more frequently on the tongue of the American people than art and thinking. Art ranges all the way from walloping an opponent on the button to intricate calculus, from shooting pool to toe-dancing. There is the art of rolling the eyes and swinging a putter; the art of roasting eggs and painting a picture; the art, in short, of doing anything devised by man.

Thinking, likewise, is a many-headed word. We hear that the dog thinks a man is its master; the baby thinks a chunk of dirt is a chocolate eclair; Edison thinks eight hours sleep is too much. Browning wrote in the *Ring and Book*, "He thinks many a long think."

It is of little wonder then that the distinguished French author and abbé, Ernest Dimnet, who writes in our own English language with astounding clarity, should hit upon such a happy title for his latest book as "THE ART OF THINKING" (Simon and Schuster, $2.50). His observant eye must have immediately seen that here was a title made up of two words familiar to the American people. In this respect, as in many others, the good Abbé has exercised his own art of thinking.

Monsieur Dimnet tells us what he thinks is the art of thinking. And the book is just that. One man's opinion, albeit an opinion worthy of consideration, presented in a pleasantly chatty and readable manner. Naturally we consider what he has to say on literature to be the most provocative part of the book. "Literature," says Monsieur Dimnet, distinguishing between this and excellently manufactured stories, "is not so clever. It wrestles with life and often gets beaten . . . Do not read good books—only read the best." And this he later modifies to a principle expressed in "only read what gives you the greatest pleasure." Further on he says, "So if you want to be vitalized into the power of thinking real thoughts, and if you want never to know one dull instant while reading . . . resolutely leave out whatever is not the best."

What is the best, you hasten to ask? Here is what Monsieur Dimnet suggests: "Leave out books that you find are forgotten three months after their publication." What about *Ragged Dick*, *Diamond Dick*, and *Dead Eye Dick?* Were they forgotten three months after they were published? In all probability, you remember the three Dicks. Forgotten, then, by whom? Now we are doing exactly what the Abbé wants us to do. We are thinking.

Says Monsieur Dimnet, "Nothing is so fascinating as to make up one's mind about something worth while." If we are to profit at all from the reading of this book, we must then suggest that you read "The Art of Thinking" for yourself.

Another book that hinges on the art of thinking is the "HOWS AND WHYS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR" by George A. Dorsey, Ph. D. (Harper & Brothers, $3.50). It is sure-fire entertainment, and is well worth the price of admission. Ever since reading the book we find ourselves springing Dr. Dorseyisms on our friends and on our long suffering family. In this respect of being quotable, it is something like Ripley's astounding "Believe It or Not." There are passages in both books just made to be repeated, and there are entirely incredible passages.

"HUMAN BEHAVIOR" is a book that stimulates active argument. Here for instance is a verbatim copy of some of the notes we made on the fly leaf as we paused in our reading. " 'We are all born equal. No two human beings are exactly alike. Different circumstances condition different people differently. We are creatures of conditioning.' Therefore," we concluded, "we are not born equal." Aren't those silly notes for a reviewer to make? But the funny part of it is that while you are reading Dr. Dorsey's book, you will probably make notes something like them.

That is where all the fun comes in. It is so very gratifying to catch a Doctor of Philosophy napping—which, by the way, is proof ample that Dr. Dorsey knows his human beings.

Here is another pair of Dorseyisms for you: "Any normal person can learn to do practically anything." (Play the piano like Paderewski for instance.) "All of us are more or less sane, insane, demented, and psychoneurotic." These two Dorsey observations when put together read something like this: Any normal person who is at once sane, insane, and psycho-neurotic can learn to do almost anything.

WE gathered from Dr. Dorsey's book that there are no halftones of the human mind. Dr. Dorsey does not say so in so many words, but we somehow gained the impression that a man is born either an idiot or a potential genius. It strikes us that a person may be an idiot plus or a genius minus, and that there is nothing he nor his conditioning nor his environment can do about it. What is that old saying about making a silk purse out of a sow's ear? Dr. Dorsey would probably say that that old saw is all wet.

With most writers, the end of a chapter concludes an idea, but with Dr. Dorsey it is just the beginning of another. The chapter on Why Should You Control Your Emotions ends like this, "Why do we fall for each other, anyway? Because we are moved. From emotions in general let us turn to certain emotions in particular; and first, why we fall for each other." The chapter on How Can We Be Happy Though Married winds up this way, "We prate of 'progress': is our brand of progress compatible not only with homes but with happiness, too? We should be the happiest people in the world. Are we? And, if not, why not?" This leads us, despite ourselves, the lateness of the hour, or necessary duties to perform, into the next chapter which asks "Why Aren't We the Happiest People in the World?"

In his last chapter, Dr. Dorsey makes a strong brief in favor of the life led by a South Sea Islander. If you ever have had any doubts about selling all your possessions and going to the South Seas, this last chapter will dispel them. Dr. Dorsey describes life on these Islands in such glowing terms that were we at all suspicious we might think some wily real-estate sharper had sold him an island which the Doctor in turn now wants to peddle at a profit to his American readers. Listen to this: There is life for you! . . . Sky of turquoise, sea of sapphire, forest of emerald, and sunsets of liquid opal!

He (the S. S. I.) does not get his religion from one source, his clothes from another, his fashions from another. He is not beset with reformers, bedeviled with propaganda, or hounded by bill-boards and selling-talk." Although some of Dr. Dorsey's theories may not strike us as sound, his book is one of the most worth while we have read in a long time.

Reviews in Miniature

The Good Red Bricks. By Mary Synon (Little, Brown, $2.00). A good red novel about a girl in Chicago who was true to the love of her youth. A first novel by a young woman who knows whereof she writes and how to write it.

The Singing Gold. By Dorothy Cottrell (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50). An almost tragic novel about a cheerful little lady who takes life as she finds it.

John Wesley. By Arnold Lunn (Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press, $4.00). Realistic biography done with sympathy and understanding.

The Brownings—A Victorian Idyll. By David Loth (Brentano's, $3.75). A beautiful volume about two great poets of the 19th century, charmingly written in a way that is bound to please lovers of biography as well as those who admire the Brownings.

God's Country. By Ralph Barton (Knopf, $4.00). A flippant satire on American history that will make you chuckle if you enjoy Mencken.

Undiscovered Australia. By Capt. Sir G. H. Wilkins, M. C. (G. P. Putnam's and Sons, $4.50). An exciting account of adventurous travel by a great explorer and naturalist.

Without resorting to waving a red title in the face of a hesitant reading public, another author contemporary with Ernest Dimnet, and like him in the good natured gentleness of his criticism, tells his readers what he has to say about the art of thinking.

The book, "PEDESTRIAN PAPERS" by Walter S. Hinchman, (Houghton, Mifflin Company, $2.00) is a collection of essays bearing directly upon life as it is today. The author has used the word "papers" as a name for these short literary rambles for the reason perhaps that he very well knows most of us read papers but few read essays. An essay by any other name makes sweeter reading. But to return to the Pedestrian:

These papers evoke in our mind pleasant recollections of Thoreau's *Walden Pond*, a copy of which as published by Dutton we still keep near at hand as an antidote against reader's colic. Emerson says of Thoreau, "He chose to be rich by making his wants few." Hinchman chooses to be understood by making his meaning plain; to be refreshing by stepping out of the howling horde clamoring for our attention to converse quietly by the wayside with those who have the good fortune to stop and listen; to impress us with the high quality of his mind without having to tell us about it in so many words.

We enjoyed "Pedestrian Papers" for many reasons, not the least of which was the essay on gardening. Anyway we have a kindred feeling for a chap who has discovered the joys of chopping wood and digging for cut worms. "Pedestrian Papers" is worth reading, and just for old times' sake pick up a copy of "Walden Pond" and read that, too.

"GENERALLY SPEAKING" (Dodd, Mead and Company, $2.50) by G. K. Chesterton is a book that along with "Pedestrian Papers" presents the art of thinking in a subtle manner. It is, too, a collection of "papers" which deal with a wide variety of subjects ranging from Detective Novels through Broadcasting, Buddhism, Leisure, to Thomas Hardy. These are stimulating essays full of vitality and charm. They ring with good sense, lively humor, and display a mentality that is rich in intelligence.

NOWHERE it seems to us is the art of printing books for intellectual pleasure more justifiable than in books of this type. The essay fosters the habit of leisurely nosing out succulent kernels of thought. With the revival of the essay, performing tricks of mental gymnastics will give way to the forming of judgments and conceptions, to the intellectual grasping of the meaning of life, to the growth of opinions that are neither bigoted nor provincial, and to the exercising of the intellect as in judgment. Let us hope the revival will come to pass. Let us hope, too, that an author will not hesitate to label his collection of papers as essays content in the thought that his work will be well received.

These four books, then, that bear directly or indirectly upon the art of thinking, are worthy of any reader's consideration. In them you will find opinions with which you disagree, and in all probability, you will disagree with what we have said. We hope you do, for then surely you will agree with us that the art of thinking ranks equally high with that of dancing on one's toes or clouting an opponent.

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Lazy Days in a Honolulu Beach Cottage

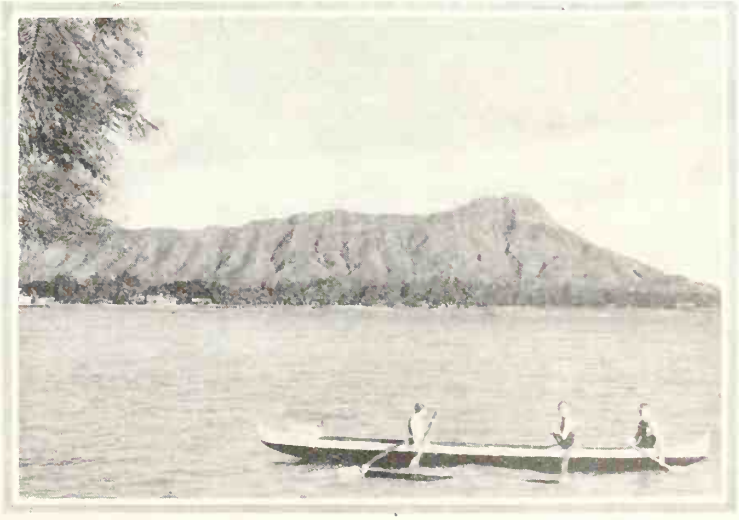
Described by

Jean Harker

A California School Teacher

IT is hard to say just what it was that led me to the Paradise of the Pacific. Perhaps it was a culmination of picturized lures of Hawaii, but the immediate urge may have been brought on by the news of attractive courses in the summer school at the University of Hawaii. Fundamentally, it may have been a sneaking desire to be lazy and have company in being so. At any rate, I spent the laziest six weeks of my life last summer at Waikiki, and in consequence, am forever spoiled for a philosophy built on the idea that work is the blessing of life.

First I want to expound the virtues of being lazy in the climate of the Hawaiian Islands. Anywhere else in the world, I should have been pained by my ignoble lack of ambition. Here I did not care, finally even taking pride in the gradual elimination of all irksome motion. There is a well-worn saying made popular in that interesting tale of a Honolulu mystery, "The House Without a Key," that when you first come to the islands you just sit and think, and later you just sit. Nothing could more accurately sum up the effect of the delightful climatic influence of Hawaii. Stiffer spines than mine have sagged under its semi-tropical breezes. Of course a certain amount of work must be done, but when it is strictly necessary it is done as quietly and unobtrusively as possible. No attempt is made to stir up anybody's conscience. Given withal the ever-blowing moist, warm breezes that sweep the Hawaiian group—those trade winds that make life bearable here on these tiny specks in the middle of the Pacific — the sighing of cocoanut palms, the bright blue, white-flecked sky, the monotonous lapping of the surf, always the delicious scent of ginger blossoms, everywhere glorious splashes of color—the hibiscus, the poinciana, the pumara — here, I declare, every living creature has an inalienable right to be lazy.

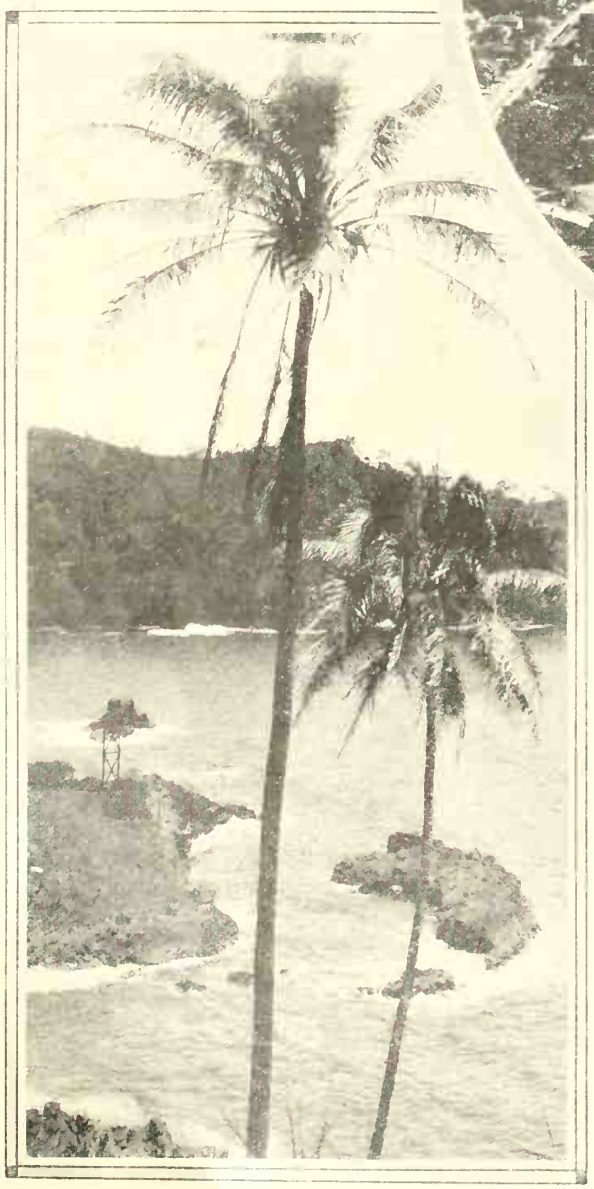


Photo, courtesy Matson Line

Outrigger canoeing at the Beach at Waikiki

Lest it be assumed that idling away the days in a pleasant retreat in Honolulu requires a very sizable income, or a substan-

tial savings account, let me say that I am only a school teacher, and the whole world knows that we are far from the gilded plutocracy. Paying my ocean fare both ways absorbed $220, and gratuities on board ship another $10. In company with a friend, I rented a small, cool beach cottage for six weeks at $30 per month, engaged the part-time services of a Japanese maid for $3 per week, paid out $4 for gas and light, and $6 for laundry. Then adding fifty dollars, a generous allowance for two persons' groceries, milk, and green stuffs, I counted it all up to find that my six weeks' stay in Honolulu, including ocean transportation, had cost me, after dividing household expenses by two, approximately $269, which amounts, astonishingly, to little more than the cost of six weeks at the average mainland resort.



Photo, courtesy Los Angeles Steamship Co.

Even the palm trees wave aloha as we leave this Paradise of the Pacific

An airplane view of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel

Outside expenses did, however, enter in. First came the matter of alluring sightseeing trips around Oahu itself, then weekend trips to other islands of the Territory, at least to the island of Hawaii, demanding about another $100. At this point, let me make the suggestion that any prospective visitor who owns a car would do well to ship it along with him. The expense of shipping it over will not come to more than seventy or eighty dollars for a large car, and probably as little as fifty or sixty dollars for a small car. There are innumerable attractive drives to be taken around luxuriant Oahu alone, highly rewarding the negligible trouble and cost of shipping your own car.

But referring again to the costs previously mentioned, which, after adding the $100 for island tripping, now total in round figures, $339, I tacked on still another item, out of interest in the summer school courses offered in the lovely Moana Valley, a $25 tuition fee, thus bringing my total to $364 for a delightful summer of relaxation and education.

My usual daily program—if such it can be called—ran as follows:

7.00 A.M. Arose to a bracing plunge in the stilled surf of Waikiki.
8.00 A.M. Breakfast, based on the pepsined Papaia.
8.30 A.M. Departed for first class at University, via trolley.
9.00 A.M. Class in Education.
10.00 A.M. Another class, more interesting, in Racial Psychology.
11.00 A.M. Library work.
12.30 P.M. Back at the cottage for lunch.
1-3 P.M. Lounging on the sand, acquiring a deep chocolate tan and sipping cool drinks under the palms. Now and then a rubber of bridge.
4-5 P.M. More swimming in the then lively surf of Waikiki.
5-6 P.M. Preparations—the very minimum—for dinner.
6.00 P.M. Dinner.
7.00 P.M. Study—also minimum time and intensity.
8.30 P.M. Bridge with nearest neighbors.
10.00 P.M. Moonlight or starlight swim.
10.30 P.M. To bed.

At risk of seeming neglectful of her other attractions, I must nevertheless contend that the outstanding charm of Hawaii, crowded with beauty and languid living, is bathing in the surf in its different moods: at early morning, the glassy, cool, transparent sea, coral bottomed and sparkling in the sunlight; the rollicking breakers of late afternoon; the shimmering, moonlit waves at midnight. The warm, velvety waters permit, sometimes for the first time, a long, leisurely, and therefore graceful stroke. Cutting cleanly through quiet waters, dashing into tall pounding breakers, floating in heavenly radiance against a dark, soft shoreline, these are things I remember and always shall remember with unadulterated joy.

WHAT fun in between plunges to sit on the tiny beach that is Waikiki watching Hawaiia's social laboratory pass by or stop to play. A bronzed young god of the surf comes riding in on a surf-board borne by the crest of a furious breaker—a native Hawaiian, I would guess from his magnificent physique and his ready laugh. Two young girls stroll across the sand and suddenly make a short dive into the heart of a bursting wave, striking out for the open sea with long, sure strokes, soon to return to a place in the sun. One of them is evidently of a fair European stock, but her companion is an extraordinary example of race mixture, a beautiful young body, shapely and brown, with a slight yellowish cast. Her face is vivid and intelligent. The hair is straight and black, the eyes brown, of a most intriguing, barely perceptible slant. There is no trace of self-consciousness in her bearing—quite the contrary. Strong, white teeth complete a picture of health and beauty not soon to be forgotten. More examples approach, perform for us unconsciously, and continue on their happy way. Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, Filipino, all have stamped their impressions on the island population, tending to make of it one of the most fascinating human spectacles on earth.

Summer, I have always been told, is the most interesting season in Hawaii. After my six weeks' stay in the Islands, I am convinced of it. In June and July, Hawaii's flowering trees are in full bloom. These, against a background of tree ferns twenty feet high, appear in a fairyland jungle that invite lazy feet to stroll dreamily down shaded and scented paths.

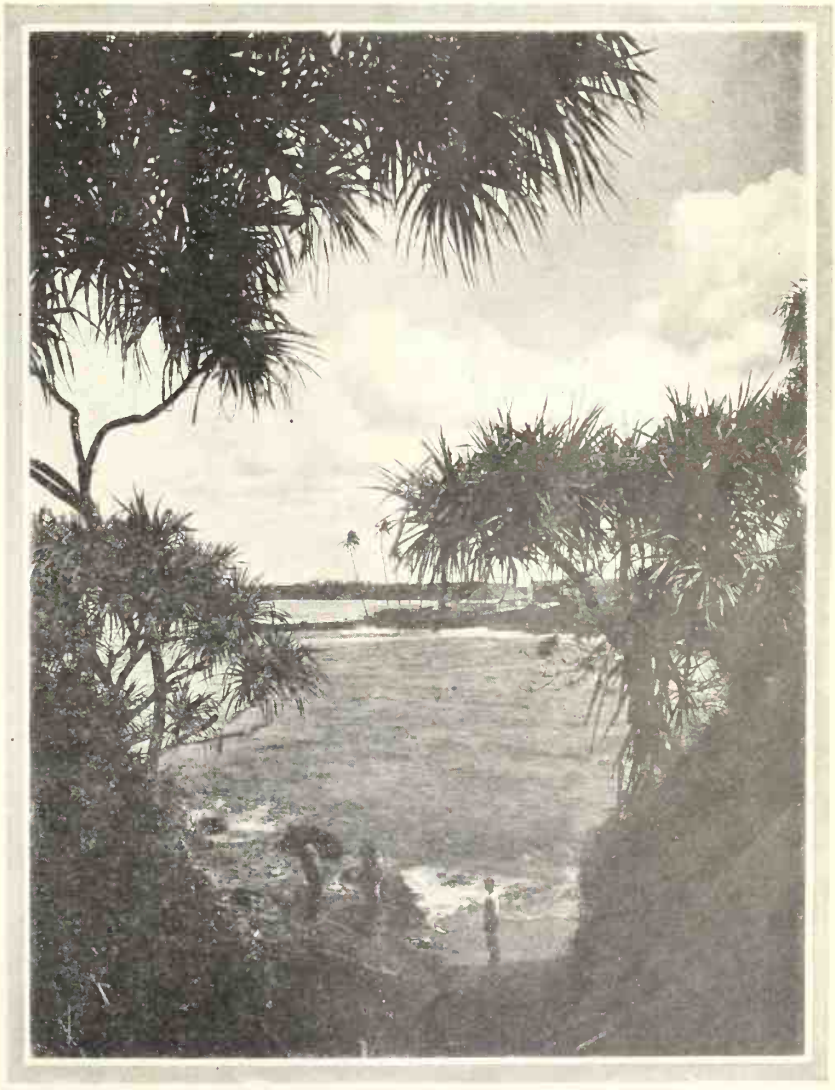
Gardens are everywhere in Honolulu. Even the streets have strange and fascinating, colorful flowers. Blue jacaranda, African tulip, red poinciana mingle in riotous profusion with hibiscus, large poppy-like flowers of delicate pink and white and again hisbiscus of tulip-like bloom in vivid vermilion. Over two thousand shades and shapes of this prolific species alone are to be found in the Islands.

As tropical as this land of *leis* is, it is reported to have the most equable climate in the world. Records show that the average temperature for June and July is 77 degrees.

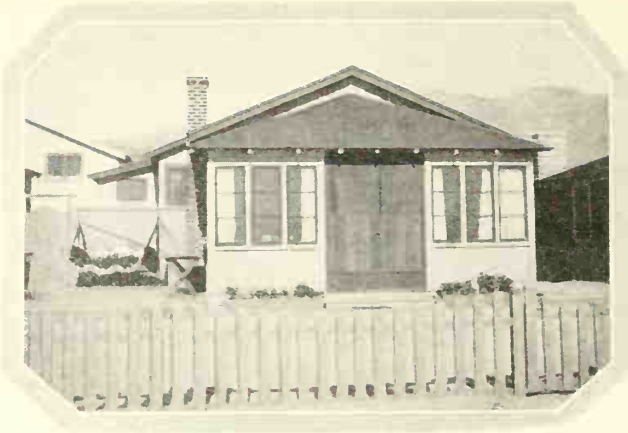
It might strike some of my readers as unusual for a teacher to go all the way to Hawaii to be educated. But it is not, I assure you. Teachers are always going somewhere to add to their fund of knowledge, and Hawaii has much that is attractive.

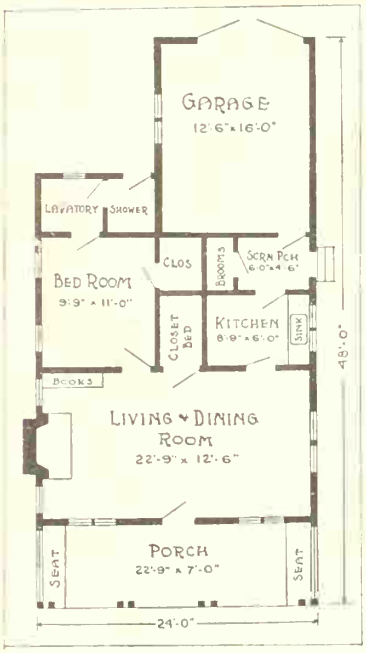
I was surprised to find such splendid university buildings, set picturesquely in a beautiful campus. I particularly enjoyed the excellent library but, perish the thought, I studiously avoided their modern gymnasium.

A certain amount of work had to be done, but—not in a gymnasium. Besides, by the time I had discovered the building, I had been completely converted to my present philosophy that work is by no means one of life's great blessings. If there are any doubters among you, just try spending six weeks in a Honolulu beach cottage.



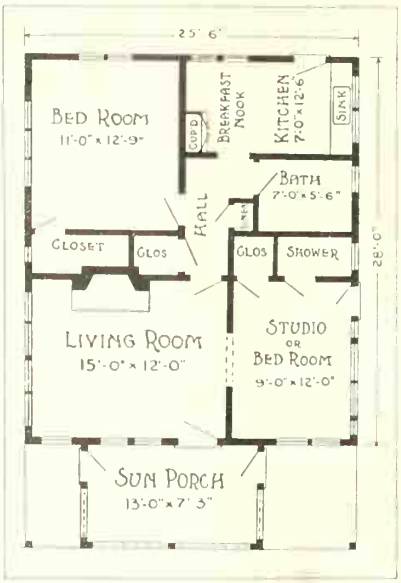
Along the shore line near Hilo

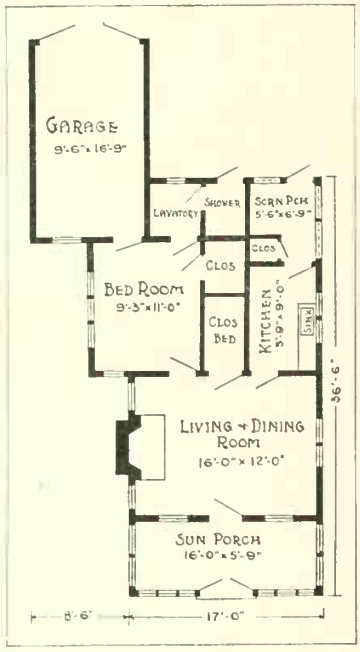




The Cottage By the Sea

Photographs by
Charles Alma Byers





Are you planning to build a seaside cottage this year? If so, perhaps you will like to copy the floor plan and house pictured above

Or, it may be that you will prefer the plan at right which accompanies the cottage, two views of which are shown at bottom of this page

Another compact little summer cottage is presented above. Many persons prefer the glassed-in porch to the open porch at the beach

The ideal seaside cottage is compact, comfortable, has a fireplace, plenty of showers and some sort of shade. An attached garage is convenient

Mental Health

Like Charity Begins at Home

By

Gladys Denny Shultz

IT is the homes we came from that largely determine our mental health, it is in our homes that our mental health is most severely tested. Most of us learn sooner or later to live in some sort of harmony with business associates and casual friends. But how many of us can get along with those we really love? (I have heard true love defined as a state which enables another person to make one unhappy.)

Here, in our personal relations with family, dear friends, and sweetheart, lies perhaps our greatest need for a mentally healthy attitude, for the happiness of the normal person is bound up in them. What would it profit a man to be president of the United States if his own son hated him? And so it is worth a very special effort to achieve success in these important, everyday things—and a very special effort it takes, too.

Photograph by Anne Shriber

The details of housekeeping can be real fun

There are several reasons why it is easier to be jovial and gay with your barber, whom you do not love, than with your wife, whom you do love. One is that your very love for your wife is an emotional condition which makes you tense in regard to her and abnormally sensitive in your reactions to her. She, on the other hand, is probably even more abnormally sensitive to you and finds it correspondingly difficult to be serene in her attitude toward you. Hence the episodes which occur in all but the best regulated love affairs.

Quite certainly the close contacts we have with our loved ones make irritation points which strain our self-control.

WHATEVER the reason, it is a sad fact that we are usually made unhappy by a person in direct ratio to the love we bear him. And that, my friends, is a sign our mental health is bad.

The controlled person has learned to manage his emotions so as to derive pleasure from those he loves and not be disturbed by the disappointing features inherent in every human relationship. Yes, there are people who can do this!

In this article we will look principally at the mental health of the family, since it must be the background in building mental health in children, our next discussion.

Don't think we are setting ourselves an impossible task in picturing a successful home. Many authorities, I know, moved by divorce statistics and the numbers of children who present problems, are moved to assert lugubriously that the home is doomed. I don't believe so. Many are, of course. Modern conditions are like a tempest in a forest. They quickly overthrow the homes that are rotten at the core, exposing the defect for the world to see. But they will be powerless to damage the sound ones.

The great hope for the family will lie in the increased knowledge we have of how to obtain full life and happiness for the individual. Too many homes in the past have been built upon the immolation of one or more members. That's just as unhealthy a condition as a rotten core in a tree, and bound to mean wrecking in this day. So as the basis of our mentally healthy family, let us look at the mental health of each member.

First the father. Now maybe Dad doesn't think he amounts to much in his own home. If he doesn't, it's his own fault. But usually that idea is a fallacy anyway, for the father exerts a tremendous influence whether by the things he does that he ought to do or by the other sort of thing. His case as an individual we have already discussed quite fully in our mental health suggestions for the business man, so we will only sketch it briefly here. He should bear in mind that his attitude toward business and money making is fully as important to his family as to himself. Indeed the man who blows out his brains because he has been too intent on financial success, or who loses his mind when he loses his money, slides very easily out of his tangle in comparison with the family he leaves behind.

SO the man with a family is under double obligation not to make business and money getting too dominant in his life. He is under special obligation, also, to observe that part of the mental health program which calls upon him to know his family and enjoy it. We suggested it before for the man's own sake. We suggest it now for his family's. For while it serves as a safeguard and outlet for the man himself, to the family it supplies one of the most important links in the health chain, since no family can be healthy which must struggle against the indifference or irritability of the father.

The mother has an even greater need to follow the rules of mental health, for her constant presence with the children makes her more of a factor (*Continued on page 54*)

Western gardeners pride themselves on keeping their flower varieties up to date. In this article

Opal Scarborough

a Los Angeles flower fancier discusses

Some of the New Roses

BACK East they speak of "June the Month of Roses" but we of the West are more fortunate. We enjoy roses throughout all of the summer months and during much of the winter as well. In advertisers' parlance you might say that we get more roses per bush than do the gardeners in other parts of the country.

Now that spring is here our thoughts are turning to the varieties we wish to buy. Theoretically we can transplant roses at any time in California, but the best results are to be obtained by planting the dormant bushes in January or February, although they can be planted to good advantage through April and May or even June. It is advisable to purchase the plants in pots or cans if planting is to be done during the later months.

A few years ago color alone would suffice to place a rose in the catalogue, today the people are demanding that roses possess something besides color; free blooming habits, as well as habits of growth are points which are now considered. People are also demanding that roses produce flowers on long straight stems; the foliage must be good, and fragrance is a very important item. The efforts of the nurserymen to produce roses possessing all of these good qualities have not been without reward. Each year we find some new and worthy variety.

A great many of our roses today belong to the Hybrid Teas (H T). These are the everblooming roses, as they bloom continuously or at brief intervals throughout the spring, summer and fall. This class includes some of our finest roses while the colors embrace every shade to be found among these plants. Perhaps no flower has been so improved of late years as has the rose. Hybrid Teas have been crossed with the Austrian Briers, with the result that we have the Pernetianas, a class including many orange and yellow tints. But because there has been so much hybridizing it is almost impossible to keep this class a separate one, and so many nurserymen are listing them among the Hybrid Teas.

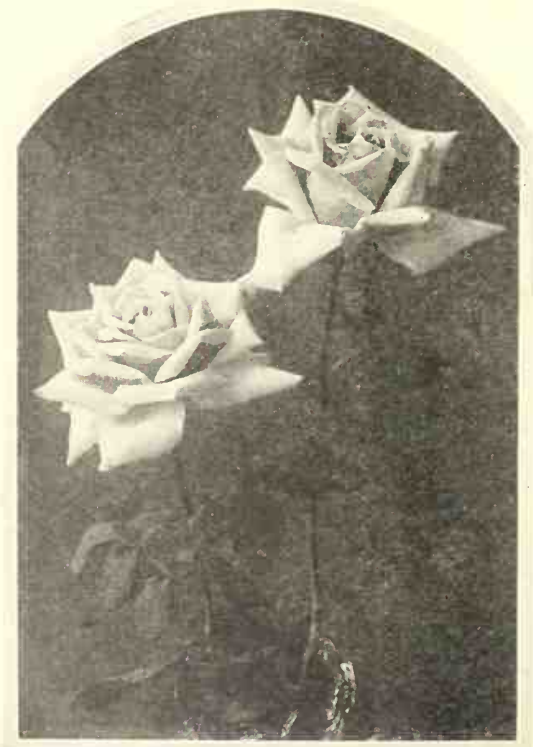
This year of 1929 brings us a most wonderful selection from which to choose; there are among them some very novel and unusual color combinations, each of which represents something entirely new in the realm of roses. All are worthy of a place in the finest collection.

The rose which has become known as "the rose without a fault" is none other than the "Dame Edith Helen" given to us by A. Dickson & Sons. In my opinion it ranks above the others. It is a beautiful shade of pink, the flowers are full and double, as well as being borne on long stems, while the bush is exceptionally vigorous.

The French hybridizer Pernet-Ducher has perhaps given us more lovely roses of late years than has any other. Just a few years ago he gave us two exceptionally good ones and named them after his two sons who lost their lives in the world war. One of these two lovely roses is "Souvenir de Claudius Pernet." It is the most popular of all yellow roses, and the yellowest of all. It was sent out from Europe as the finest ever produced on that continent. The other is the "Souvenir de Georges Pernet," a glorious deep orange pink, which is resistant to mildew.

And now we find this same Pernet-Ducher has brought us two more which are equally fine: "Angele Pernet," a remarkable new rich color, deep brownish-orange, entirely different from anything yet produced. The other is known as "Cuba," a very dazzling rose, somewhat like "Padre." The long orange scarlet buds, however, are a little deeper in color and it is a semi-single rose, very tall in growth.

"Irish Sweetness" is just as sweet as the name implies; indeed it is one of the most sweetly scented of all, while the flowers are a scarlet-crimson.



Photographs, courtesy Armstrong Nurseries

Dame Edith Helen, the faultless rose

THREE exceptionally lovely single or nearly single roses which were not given to us so recently, but which are loved by all who know them are "Vesuvius," a beautiful dark crimson, single rose, with a glorious golden center. "Irish Fireflame," another charming single rose of satiny old gold, with adorable dainty buds. Among this group we find "Lulu," an exquisite semi-single rose of coral-apricot, but with the most lovely buds of all. If you can only buy one rose this spring, I would suggest that you buy this one.

"Imperial Potentate" came to us recently from the Pacific Northwest. The color is not new (a dark rose-pink), but it is a most satisfactory rose, and pos-

sesses a delicious fragrance which is often lacking in our new varieties.

"Ville De Paris" is a clear sunflower yellow, which won the coveted Bagatelle Gold Medal in Paris in 1925. It does not fade in the hottest sun, and it is claimed to be disease proof as well as almost thornless, three remarkable attributes.

It matters but little the type of rose you choose, providing it is one suitable to your own particular locality, as well as appealing to your own sense of what is beautiful. Study the catalogues well, they are as good an encyclopedia as you can find and bring you the very latest varieties to be found. For the home owner or garden lover there is no flower which furnishes us with more joy and satisfaction than does the rose, while the new varieties which are continually coming on are ever a source of interest and anticipation.

Although roses do well in almost any good soil, the amateur should remember that they are largely dependent upon the care given them; hence they should be given a sunny exposure, and if possible a heavy loam soil; however a good sandy loam will do providing it has been properly enriched.

With proper care roses can be had in bloom the greater part of the year in California. They should be given their heaviest pruning in late winter, or while dormant. But if you have neglected this, do not prune now, but wait until mid-summer. After the first of March roses are putting forth new branches and the sap is beginning to flow. Sometimes a light pruning in mid-summer is advised even though this has been done heavily in January. A good gardener is pruning every time he cuts a flower. One grower tells us "it is time to prune the rose whenever there is a reason for it."

Roses are pruned for three reasons; first, strong growth; hence all the small twiggy growth should be removed, as well as a part of the old canes. Leave only from three to five large canes to receive all of the vitality. A pruned plant is forced to concentrate; thus we have not more growth but more bloom. Second we prune for form; always make your bushes look shapely. And third we prune for profusion of bloom.

Some roses are "tip bloomers." These should not have their canes shortened but the number of canes reduced. A general rule to follow is "cut away a good part of the old wood and shorten the new growth about one-half." This is for bush roses. With climbing roses not more than a third of the new wood should be cut back and in the case of Noisettes, Wichuraianas and similar vigorous roses, merely trim to suit position. If a sucker should appear below the bud it should always be removed.

The wise gardener is always on the lookout for rose pests and diseases. If the leaves and buds are covered with white growth and the young leaves are dwarfed and curled it is evident that your roses are mildewed. The remedy for mildew is to dust the leaves carefully with sulfur (the commercial dusting sulfur). If your rose leaves are covered with large black circular spots and the leaves are turning yellow and falling, black spot has likely put in its appearance. Rake and burn all leaves and dust bush with sulfur. Spraying with lime sulfur solution is also good.

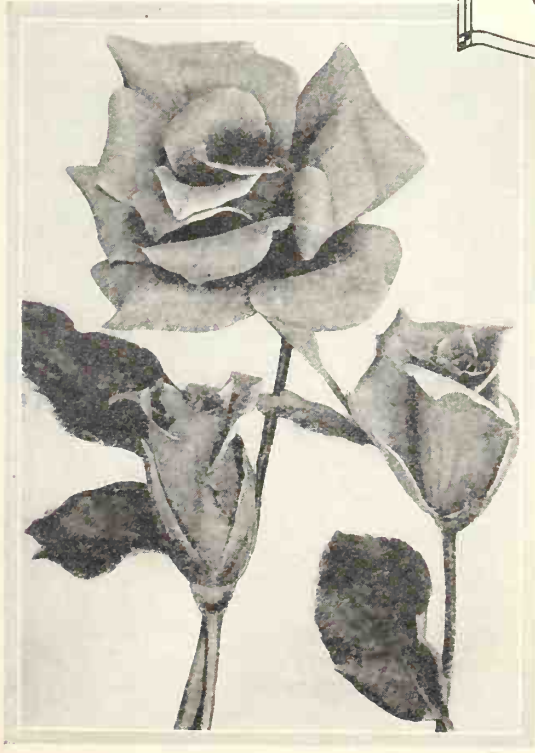
Roses require a great deal of water, especially is this true in localities where the rainfall is slight. They should never be allowed to dry out thoroughly during the growing season, but it is well to withhold watering about August to give them a rest for a month. There is just one rule in regard to watering roses that I wish I could print fast upon the mind of every home owner—*never sprinkle your roses in the evening.* How often we see the man of the house out sprinkling roses in the evening when he is home from work. A good washing off with the hose will help to eliminate the aphis and will keep the bushes clean, but do it in the morning. Roses sprinkled in the evening are very likely to mildew. Heavy night fogs also cause mildew. Trench about the plants and allow the water to soak into the ground thoroughly. Irrigation is a good method for watering.

Souv. de Claudius Pernet is a general favorite

Rose Petals

By NANCY BUCKLEY

Rose petals are as vivid birds
That flutter down
On cool grass;
And yet they sing to me
Of laughing lips
And promises so quickly,
gladly given,
But with the dawn
Forgotten . . .
So soft, so soundless,
Yet, to me, they sing!
These wounded, bird-like petals
Of old songs;
These wrinkled wraiths
Of lovely, faded dreams.



Lulu is an exquisite semi-single rose of coral apricot

A Visit to a

Cañoncita Garden

By

Ada Perry

THE "cañoncita," little canyon, is a landscape feature many garden builders have to reckon with in southern California. It has a great deal of charm in its natural state.

Part of the year the sides of the cañoncita are dry and golden brown. Down in the depths lie dark mounds of lemonade berry, the rhus, very hardy and deep green always. Other shrubs are there, too. There will be perhaps California holly and lilac, wild cherry, and surely some of the strongly odorous sumach, sage and tarweed. A flock of valley quail probably make their fall headquarters there, and the purple finches and white crown sparrows fly in at night, filling the air of the cañoncita with the sweet tinkle of their bed-time songs.

In spring there is a visitation of flowers. The dodecatheon or shooting star is suddenly fluttering its fragile petals in the grass. Yellow and white tidy tips smile up from the dampest spots. Red splashes of paint brush and monkey flower appear and the canyon wren and the brown thrasher build their nests in chollas cactus clumps.

Yes, the cañoncita is an appealing little retreat. But suppose there is one on your city lot, and you haven't room for many cultivated flowers, shrubs and trees.

Such a situation has been met by Mrs. Herbert S. Evans in San Diego with very charming results.

This gardener kept the natives of the cañoncita, and started others, matilija poppy, rusty gold Fremontia, and a California fan palm. Plenty of room was left for some desirable aliens. There is a red bud for Italy and a poplar for France; beef-wood and eucalyptus for Australia, and a flowering peach, just to bloom over a flood of ice plant.

The head of the cañoncita is shaded by the house. It has been banked with ferns and violets. Below these, where sunshine and warmth begin, are irregular shelves and ledges flooded with German iris. Not terraces, mind you. This gardener condemns them as tiresome, "like tucks on an apron."

The pergola is the crowning glory of the canyon garden. It curves around the east rim of the cañoncita bearing a glorious burden of wisteria. Beneath in the shade are cultivated tender plants such as begonias, primula and cineraria.

Walking down under the incomparable spring glory of wisteria, there is reached an outdoor balcony from which every blossom in the cañoncita may be glimpsed. The structure is cement with a wide balustrade. It is a canyon-side veranda, very restful and pleasant in the afternoon sunshine. Its designer calls it a belvedere, which in Italian means "pleasant prospect."

Sitting on the bench or in one of the chairs placed there, innumerable flower vistas open up in the cañoncita below. Heavenly blue California lilac is a mist above darker blue Spanish iris. White watsonias sway beside a tangle of rose valeriana. Clarkia is growing around the clump of matilija poppies. Freesias and montbretias flourish in many spots.

Blooming shrubbery such as orange streptosolen, white hawthorne and blue solanum surge up almost level with the balcony. Pots of cactus and aloe sit on the balustrade out of their reach. Where the pergola and the belvedere end there might have been a dry bank. But aloes grow there and a giant agave. A group of Italian cypress stands very straight and dark, each in a scooped out hollow. The dry bank has all been used.

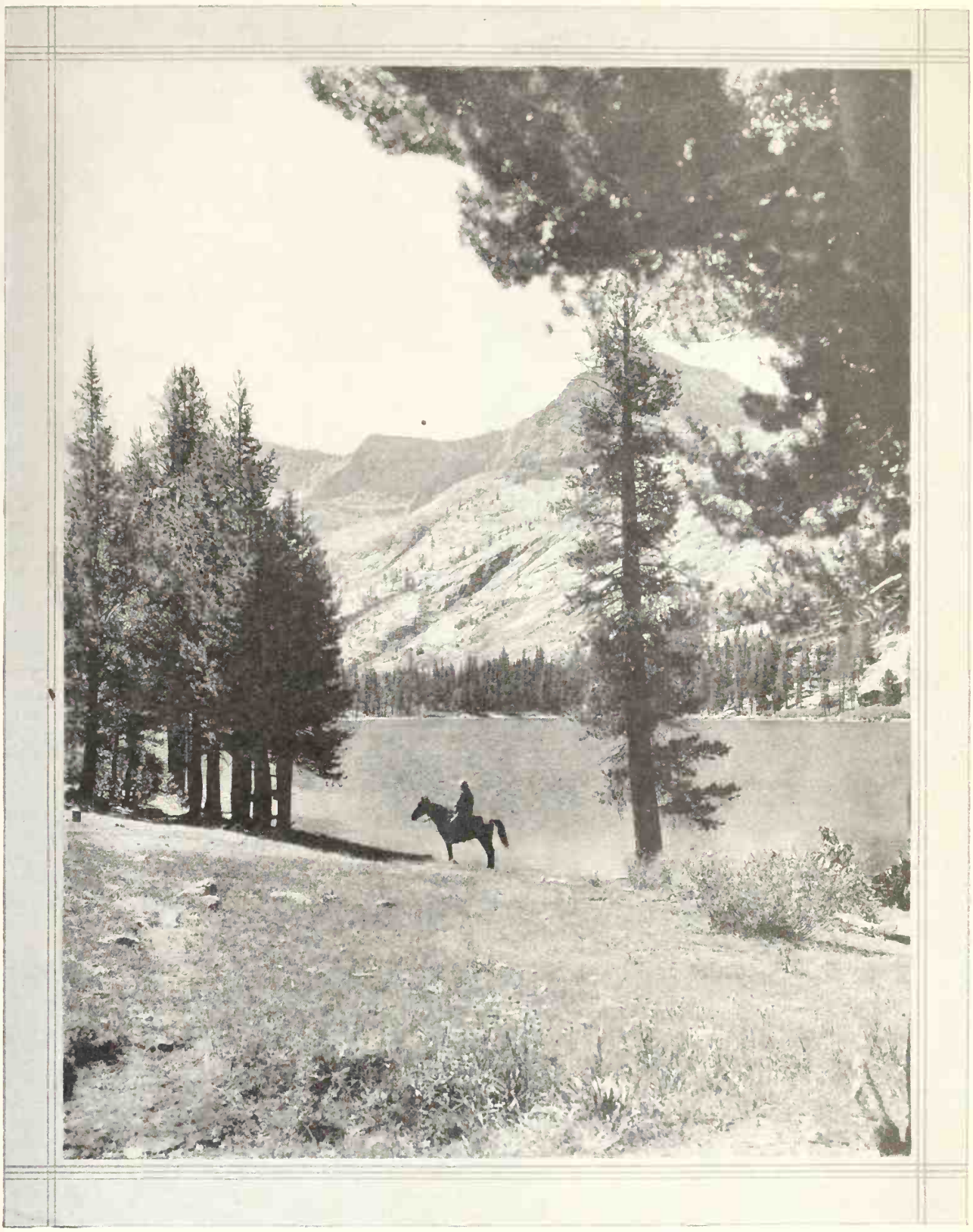
A PATH slips out of the belvedere and sidles below the pergola down to the iris beds. It is partially shady. Masses of wall flower thrive under a beefwood whose trunk is bound to the canyon side with ropes of climbing aloe.

The sweetest privilege to be granted in this garden is that of visiting the iris beds. Nearly 400 roots of the finest named varieties of German iris are thriving there. Fair Parisiana and Isoline, tall branched San Gabriel, rich Alcazar, brown Prosper Laugier. It would be the garden builder's greatest joy to wander down there beside them, but she has never set foot among them.

The belvedere has another significance. The mistress of the cañoncita and the pergola goes nowhere without a cane, and then only on the safest and most level ground. Yet her garden is often called the most artistic in San Diego.

Night closes down, covering the flower filled cañoncita with dusk. The last little tree at the mouth, the native palm, rustles its fans in the lightest puffs of breeze. Beyond it the walls part on Mission valley and the purpling reaches of Linda Vista mesa.

What do you think of the cañoncita?



Photograph by Laval Co.

"Today, all day, I rode upon the down . . .
My horse a thing of wings, myself a god."

—Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

New Utensils That Aid in Filling *the* Cookie Jar

By Elner Martin

The "fancy cookie former" works a bit of magic upon soft cookie dough

COOKIE making is not the laborious process now that it was when the week's supply was baked at one time because the wood or coal range took much firing to keep the oven at a high temperature. Rather, the making of these sweets is a pleasure when we have at our command the many little utensils devised for creating an appetite appeal through the visual sense, and now that we possess ovens quickly heated to just the degree we desire, and held at that temperature without waste of fuel, even if we wish to bake only one or two pans of cookies.

Every experienced homemaker knows that the choice of a conveniently shaped bowl has much to do with the ease of handling and mixing batters and doughs. Mixing bowls are obtainable in attractive wares, gayly colored, with bowls shaped to cream and beat easily, to be grasped firmly at the base with the left hand, if need be. This last feature is one not always scrutinized by the housewife who buys in haste, but is a feature which means much to her as she continues to use the bowl. For general use, a fairly heavy bowl is an excellent choice, for it is easy to hold firmly in one place while mixing dough.

Creaming the shortening and sugar together is greatly hastened by first combining thoroughly with a pastry flaker, after which the creaming with a wooden spoon takes almost no time at all.

Flour sifters, too, have taken on a modern air in this era of efficiency. The sifter illustrated operates easily in the left hand while the right hand is busy stirring the batter, and better still it sifts twice with one motion. Through a double sieve the flour passes as the sifter is operated by squeezing the spring-lever in the handle.

Ice-box cookies are convenient indeed. One can mix a full recipe, shape it into rolls, set them in the refrigerator, and occasionally slice enough for one or two sheets of cookies and bake them while getting dinner. I hope you have at least one cookie sheet, in just the size to fit your own oven, for this handy bit of equipment shortens the time required for baking a large quantity of cookies. Such a sheet is efficient in saving fuel, too, as more cookies can be baked in the same length of time when no oven space is wasted. Before buying a cookie sheet, measure your oven; then select a pan that will allow about 2 inches of space for good circulation of heat on all sides. Too large a cookie sheet means uneven baking.

THERE are a number of good types of baking sheets, in both aluminum and tin. All have very low or no sides at all, thus solving the storage problem, as they can be hung up flat against a cupboard wall when not in use. Cleaning is most simple since there are no pointed

With the "Sift-Chine," one hand sifts the flour leaving the other free to stir. The Androck pastry blender quickly creams sugar and shortening

corners. Naturally, these pans may be used for numerous other purposes, as baking biscuits, scones and the like.

The baking sheet pictured here has a low edge on three sides only, leaving the fourth side open to remove hard, crisp cookies easily. For making ice-box cookies successfully one should select a sharp thin knife for slicing, as the cookies are best cut paper thin. The French vegetable knife shown below is a versatile tool as it is convenient for this purpose as well as for cutting vegetables.

No longer in cooking is the short way considered the lazy way, either. Drop cookies, easy to mix and containing a little less flour than the rolled variety can be dropped from the spoon directly onto the baking sheet without further shaping. To make dropped cookies interesting, try pressing raisins, rubyettes, nuts, or candied fruit, into the top of each in miscellaneous designs.

Many and interesting are the shapes that cookies may take upon themselves

On the other hand, there are birthdays, tea parties, and special holidays when rolled cookies, perhaps cut in shapes symbolic of the day, add just the right touch. Fancy cookie cutters can be found in the shapes of shamrocks, hatchets, buffaloes, cherries, flags, turkeys, Christmas trees, Puritan hats, and countless other designs which make simple observance of special days a delight to grown-up children as well as the younger ones.

A BIRTHDAY party is scarcely a birthday party without a gingerbread man for each child present. Sweet chocolate, melted, makes eyes, mouth, buttons on coat, and other trimmings. For soft ginger cookies, a ridged rolling pin especially for this purpose gives the rough surface so dear in our associations.

A sheet of rolled dough can be quickly transformed into small square cookies, each with a raised figure of a different flower, bird, fruit or animal. This transformation is effected by pressing the board pictured at the top of this page onto a sheet of cookie dough which has been rolled fairly thin, until all impressions are distinctly made on the dough. Then with a knife cut cookies apart by following lines made in the impression and carefully lift the cookies onto the baking sheet. Very professional-looking little cakes may be made in this way.

A wide spatula, so useful in general use about the kitchen becomes indispensable on cookie day, for transferring fragile shapes from board to baking sheet without distortion.

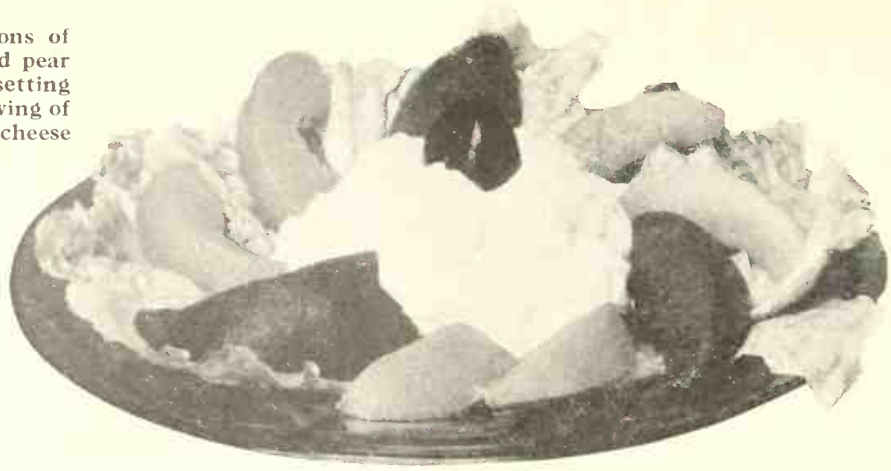
Perhaps the newest means of shaping tea wafers, rich sugar cookies, and chou paste (as for cream puffs and eclairs) is by the use of the fancy cookie former which forces the dough through the cylinder in various shapes determined by the shape of the opening in the chosen disc. This is illustrated at the upper left on the opposite page.

LITTLE wafers made in this manner, packed into small, artistic cookie jars, as shown below, make practical and welcome gifts for many occasions. A cookie jar on one's own pantry shelf may almost be classed as a necessity, for a cookie and a cup of tea will be welcomed always by the neighbor who drops in.

There are ever so many smart styles in cookie jars to be found in the shops, some with wicker handles and some without, but all with generously wide tops, permitting the storing of large as well as small cookies. The old-fashioned barrel-shape jar in a German ware, decorated with the onion pattern, is a sturdy, good-looking container. This is shown in the illustration at lower left on this page, together with a more modern cookie jar in sharp black and white design.

A word might be said as to the baking of cookies. They need quick baking for the sake of crispness, but they do burn easily and so must be watched carefully—unless one has an oven heat regulator to do the watching for her. Lacking that, however, an oven thermometer is a great help, and the family alarm clock may be called into the kitchen if one is absent-minded.

There is a decided revival of interest in cookie jars. All equipment loaned by Goldberg, Bowen & Company Household Department, C. L. Badt, manager



Alternating sections of canned peach and pear form a spoke-like setting for a generous serving of creamy cottage cheese

Photographs, courtesy of Red Rock Cheese

A Portland Home Economist Invites You to Have

Cottage Cheese Today

By

Jeannette Cramer

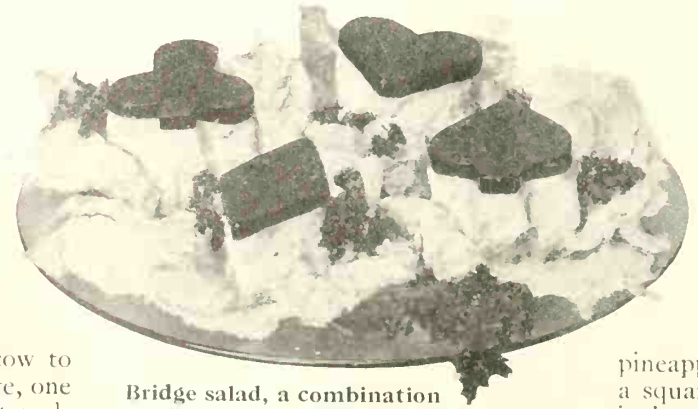
A FALSE weight is an abomination to the Lord, but a just weight is His delight. The quotation, from Proverbs, with its proper chapter and verse numbers, is plainly lettered on a neat black and white card, and displayed in the weighing room of a cottage cheese factory I visited recently.

The essence of the change in this particular branch of the cheese making industry is found right there. Old fashioned "schmier kase" was made by a haphazard method, by false weights, if you please. It was sometimes sour, sometimes not so sour, sometimes creamy in texture, more often hard and grainy. The color and flavor and texture all varied according to the accidental whims of whatever bacteria happened to be at home in the milk that day.

No wonder that cottage cheese was a homely dish, one to be served preceded by apology. But neither is it any wonder that the hostess of today rejoices in the versatility and deliciousness of the cottage cheese that may always be had to round out luncheon, dinner and supper menus. She has the "just weights" of the modern factory to thank for the change—just weights of milk, of temperature in heating and cooling it, of bacterial inoculation for the souring, ripening, pressing, seasoning and return of cream to the curd that were never suspected in the days when cottage cheese making meant letting a kettle of milk sour on the back of the kitchen stove.

Twenty-four hours from cow to cheese is a good time estimate, one that may be somewhat shortened, and during every step the changes are governed so that this morning's cheese is exactly like that made yesterday, and will be made next month or even next year at this time.

Sterile milk cultures husband the seed bacteria that will start the pasteurized milk on the road to becoming cottage cheese. They made me think of the packages of seed that I sow in my garden. Wouldn't I be foolish to think that any old kind of seed could produce pansies? Thistles and dandelions would be more likely to result. Yet for years we have let weed bacteria go right on propagating in milk and have wondered why the cottage cheese wasn't always uniformly good.



Bridge salad, a combination of cottage cheese, pineapple and gelatine, is decorative as well as delicious

We of the Pacific coast are especially fortunate. Recent convention delegates in Portland, Oregon, women accustomed to the best food that can be served, lavished praise and that highest of all compliments, the request for second and third servings, on our cottage cheese. They tried to arrange to have it shipped back home, and we, who had been taking our cheese all for granted, now look upon it with new appreciation.

We serve it on every conceivable occasion. Salads almost beyond number have the creamy, sweet cheese as a base. Simple but always popular is the bed of lettuce leaves, slice of pineapple and the cottage cheese in generous amount. Nest a spoonful of raspberry or strawberry jam in the cheese, add a cup of tea and some crisp salted wafers, and luncheon for any guest is ready. A bit more elaborate in preparation, but with the flavor essentially the same is the molded cheese and pineapple salad we like to cut in heart, club, spade and diamond shapes for bridge parties. The hostess who is her own cook and maid appreciates this, for she may make it the day before, all ready to cut and serve.

Bridge Salad (10 servings)

2 packages of lemon gelatine
1 small can (about 1 cupful) of crushed pineapple
2 cupfuls (1 pound) of cottage cheese

Drain the juice from the pineapple and add enough water to make 1 cupful of liquid. Bring to boil and with this mix one of the packages of gelatine. When dissolved, add the drained pineapple and the cheese. Mold in a square pan to the depth of one inch. Let cool. This may be hastened (*Continued on page 58*

A Versatile Tool is

The Electric Cooker

At Home and Abroad

By Ella Lehr

SPEAKING of good things being done up in small packages—ancient though the saying may be—its far-seeing originator surely must have been referring to that last word in modern "wife savers," the portable electric cooker.

A most versatile creature it is for, with the snap of a switch, it will roast, bake, steam, boil or stew, and, free from its electric connection, it may, in turn, because of its thickly insulated walls, take on the role of thermal jar, fireless cooker, or ice cream freezer! All that from a bit of equipment which weighs less than the average four months old baby, and is much more easily carried around.

The electric cooker consists in general of a nickel plated or enameled body with a seamless aluminum compartment, fully insulated walls and cover, heating elements built either into the side walls or into the base, and a terminal and cord which connects the cooker to any lamp socket or convenience outlet. It is equipped with a bail which permits it to be easily carried about, if desired.

Temperature is controlled either by switch or by terminals marked "high" and "low" which permit either rapid cooking with intense heat or long slow cookery. Naturally these terminals and terminal sockets must be kept clean and dry, as is necessary with waffle iron, toaster and other electrical devices. The cooker requires ordinary current and will fit into any home wired for electric lights. Because of its utilization of stored heat and the low wattage, the cost of operating scarcely affects the electric bill. A meal complete as to meat, vegetable and a dessert may be cooked for 1½ to 2 cents.

A generous amount of equipment may be secured to fit the cooker—aluminum utensils consisting of duplicate, triplicate, full or half size pans with tightly fitting covers and because of their compactness a meal complete from "soup to nuts" may be cooked within the cooker's well-insulated body. Racks to hold pie tins and deep round pans may be obtained. Shallow square pans and muffin tins will fit in if the cooker is turned on its side. This equipment along with bread pans, baking powder cans for steaming and other bits lure Mrs. Modern on all manner of culinary adventures, for her imagination is the only limit to the possibilities of the electric cooker.

Using the cooker as a fireless, an entire meal may be transported to a picnic and served piping hot

And the joy of it! One revels not only in the fact that it permits of a clean, cool kitchen and healthful cookery, but that her dinner may cook while she shops or chats over the bridge table. If she yields to the call of the winding road her "range" may accompany her with her meal cooked, *a la* fireless, while she rides.

Perhaps a dessert frozen without benefit of crank is the order of the day. Mousses, parfaits, frozen salads molded in coffee or baking powder cans and packed in rock salt and chopped ice are delightful variations for the endless round of "daily threes." A layer of ice is placed in the bottom of the compartment, the container with the material to be frozen is then surrounded by an ice and salt mixture—about 1 part of rock salt to 3 or 4 of ice. In 2½ to 4 hours the freezing process will be completed. (Of course no electrical connection is made!) Be sure to clean all the salt out of the cooker after freezing.

WITH equal assurance and effectiveness it acts as a hot or cold thermos food container, as a portable refrigerator, a sterilizer for surgical dressings or baby's bottles, as a water pail, a peanut roaster, deep fat frying kettle or a corn popper, to say nothing of the manner with which it bakes biscuits to a golden crusted crunchiness and cakes or pastries to a most delicious brown or produces a roast of meat or a chicken done to the proverbial "turn" with all the juices and flavor retained.

At "low heat" the temperature averages 250 degrees which permits of long, slow

(*Continued on p. 59*

Hotpoint cooker, courtesy of Edison Electric Appliance Co., Inc

A variety of pans and a useful rack accompany the cooker

Keeping Up With Nature

An Article about Spring Painting

by Helen B. Ames

IF you lived on a barren plot, within a high wall, and had to depend on your own efforts to make your outdoor surroundings attractive, the chances are that your house would never be allowed to grow dingy. You would keep it bright with fresh paint and cheerful porch furnishings, so you could still enjoy the sunshine in spite of the drab world about you. But when Nature is bountiful, how often we grow careless. Many a wonderful view has been belittled by the archway that framed it.

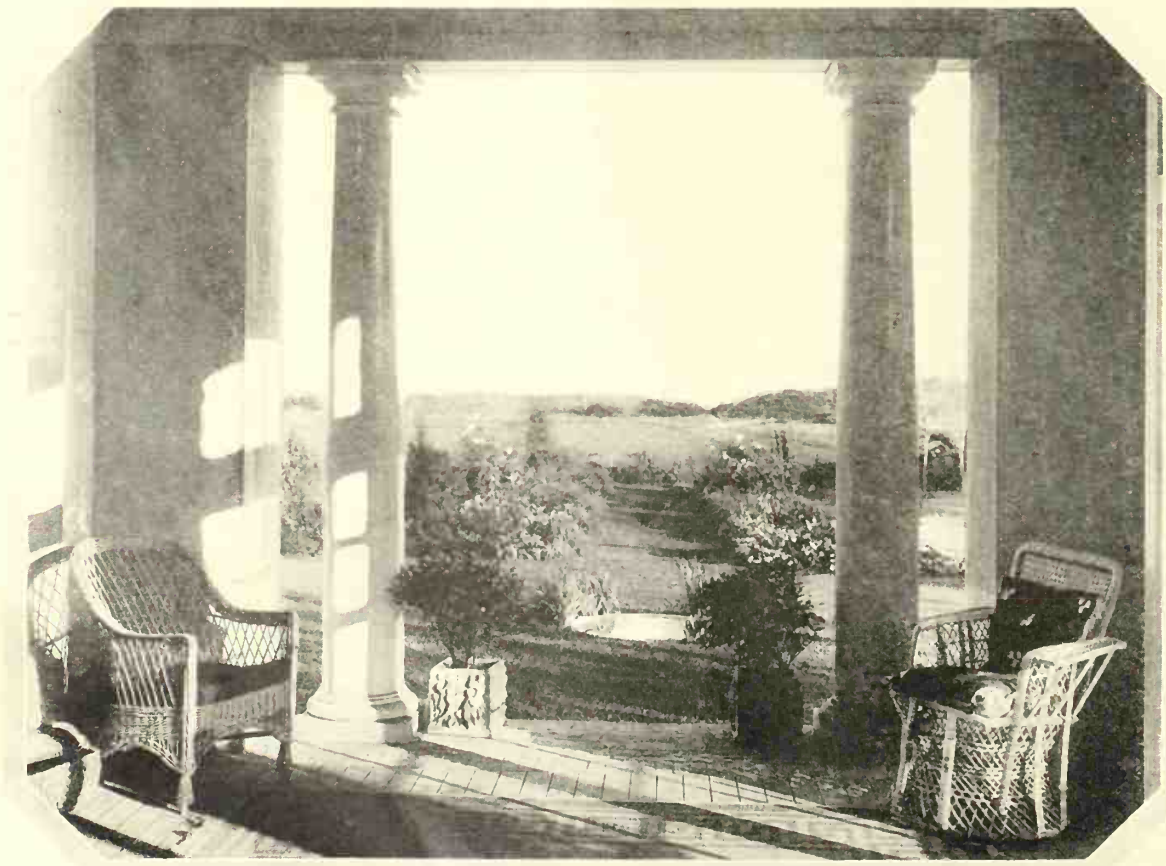
Keeping up with Nature may mean a little work, but it is worth it. In fact, it becomes less of a task and more of a fascinating pastime when we consider the endless variety of colors that are now in vogue for porch and garden furniture. Brilliant red, orange, green, blue, have taken the place of sedate dark green—once so widely preferred — and contrasting stripes make bright colors even more decorative. If you are tired of last year's colors on the porch, why not try something new this time—a deep blue with orange and a line of ebony; gray with old rose, or yellow with black.

Wicker furniture is particularly attractive painted in brilliant colors. The decoration may be merely a bright trim, leaving the rest of the chair untouched except for a coat or two of protecting varnish, or it may be any one of a number of combinations. Another variation is a series of stripes of four or five harmonizing colors around the tips of the legs and along the arms and top of the chair. The lines should be made with a pencil striper.

More care must be taken when painting wicker than on flat surfaces but if the paint, enamel, or lacquer is flowed on with a full brush instead of being stroked back and forth, there will be no danger of gumming up the crevices. A very satisfactory and efficient method for painting wicker is to use a spray painting machine. Small hand ones that operate simply are now available.

If you are in a hurry to get the work done, lacquer is recommended because of its quick-drying properties. Furniture may be used quite safely within half an hour after it has been lacquered. It requires no preparation if the surface is in good condition. This finish should not, however, be applied over a recently painted or varnished surface nor over a mahogany stain. Lacquer may be found in all the new colors. Modernistic chairs, couches and tables are appropriately painted in Chinese red or yellow. A stick willow chair of this type, upholstered in brown and tan, was suitably finished in a coat of orange lacquer.

The new four-hour enamels also make the work easier. Any type of enamel should have two undercoats, either of flat paint or enamel undercoating before putting on the final finish of enamel. From the point of durability, enamel cannot be sur-



In painting wicker furniture a spray gun is convenient

passed, and for this reason is particularly suitable for outdoor use.

And while we are talking about time-savers, here is another suggestion that will facilitate the work, where chairs and tables are concerned. Turn them upside down on a clean newspaper and paint the legs first of all. Then place them right side up and finish the job.

Many people who keep their wooden furniture in pristine condition purposely neglect the metal pieces because they like the rusty appearance. This, of course, is unwise, since rust not only corrodes the metal but is sure to rub off on the clothing. An antique effect, however, can be secured by using raw sienna or Van Dyke brown. While this is still gummy, stipple it with a brush dipped in burnt amber pigment to which a little sawdust or even ordinary dust has been added. Should you prefer a dull finish without the rusty look, a painter's Japan color is suggested; or you may obtain this effect by first using red lead or iron oxide red and then a final coat of color combined with a good quality of spar varnish. Gay colors, however, are becoming more and more popular for furniture of this kind. One important point to remember is that rust should always be removed before the furniture is painted. Otherwise the corrosion will go on underneath the paint.

Then there are the archways, the pergolas, the trellises and the fences.

Unlike the chairs and tables, they are not portable and cannot be taken indoors when the first threatening raincloud appears in the sky. Consequently, if they are to remain in good condition, they need the protection of paint or varnish even more than the furniture. Colors for lattices and gateways are of course not so daring as for the furniture, but they are more cheerful than formerly. Blue-green and apple-green are much used and yellow is often pleasing, but even the white woodwork will take on an appealing freshness if it is newly painted.

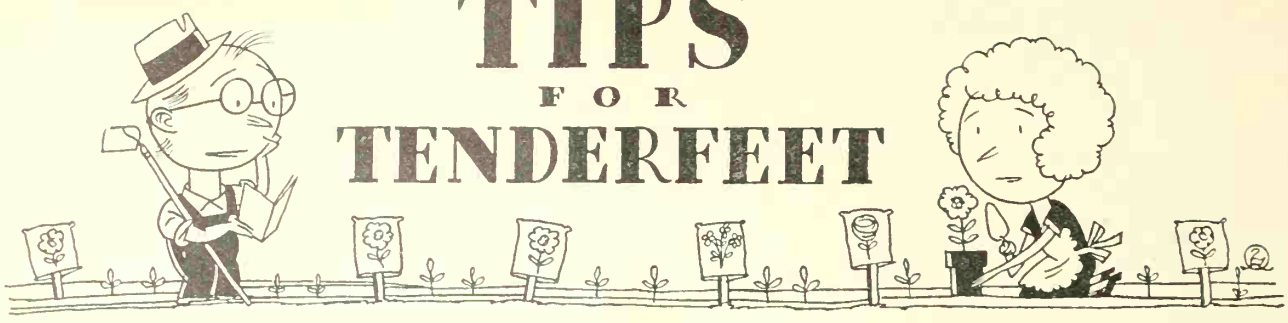
Don't overlook the children's corner when you are out with the paint brush. The see-saw and the slide, worn with the constant scraping of sturdy little shoes, are sure to need resurfacing, and the old swing under the trees has probably lost the last vestige of its original hue. The sandbox will seem like a new toy if it is dressed up with bright green—for even the smallest youngster is susceptible to bright colors.

But you can't stop with the garden when you are re-decorating the outdoor living room. The house, too, is a part of the landscape and frequently it needs attention. It may not require repainting—from three to five years is often enough for a frame house—but in between times a little touching up will vastly improve its appearance. Porches and steps get hard wear, doorways soon become soiled with fingermarks, and no amount of soap and water will restore them like a coat of paint. When painting the porch floor and steps, a final coat of exterior spar varnish will increase the durability of the finish.

Sometimes a change in the color of the shutters will give the house a new aspect. Cobalt is very effective against a gray background and the rich red-brown of terra cotta is an attractive combination for light tan.

The roof offers another chance to give new life to the exterior of your home. Often a very ordinary house will be entirely transformed by a different roof treatment. Unusual colors are now appearing on top of the house as well as on the walls—blue-gray, leaf-green, rich purple and glistening maroons have supplanted the conventional browns. Shingled surfaces may be stained in one of the new greens, a bright terra cotta, a deep maroon, wine color, and many other shades.

Even an amateur can give the iron furniture a coat of paint



TIPS FOR TENDERFEET

Contributed by

Western Gardeners

THE beautiful mauve heather which makes the biggest effect in many California gardens during January and and February, *Erica melanthera*, is a quick grower and if left to go its own way will become too tall for use as a "facer" in four or five years. The topmost branches should be cut back to keep it at the desired height, and care should be taken to cut them while the plant is in perfect bloom or immediately after. If cutting is delayed until after new growth has started the next year's crop of bloom will be impaired.

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If you buy any of the beautiful new named varieties of iris for your garden, be sure to plant them where their growth will not be interfered with by some huge and husky long-established clump of the widely grown *Iris germanica*. People often do this and later complain that their iris novelties have "reverted" to the common kind. What has actually happened is that the extremely vigorous old inhabitant has crowded out the newcomer. Irises never revert.

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The gardener who is limited in his finances should study his garden and take the line of least resistance. Having found out what plants grow well in his garden naturally, he should specialize in these. If the soil is light and sandy he must not choose plants that crave water and nourishment, for to provide these costs money. Conversely, if his soil is a stiff clay he must not try to grow plants that only do their best when supplied with leaf-mold and peat.

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What to grow under eucalyptus trees is a problem to many California gardeners. One very satisfactory plant which thrives in their shade is the Polyanthus primrose. It is not broken by the perpetually falling twigs of the eucalyptus and it seems to be able to get plenty of moisture from the surface soil, provided there is a rainfall of from twenty to twenty-five inches. In sections or seasons where it is less, winter watering will be necessary.

The gladiolus does not compete well with other growth, and should be kept free from weeds at all times. Never irrigate them until the first leaves appear above the surface of the soil, and then be quite prodigal.

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It is often difficult to secure a good stand of grass on a slope or roll. When the slope is quite pronounced, and there is danger of washing, place burlap sacking over the roll after planting, and leave it in position until the grass comes up. Then use only a fine spray until the roots become established.

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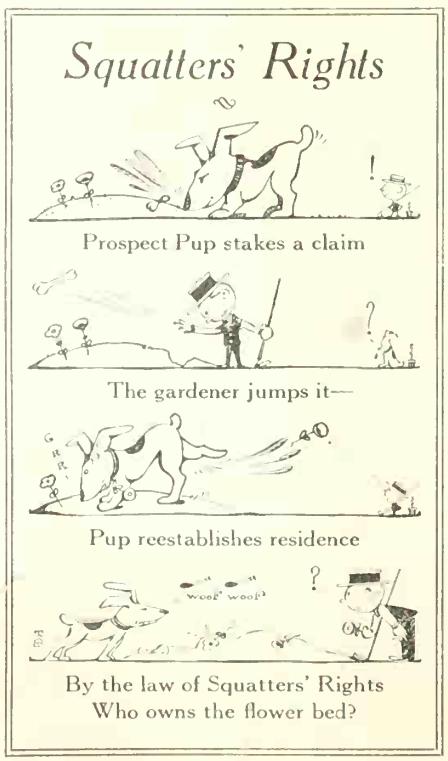
Many of the fine perennials planted at will in the Eastern garden will do best if given shade or partial shade in the West. Some of these are foxglove, campanula, primula, fuchsia, aquilegia, or columbine and agapanthus.



If you have less money than time or if you ardently desire certain bulbous plants now shut out of these United States by quarantine, remember that many bulbs can be rather easily raised from seed, best sown in flats. Freesias, sparaxis, *Tritonia crocata*, are examples of little bulbs which can be grown to flowering size in a year or two. Watsonias and gladioli hardly take more, but daffodils take from three to five years.

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Directing a strong stream from the hose on ceanothus, primroses, heucheras and other plants visited by mealybugs will often serve to discourage and even to rout these active pests, which in obstinate cases have to be treated with some such specially prepared miscible oil. Letting primroses and heucheras get too dry in summer renders them specially susceptible to mealybug.

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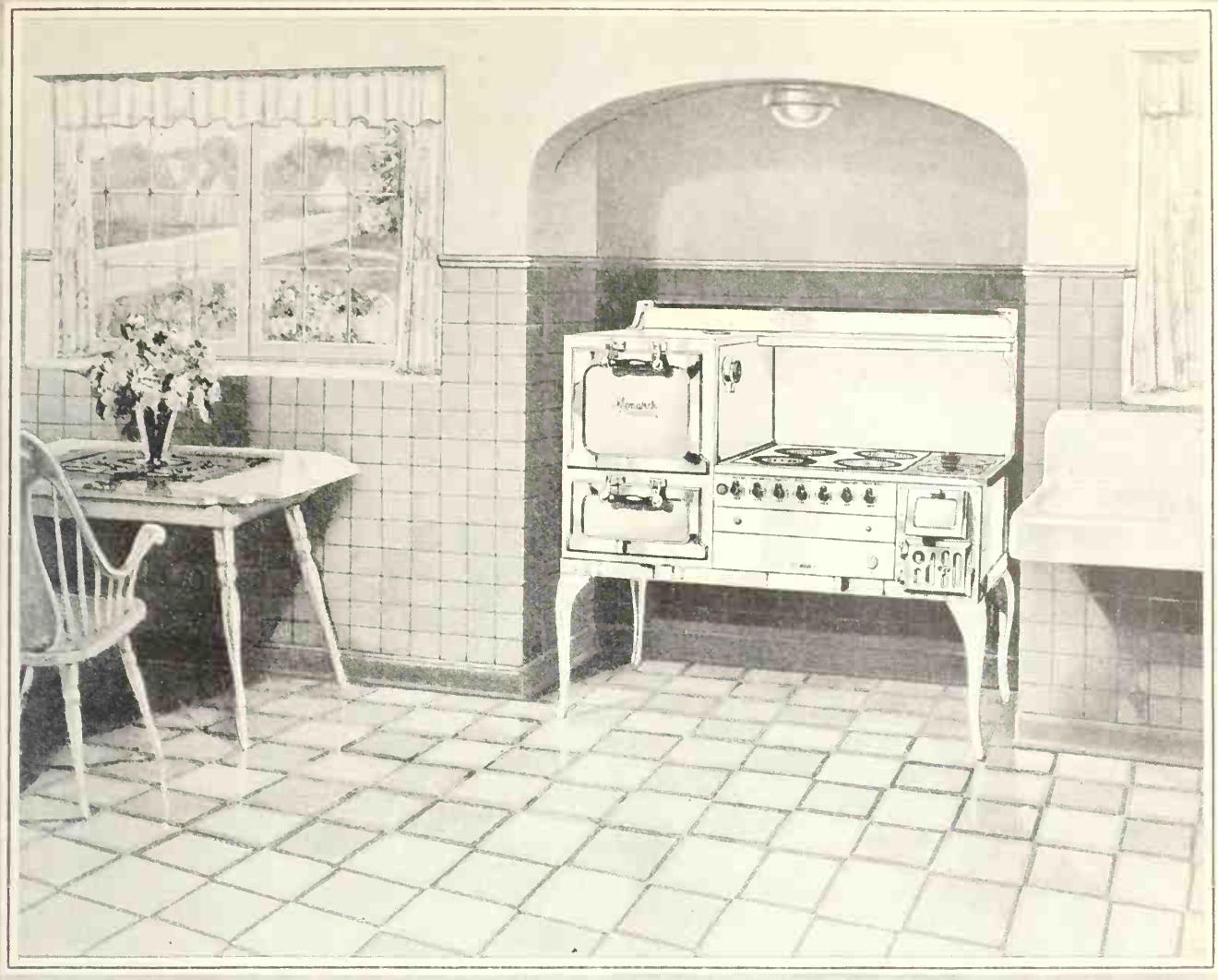
The gorgeous coloring of the new giant Dahlia-flowered zinnia will furnish interest to the garden in driest midsummer. Gardeners around San Francisco Bay are often deterred from trying zinnias because of the cold summer weather. It is well to remember that by setting out the plants under a wall which reflects the afternoon sun one can greatly increase their chances of getting their due allowance of heat and consequently thriving.

✣ ✣ ✣

Sweet peas will do their best in a deep seed bed, where the soil is open and friable, and is kept at a uniformly cool temperature. Deep rooting should be encouraged. After working up the soil to a depth of at least eighteen inches, and incorporating well decomposed stable manures, one should draw a furrow about six or seven inches deep, and sow the seed in it, first covering them with about an inch and a half or two inches of soil. Later, when the plants grow in height, the furrow can be completely filled in, thus insuring a good deep rooting.



The Secret *of* Happier Cooks *and* Better Cooking

COOK with electricity . . . on a Monarch Electric Range. That's the secret, as thousands of women have already discovered.

No wonder Monarch is the choice of the West! Long before the days of electric cooking . . . way back when your mother cooked with coal and wood, "Monarch" was a favored household name.

Quite aside from your long standing preference for Monarch, you will like this *electric* Monarch for the remarkable convenience and economy of its "Speed-Oven" and rapid heating top units. You will be delighted with its beautiful appearance . . . its enameled body in white, or Nile-Green, or Sunshine-Yellow.

If you need heat in the kitchen, you will appreciate its built-in kitchen heater, shown above, and offered in several models.

The Monarch comes in many styles and sizes. Among them you will find one that seems to be made precisely for your needs.

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ELECTRIC RANGE

Around the Modern Camp Fire

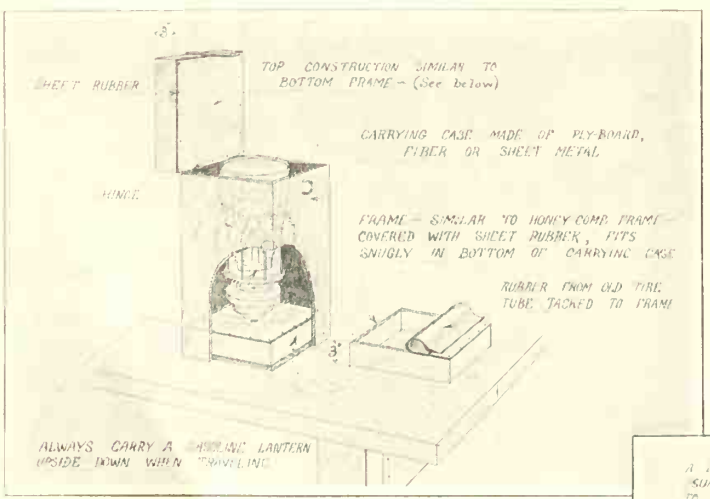
Five Ideas About Camp Lighting

By

Dick Cole

MEANS of lighting the camp is nearly as essential to the camper as means of cooking. To the autocamper the lighting problem is simplified; he needs only to lead an extension wire from a "live" connection on the instrument board of the car to a lamp bulb in the tent. However, this method makes the camp lighting system dependent upon the presence of the car. Perhaps some members of the party may wish to use the car at night, then the lighting system is disrupted. It is much more sensible to provide independent lighting arrangements.

A simple solution is to carry a small, auxiliary battery. The general adoption of "all electric" radios has thrown upon the market a vast number of perfectly good storage batteries which can be bought "for a song," as it were. These batteries are of too light construction to be rebuilt for automobile use, where the starting motor must be used, but they are entirely serviceable as lighting batteries. A 6 volt, 5 plate battery is of small bulk, and any auto electrician can mount it in a car so that it can be "charged" when the motor is running. The mere use of a secondary battery is not a highly original suggestion. The cost and size of an auxiliary battery hitherto has been the ban. Now that a suitable battery can be bought so cheaply, it behooves the camper to investigate the electric lighted lamp.


SHEET RUBBER
TOP CONSTRUCTION SIMILAR TO BOTTOM FRAME – (See below)
CARRYING CASE MADE OF PLY-BOARD, FIBER OR SHEET METAL
HINGE
FRAME – SIMILAR TO HONEY COMB FRAME COVERED WITH SHEET RUBBER, FITS SNUGLY IN BOTTOM OF CARRYING CASE
RUBBER FROM OLD TIRE TUBE TACKED TO FRAME
ALWAYS CARRY A GASOLINE LANTERN UPSIDE DOWN WHEN TRAVELING

(Left) Showing how to transport a gasoline lantern

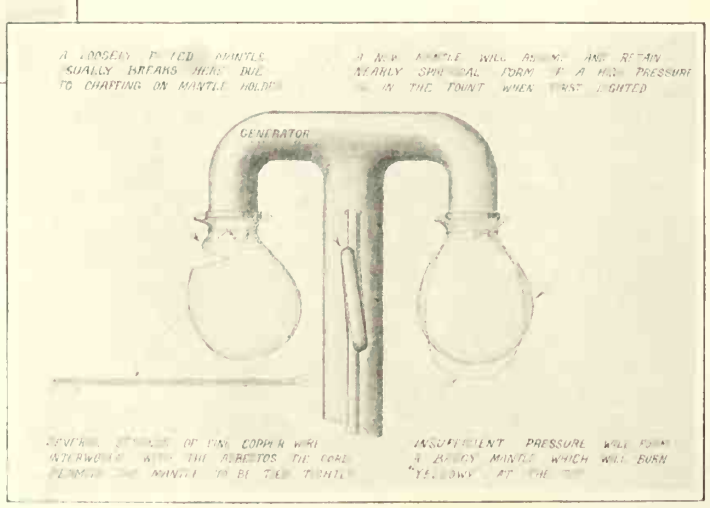
WHILE the electric light offers many advantages as a camp light, undoubtedly the modern gasoline lantern offers even more. Paramount among its advantages are its brilliancy and portability. Its one disadvantage is the frequent breakage of mantles, particularly in transit. But this can be almost entirely overcome if a little care and caution are exercised. (See cut at bottom of page.)

The salient reason for untimely breakage is due to improperly fitted rag mantles. The neck of the mantle should be gathered evenly around the mantle support and tied very tightly. Otherwise, after the cotton threads have been burnt from the rag mantle, the resultant, fragile ash will be loose and shaky on the support and a fractured mantle soon results. See sketch.

The ordinary asbestos cord in the hem of a mantle is not strong enough to permit tight tying. This can be remedied, however, by withdrawing the cord and interweaving with it a few strands of fine copper wire, such as are used in the electric cable to lighting fixtures in the house. This reinforced cord can be drawn very tightly.

The permanent shape of the mantle is formed on its first lighting after being fitted. The ideal mantle is nearly spherical in shape, and this can always be had if there is a high pressure in the tank—or fount—at the time of lighting. Low pressure will produce a baggy mantle, which will not diffuse light evenly, and also is more easily broken.

MANY autocampers bitterly complain of the abnormal breakage of lantern mantles while in transit. Indeed, some find it necessary to fit new mantles every night before the lantern can be lighted. Such a condition is wholly unnecessary. The writer has carried a pair of gasoline lanterns many thousands of miles—rough miles, too—with no more frequent replacement of mantles than would be necessary if used on a


A LOOSELY TIED MANTLE USUALLY BREAKS HERE DUE TO CHAFING ON MANTLE HOLDER
A NEW MANTLE WILL RETAIN NEARLY SPHERICAL FORM IF A HIGH PRESSURE IN THE FOUNT WHEN FIRST LIGHTED
GENERATOR
SEVERAL STRANDS OF FINE COPPER WIRE INTERWOVEN WITH THE ASBESTOS TIE CORD ENABLE MANTLE TO BE TIED TIGHTLY
INSUFFICIENT PRESSURE WILL FORM A BAGGY MANTLE WHICH WILL BURN YELLOWISH AT THE TIPS

(Right) You can protect mantles on your gasoline lantern

Never the same job twice

YES, it's the same man shaving on ten different mornings; ten different conditions of water, temperature, and nerves; ten different methods of lathering and stroking.

But his Gillette Blade meets all these changing conditions with the same even temper

So much dependable shaving comfort has been honed and stropped into this blade that eight out of ten American men have learned to expect—and get—a comfortable shave even under the worst possible conditions.

To meet that expectation Gillette has developed and perfected some $12,000,000 worth of new machines during the past ten years. They condition the Gillette Blade far more delicately and precisely than even the most skilful artisan could sharpen a shaving edge.

Conditions vary. But the Gillette Blade is the one *constant* factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

THE NEW FIFTY-BOX. Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of fives) in a colorful, useful gift chest. Five dollars at your dealer's.

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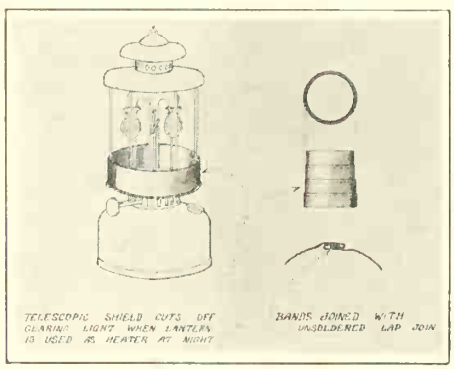
poultry farm or ranch. The secret is: carry the lantern upside down in a cushioned case. In the inverted position the fragile mantle is supported, not suspended, and is far less prone to break.

A simply constructed carrying case is shown in the sketch. The box itself can be made of ply-board, fiber or sheet metal. Or the original shipping carton can be used temporarily. In the bottom of the box is placed a square frame, like a honeycomb frame, over which has been stretched and tacked a piece of rubber cut from a discarded inner tube. The hinged cover of the case should be about 3 inches deep and covered with rubber similarly to the bottom frame. With the lantern cushioned between the rubber, breakage of mantles will be exceptional.

NOT only does a gasoline lantern provide brilliant light, but a surprising lot of heat as well. This fact often is not appreciated because the lantern is usually suspended in an elevated position. But if placed on the floor of a tent it will radiate very comfortable warmth. This is a highly desirable feature if there are small children to be put to bed in a cold tent. The glare of the light, however, may keep the "sand-man" away. This can be easily overcome by a telescopic, sheet metal shield around the lamp, similar to the collapsible drinking cup. This shield can be made of common sheet tin and soldered joints are not necessary.

This shield will be appreciated, too, by fishermen and hunters, who may wish to shut off the light without turning off the lantern. A plain, sheet metal cylinder would serve the purpose, but it would have to be removed entirely when not in use and probably could not be found when wanted. The telescopic shield becomes a unit of the lantern and is always ready for instant use.

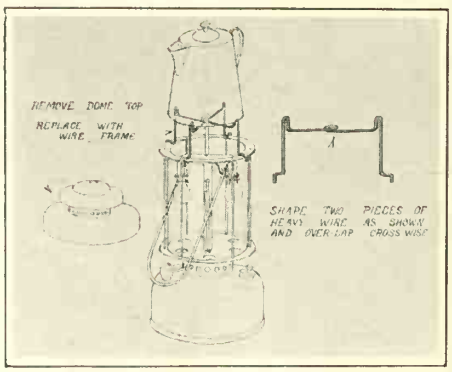


Illustrating the lantern shield

A GASOLINE lantern can be converted into a miniature cook stove for "light housekeeping in camp." For warming the baby's milk or for making a cup of cocoa before "turning in," the lantern will serve very well.

Loosening a single nut on the top permits the removal of the whole dome assembly. This is then replaced with a wire frame as shown in the sketch. Ordinary fencing wire will do. It is best to make the frame in two pieces so that it can be carried in the lantern carrying case.

In addition to the suggestions offered in this series of "tips," the makers of gasoline lanterns lay down fundamental rules for lantern operation which should be followed. Among the rules are: clean gas, clean generator tip, ample pressure in the fount and thorough pre-heating of the generator. They have omitted one very important caution, namely: do not attempt to use "ethyl" gas in a lantern or campstove. Without exception, it can not be used. Don't experiment! A word to the wise should be sufficient.



The lantern becomes a stove

Editor's Note: This is the second in a series of common sense camping articles to appear in this magazine. Next month Dick Cole, the author, will pass on some kinks which will make motor camping easy as well as fun.

Helpful Hints on Auto Camping

Get Your Copy

BEFORE you take that touring or camping trip, read this complete auto camper's guide prepared by Frank E. Brimmer, nationally-known outdoors man and writer.

Tells how to get the utmost pleasure and benefit out of your trip—at the least expense.

Tells what to take along. Gives ration lists, clothing and equipment lists, tools and extras for the car, tips on driving.

Tells how to select camps, know good drinking water, light your camp, cook real camp meals.

Tells why the Coleman Camp Stove is the finest, most convenient cooking outfit for the all-summer tourist, the two-week vacationist, or the week-end picnicker.

It's the finest book of its kind. 64 pages of helpful ideas on "the smooth way to rough it". Priced at 25 cents, and worth it, but we will send you a copy on receipt of 10 cents and the name of your sporting goods or hardware dealer. Mail coupon to the office nearest you.

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Factory and General Offices: Wichita, Kansas
Branches: PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES
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The Coleman Camp Stove acknowledged by outdoor experts as the finest camp stove made.

(CS54)

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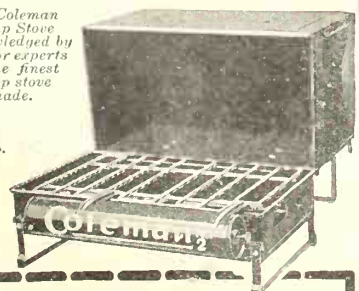

The Coleman Lamp Co. (*nearest office*) Camping Dept. SU54

Gentlemen: I enclose 10 cents. Send my copy of the Coleman Motor Campers Manual.

My Name.....

Address.....

My Dealer's Name.....

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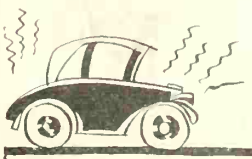


IT'S A GOOD IDEA—

to wait until the automobile is cool before washing it. The dingy appearance of many car hoods is caused by washing the car while the engine is hot.

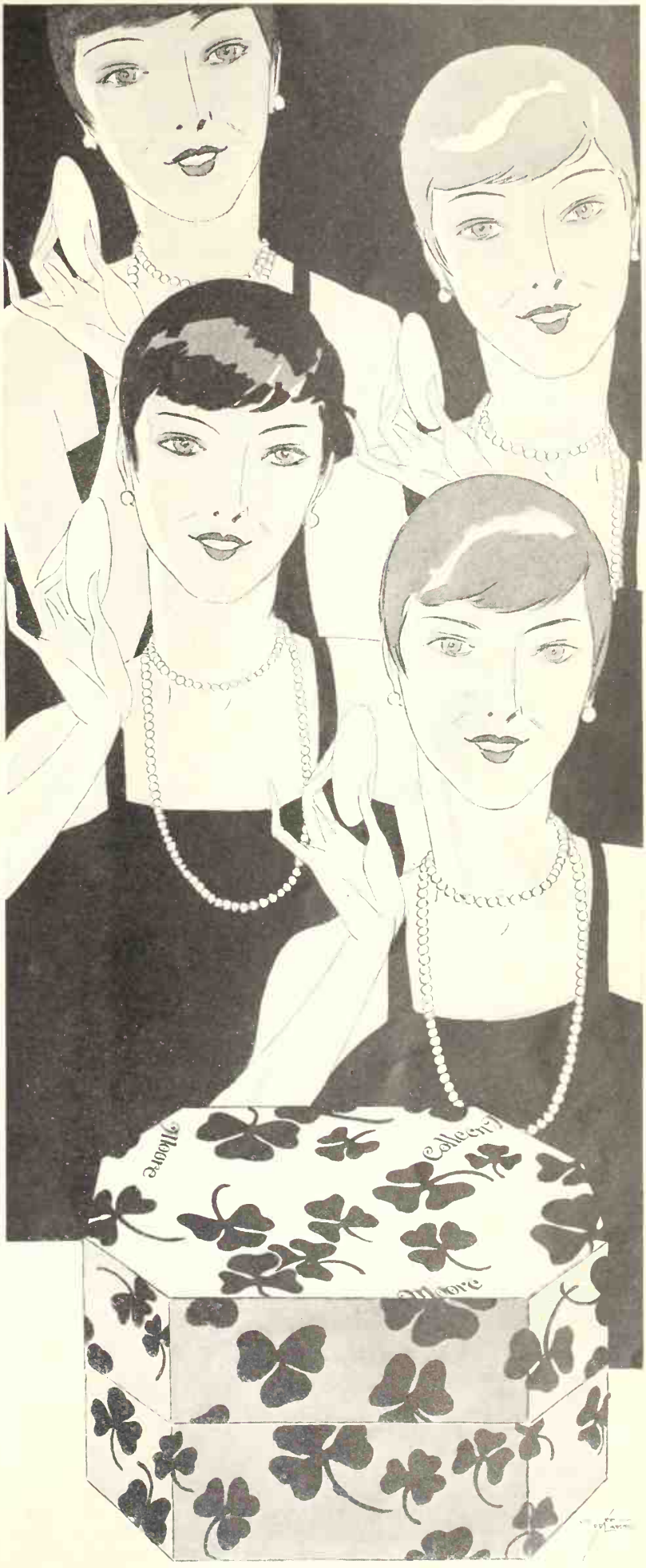
THE cosmetician, like the artist, dreams of his master creation. Darnee has given us Colleen Moore Face Powder—a finely milled, adherent powder, delicately scented, suggestive of an early morn bouquet.

A powder you can use this year, next year, and always. Blends perfectly with Blond, Brunette, or Titian beauty types.

The powder of youth.

Send 75c for the powder and 10c for packing and postage to The Owl Drug Co. or any agent . . . specify shade wanted. There's an agent for The Owl Drug Co. products near you. Ask your local druggist.

Other Colleen Moore *beauty aids are: Lip Stick, Rouge, Compact, Beauty Cream, Astringent, Perfume, Toilet Water, Talcum, Body Powder, Solid Perfume, Liquid Nail Polish and Remover, and Vanishing Cream.*



LOOK FOR THE STORE THAT DISPLAYS THIS TRADE MARK

—IT IS THE SIGN OF A BETTER DRUG STORE

The Owl Drug Co. Stores are Better Drug Stores

SAN FRANCISCO NEW YORK CHICAGO

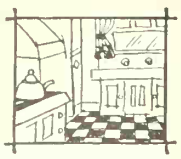
Mock Chicken Legs: Have pork and veal cut into 1½-inch cubes

And 3 or 4 of each put on skewers, alternating the two meats.

Three hours before dinner time, roll the meat in beaten egg,

Then in crushed corn flakes. Let stand about half an hour.

This month, a special prize of $5 is offered for the best receipe featuring any kind of Western grown berries—strawberries, raspberries, etc. The contest closes May 15th, and the prize-winning recipes will appear in the July issue. Address the Kitchen Cabinet, Sunset Magazine, San Francisco.



The Kitchen

These recipes are designed to be clipped and pasted on cards for your recipe file, or they may be pasted in your recipe scrap book

Mock Chicken Legs

Have the meat man cut veal and pork steak into 1½-inch cubes, allowing 3 or 4 of each for each person to be served, and put these cubes on skewers, alternating the veal and pork, having either 6 or 8 cubes of meat on each skewer, as you prefer.

About 3 hours before dinner time, wipe the meat with a damp cloth, and roll each "drumstick" in beaten egg to which 2 tablespoonfuls of water have been added, then in cornflakes which have been finely crushed with a rolling pin. (If you roll them on a piece of wax paper or kitchen parchment, you may then roll the meat in the crumbs right on the paper, thus saving the washing of one dish.) Let the meat stand about half an hour after crumbing; this causes the egg and crumbs to adhere better.

Heat a generous amount of good fat in a heavy skillet or Dutch oven, and brown the drumsticks nicely in it, turning the meat carefully so that the pieces keep their shape. When browned on all sides, add a little hot water, cover the skillet tightly, and put into a moderate oven (350 degrees) to bake for 2 hours. When done, push the meat to one end of each skewer if you like, and decorate each with a paper frill. They look considerably like chicken legs but taste even better.—Mrs. J. R. S., Owensmouth, California.

Graham Cracker Roll

1 pound of graham crackers (about 30 crackers)
1 pound of dates
¾ pound of marshmallows
1½ cupfuls of walnut meats
Evaporated milk as needed

Roll the crackers fine; stone the dates and cut them in small pieces; cut the marshmallows as fine as possible; chop the walnut meats. Mix all thoroughly together and add just enough evaporated milk to hold it together. Make into two loaves or rolls, wrap in wax paper, and chill overnight or longer. When ready to use, slice and serve with whipped cream.—Mrs. L. F., Portland, Oregon.

Best Ever Bacon

Have a well-beaten egg in one plate, and finely crushed cracker crumbs in another. Have bacon sliced thin and cut the strips in two for easier handling. Dip each slice of bacon first in the egg, then in the cracker crumbs, and brown in hot fat in a skillet. Watch and turn carefully, as it burns easily. It is so crisp and delicious, however, that it is well worth the extra bother.—Mrs. J. B. M., Porterville, California.

French Fried Onions

Slice Spanish onions and separate the slices into rings. Let stand in milk several hours. Make a batter by beating together:

2 egg yolks, beaten light
½ cupful of milk
¾ cupful of flour
¼ teaspoonful of salt

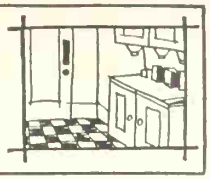
Drain off the milk from the onions, dip them into the batter, and fry in deep, hot fat (390 degrees). Drain on paper, and serve piping hot.—C. C. W., Anet, Colorado.

Red Cabbage, Spiced

1 medium sized head of red cabbage
2 tart apples
1 teaspoonful of caraway seeds
3 whole cloves
Sugar to taste
1 tablespoonful of fat
A little water
About 3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut the cabbage into shreds. Pare the apples, dice them small and add to the cabbage. Add the other ingredients and cook all together slowly until done (about half an hour). This is delicious served with roast pork or breaded pork chops.—E. B., San Francisco, California.

Cabinet ~



The prizewinning recipes in the avocado recipe contest, which was announced in March, will be found on page 56 of this issue of the magazine

Orange Spanish Cream

½ cupful of orange juice
1 teaspoonful of grated orange rind
1 tablespoonful of lemon juice
½ cupful of sugar
2 egg yolks
1 tablespoonful of gelatine
¼ cupful of cold water
1 cupful of cream

Mix together the orange juice and rind, the lemon juice and half the sugar in a double boiler. Beat the egg yolks with the remaining sugar, add to the orange juice mixture and cook over hot water, stirring until smooth and thickened. Add the gelatine which has been dissolved in the cold water, and remove from the fire. Fill the lower part of the double boiler with cold water and when the mixture has cooled somewhat, stir in the cupful of cream. Put some cracked ice into the lower part of the boiler, and beat the gelatine mixture with a cream whip until it begins to stiffen. Put into dishes or molds and let chill until serving time. Garnish with sections of orange or a bit of orange marmalade to serve. J. L. McC., Pasadena, California.

Easter Lilies

Too late for Easter this year, but appropriate to serve any time in this land of calla lilies is this interesting dessert. Here is the recipe:

1 cupful of sugar
4 eggs
1 cupful of flour
1 teaspoonful of baking powder

Beat the whole eggs to a froth. Add the sugar, beating it in well, then beat in the flour which has been sifted with the baking powder. Drop by spoonfuls on a lightly oiled baking sheet, giving each little cake sufficient room that they may not run together. (Try one or two out in advance to see how much room they require.) Bake quickly (at 400 degrees) to a golden brown. Remove each one from the sheet with a spatula or hot-cake turner, and roll immediately into cones the shape of calla lilies, wrapping each one in wax paper while still warm, so that they will hold their shape when cold. To serve, fill with whipped cream and insert a long strip of yellow gum candy to form the tongue of the lily. These are very pretty and dainty to serve at an afternoon bridge party.—Mrs. E. B. P., Cove, Oregon.

Our Favorite Sandwich

Blend peanut butter with enough water to make it fluffy, then add raisins and spread in a thick layer between thin slices of bread.—Mrs. C. H. W., Berkeley, California.

Lunch Basket Cookies

½ cupful of shortening
1 cupful of brown sugar
1 egg, beaten
⅓ cupful of sour milk
2½ cupfuls of flour
1 teaspoonful of baking powder
½ teaspoonful of soda
½ teaspoonful of salt
½ teaspoonful of cinnamon
1 cupful of finely chopped raisins

Cream the shortening and sugar, and add the well beaten egg and the milk. Sift the dry ingredients and add with the raisins to the first mixture. Roll out and cut, place on oiled pans and bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven (375 degrees). This recipe makes 50 cookies. Frost with creamy chocolate icing, made as follows:

Creamy Chocolate Icing

1½ cupfuls of sugar
3 tablespoonfuls of ground chocolate
½ cupful of milk
1 teaspoonful of vanilla
1 tablespoonful of butter

Cook sugar, chocolate, and milk together until a soft ball is formed when tested in cold water (234 degrees on the candy thermometer). Add butter and vanilla, and set aside to cool. Do not stir until it is entirely cold, then beat and stir with a wooden paddle until it becomes thin and creamy. The longer it is stirred the lighter and more creamy it becomes. Spread on the cool cookies.—Mrs. M. W. N., Ridgefield, Washington.

Brown the meat in plenty of hot fat in a heavy skillet.

Then add a little water, cover, and put into the oven.

Bake for about 2 hours at 350 degrees (a slow oven).

Decorate the drumsticks with paper frills, and serve.

Will you share your favorite best recipes of all kinds with the other readers of Sunset, through the Kitchen Cabinet? This recipe exchange is a regular department, and $1 is paid for every recipe published. Address the Kitchen Cabinet, Sunset Magazine, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco.

Mental Health Begins *at* Home

than the father and more damaging if she is not a fit companion to them. The last I mean just as I said it. A mother is not a fit companion for her children if she is nervous, irritable, nagging, no matter how respectable she may be or how much she may love them.

The mother as well as the business woman can improve her mental health if she will survey her job as a whole and concentrate upon the more important points, never letting these suffer even though minor details must be ignored.

Your own temperament will decide what these must be for your own home. The first suggestion I wrote was "to maintain a home of comfort and charm." I changed this to "a housekeeping regime that will keep the family comfortable and healthy," for I realize that some women have enough to do to maintain the physical well-being of their families, without providing charm as well. Let us compromise, then, on comfort and health, with charm thrown in wherever possible. In addition, the mother should be a pleasant and companionable wife; intelligent as a home executive, arranging her work so that she can find time for the mental and affectional needs of her children.

When any other part of her job, whether it is cooking or making beds or gardening or entertaining company, threatens one of these three main things, it is to beware lest the foundations of family happiness be endangered. Above all she must keep in mind that the details of housekeeping should be a background for these three things, never an end in themselves.

TO attain the ideal we have set for the mother, she must be physically fit. That means she must have plenty of rest and not too many hard physical tasks; she must plan her work carefully so as to conserve time and strength. Often it means that she should have more help than she does.

She will need also to have the play spirit, so that she will be a pleasant, jolly companion to her husband and children. That will have an ironical sound, I know, to the woman buried under a mountain of work. Yet intelligent management and a little extra help will turn the balance for most of us.

For that tense feeling toward loved ones of which I spoke, there is no better antidote than an outside interest. A club or two, some stimulating contact, is almost a mental

(*Continued from Page 33*)

health necessity for the housewife, as long as it is not carried too far. (It is carried too far when housekeeping and family are kept in a turmoil because of it.)

A woman who has no children ought by all means to have some vital interest aside from husband and housekeeping. The woman with children will wish to study child psychology as an essential, and as many other things as she has time for, thus broadening her horizon and increasing her value in her job.

No home can be successful unless the children take their part, too. If the father and mother are slaves to the children, the family is in just as bad a way as if the positions were reversed, and the children will suffer as much, though in a different way. Getting children to assume their share of family responsibility is one of the hardest problems before the American home today, I know, for science has taken away so many of the chores which used to fall to the children. In the well managed home some tasks must always be reserved for them, no matter how numerous servants may be, and every child should learn as soon as possible to care for its own needs.

But before this should be exacted, parents must see to it that there are arrangements which enable the children to care for themselves. Clothing that the small child can put on and take off, bathroom facilities, low hooks, cupboards for toys, all play a part in paving the way for an insistence that children dress and wash themselves, the first step toward responsibility. This ideal should be maintained throughout childhood: first, ordering conditions so that children can help, then insisting on a reasonable amount of responsibility from them, for children should contribute to the home as well as take benefits from it.

NOW we are ready to look at the family as a whole. When we have the individual members physically and mentally healthy, harmony and cooperation will follow inevitably. Each will find it a pleasure to carry his share of the burdens. And each, to stress an equally important point, will find it a pleasure to share in family play.

The happy families are the ones that play together. I was in such a home not long ago and sat at table with the four grown children and the now elderly parents. There were family jokes which were embellished and added to. They sang as the humor took them, father and mother keeping time with heads and feet to college songs whose words they did not know. One member told of a business problem, and all gave it their serious attention and proffered suggestions and advice, each as concerned as if it had been his own problem. And this spirit of helpfulness, this pleasure in each other, this fellowship, are the outgrowth of years during which parents and children have played together.

Finally, the mentally healthy family will be sound economically, whether the income be large or small. Finances have been found one of the most implacable foes of the family happiness, and the wise father and mother will escape this pitfall.

No, I cannot agree that the family is doomed. I see it instead entering a period of usefulness and success such as it has never before enjoyed in history, in which every human life can develop beautifully and happily.

Love Builds a House

Love builds a house, dear,
And fills it with joy,
Cosy and warm,
Safe from all harm,
And griefs that annoy;
Love plants a garden
Gay-colored as noon,
Fragrant with clover,
With sunshine brimmed over,
And meadow lark's tune.

My heart's gone gardening
To plant joy for you;
Its blossoms of gladness
Will banish all sadness
And scent of the rue.
My heart is building
With comfort for beams,
With garlands of laughter
For each sturdy rafter,
And windows of dreams.

—FRANCES HALL.

Another Revelation in Furniture Building

Manufacturers beginning to identify Upholstery Material with a LABEL for your guidance and convenience - *to protect you against inferior fabrics*

Now one can choose furniture upholstered in a *guaranteed quality* of Mohair Plush . . . Chase VELMO . . . a fabric so far above the average that a Label is used to identify it. This Label is the unfailing index to enduring beauty, to smartly correct designs, to genuine and worthwhile economy in moth-treated Mohair furniture coverings.

MOHAIR — woven into a pile surface — gives to VELMO a beauty and durability which cannot be equaled by any upholstery fabric not containing Mohair

And as appearance alone won't tell you whether upholstery plush is woven of Mohair or a less durable substitute, the mission of the VELMO Label is to assure you that, according to price, the very best obtainable grades of Mohair velvet upholstery have been used.

Let the salesman show you VELMO upholstered furniture . . . then purchase it with the comfortable certainty that for once you actually *know* what kind of fabric is used . . . and moreover you need not fear moth damage for VELMO is moth-treated.

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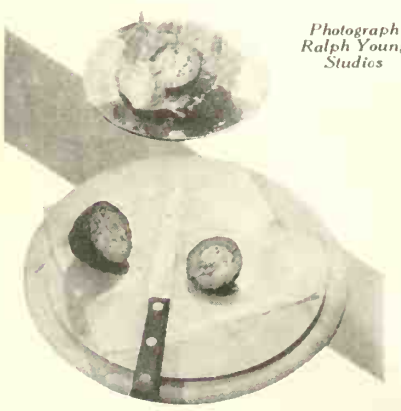
Photographs, courtesy of Calavo Growers Association

The calavo (California avocado) is a fascinating fruit, inside and out

Newcomers to the west always ask how the avocado is produced. It grows on trees



Photograph Ralph Young Studios

Avocado Surprise salad is in truth a prize way of serving this delicious fruit

Five Best Avocado Recipes

Prize-Winners in the March Contest

NOT so many recipes were received in this contest as in the February one, but every recipe was splendid, and most of the ideas submitted were quite new to the judges. Here are the chosen ones.

The first prize of $5 is given to Mrs. Henry Cook, of Hollywood, California, for her recipe for Avocado Surprise. We can assure you that this is just as good as it sounds. You will see a photograph of this salad, both in the making and in the finished state, at the lower left.

Avocado Surprise

Peel carefully a firm, ripe avocado. Cut in halves lengthwise, and remove the seed, being careful not to crush the flesh of the fruit. Fill the cavity in each half with any soft cheese (cottage, Neufchatel or pimento) mixed with finely chopped nuts, ripe olives, and chopped chives, using your own discretion as to quantities. (Two ounces of cheese, 3 nutmeats, 2 ripe olives, and 1 tablespoonful of chives will suffice for 1 avocado). Put the halves together, wrap with wax paper to hold in place, and chill. When ready to serve cut in crosswise slices and serve on lettuce with French dressing.

Avocado canape, or open-faced sandwich, submitted by Mrs. George A. Enos, of Morro Bay, California, is new and different. This recipe wins a $1 prize, as do the others which follow.

Avocado Canape

Fry slowly or broil thin slices of bacon until crisp but not brittle. Mix together ½ cupful of avocado meat, ½ cupful of finely chopped American full cream cheese, ¼ teaspoonful of salt, and pepper to taste. Put thin slices of day-old bread into the oven, near the top, until thoroughly hot but not toasted. On each slice of bread place 2 slices of bacon, and over the bacon spread the avocado-cheese mixture. Place under a low broiling flame until the cheese is melted and the edges of the bread toasted. Serve at once, with a raw vegetable salad, or a tomato and lettuce salad with chopped celery added. No butter is required for these.

Mrs. W. H. Stone, of Glendora, sends a recipe for cocktail.

Avocado and Celery Cocktail

2 avocados, peeled and cut in small cubes
½ cupful of celery, diced small
¼ cupful of mayonnaise
½ cupful of chili sauce
¼ cupful of whipped cream
2 tablespoonfuls of catsup
1 tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar

Combine the avocados and celery, and add to the other ingredients which have been blended together. Chill and serve in cocktail glasses set in a bed of cracked ice.

Mrs. John Tansey, also of Hollywood (where there are groves and groves of this fruit) sends a recipe for a decidedly new dish.

Avocado Souffle

Put the meat of 1 ripe avocado through a sieve. Beat the whites of 3 eggs to a very stiff froth; add ½ cupful of sugar and the avocado pulp, and mix thoroughly. Put into a lightly buttered baking dish, and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees), preferably setting the baking dish in a shallow pan of boiling water, for about 15 minutes, or until firm. This is a perfectly gorgeous dish when baked in individual glass custard cups. A few slices of ripe olives or a sprinkle of grated egg yolk can be added before serving to give a more festive touch. Also, if wished, a few drops of lemon juice may be added to the mixture before baking. Turn out and serve at once.

Mrs. Stelle Morris, of Carmel, suggests calavos stuffed with crabmeat—an ideal way of presenting crab cocktail or salad to your guests.

Calavos Stuffed with Crabmeat

Peel and pit calavos, preparing as many halves as there are persons to be served. Pick over and flake either fresh or canned crabmeat, and mix with Thousand Island dressing made by blending mayonnaise and chili sauce in equal parts. Place each calavo half on a lettuce leaf on a salad plate, and fill centers heaping up with crabmeat. This is delicious served as a main dish for a luncheon, chilled, on a plate with creamed new potatoes, and accompanied by hot rolls.—*The Editors.*

Physicians advise it

The majority of physicians now advise the daily use of a good iodized salt to protect children from simple goiter. Your own doctor probably will tell you that there is no safer or more certain means of preventing this frequent cause of irritability, lack of vigor, loss of appetite, and backwardness at school.

Physicians favor Morton's Iodized Salt because they know that, as a product of this 80-year-old company, it is accurately mixed. As simple goiter is exceedingly prevalent, threatening 2 children out of 3, you owe it to your youngsters to begin using this salt on the table and in cooking *immediately!* It looks no different, tastes no different, costs no more.

Morton Salt Company, Chicago

WHEN IT RAINS
IT POURS

Will You Make This Free Test?

Here is an amazing new chance for big money! A simple but startling ten-second demonstration now brings you one or more sales in every home. Now, $4 to $7 an hour is easy anywhere! Just send for details of my FREE OFFER shown below and get set to test the fastest, dizziest profit makers of your life.

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MEN, there are no "strings" to this offer. All I ask is that you make your own test of this opportunity at my risk. This is something absolutely novel and unique. It's a new kind of can opener that is radically different. Needed in every home. Patented, so there is no competition! No wonder the dollars simply roll in for Speedo representatives everywhere.

New $1,000,000 Can Opener

This almost magical little device — so small that you can easily slip it into your coat pocket — ends forever all the stabbing and hacking, all the danger and bother of old-style can openers! It holds the can—opens it—flips the top so you can grab it—and gives you back the can in a couple of seconds with the entire top completely cut out—not off—slick as a whistle!

$265 IN A WEEK
"Here is my record for first 30 days with Speedo:
June 13, 60 Speedos.
June 20, 84 Speedos.
June 30, 192 Speedos.
July 6, 288 Speedos.
Speedo sells to 9 out of 10 prospects!"
M. Ornoff, Va.

14 Orders in 2 Hrs.
"I now realize that Speedo is the best ever — sold 14 orders in 2 hours at Grand Canyon!"
J. J. Corwin, Ariz.

Women all hate the old-style can opener. They know how dangerous and troublesome it is. Imagine, then, how they welcome this startling new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful kitchen task!

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Now you can sell an article that people are anxious to buy. Prospects are all about you wherever you go. And men, here's the best part of it. We have worked out a complete, sure-fire demonstration for you that just simply "knocks all of them cold." It opens every door for you instantly—closes sales in 10 seconds by the clock—and gives you 4 orders out of every five calls!

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There is not space in this short message to go into all the sensational details of this new money maker. But I know that every wide-awake, ambitious man will see the possibilities instantly. So I now offer you the opportunity to test your profits absolutely without cost or obligation. Territories are closing fast. So take me up on this free Trial Offer today—get the facts about $75 to $150 a week. Mail the coupon at once.

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( ) Check here if interested only in one for your home.

Cottage Cheese Today

(*Continued from Page 40*)

by setting the pan in a bed of crushed ice or a large pan of ice water. When set, dissolve the other package of gelatine in 2 cupfuls of boiling water, tint it with vegetable coloring if desired, and pour over the first to form a second layer. Chill, and cut in any desired shapes to serve on lettuce leaves as individual salads. The second package of gelatine makes a clear, bright layer surmounting the first of cheese and pineapple. This lends itself well to tinting for yellow, pale green or pink color schemes.

Peaches, the luscious melba halves, also combine beautifully with cottage cheese. In a lettuce leaf bed one half rests, seed cavity up. This is filled with the cheese, and a second half of peach put on top, cavity side down. A spoonful of stiff mayonnaise and an unbroken half of walnut completes the salad.

Cottage cheese balls of varying sizes may be made to fill pears, apricots and peaches for salads. The cheese is, of course, too moist to form balls with butter paddles as the stiffer cheeses are handled. For the cottage cheese, a small square of cheese cloth is brought into play. The right amount of cheese is put in the center of the square, corners are brought together, and the ball is twisted. A few drops of moisture are thus pressed out, and the cheese ball may be lifted to its resting place. These balls, made about the size of golf balls, will lend a suggestion of the game when the foursome dines.

Canned as well as fresh apricots may be used in

Apricot Cheese Favorite

On a lettuce leaf lined plate, alternate apricot halves with sliced bananas about a mound of cottage cheese. Add whipped cream or chopped marshmallows to fruit salad dressing and pile lightly on top. Garnish with walnut meats.

Not only with fruits, but vegetables, too, cottage cheese is companionable. One popular tea room serves a delicious raw vegetable luncheon salad. Each one of half a dozen small lettuce leaf cups, nicely arranged in a soup plate, holds one of the ingredients. Grass-like shredded raw spinach, finely chopped carrot, celery, cucumber and tomato, with green pepper rings for garnish, make up the vegetable list, and in the center cup is a large spoonful of cottage cheese. Add crisp hot biscuits and tea or coffee, and an ideal summer luncheon is ready.

A midsummer salad offers another delightful combination.

Tomato Cheese Special

Scald and peel medium-sized tomatoes and cut in thick slices. Season cottage cheese with salt and pepper and lightly mix in chopped nuts and minced green pepper. Place the tomato on a bed of lettuce and cover with a tablespoonful of the cheese mixture. Over this place another slice of tomato and garnish with more cheese and mayonnaise. Finish off the salad by arranging 4 cooked asparagus tips upright against the sides of the tomato.

Not to be forgotten is cottage cheese pie. Those who have made its acquaintance know it to be a queen among pies, and those who have not may only be urged to try it soon.

Cottage Cheese Pie

1½ cupfuls of smooth cottage cheese	2 eggs, well beaten
1 cupful of finely chopped raisins	1 lemon, juice and grated rind
½ cupful of honey	¼ cupful of cream

Put the cheese through a sieve or ricer, and mix well with the rest of the ingredients. Have one large pie pan or six individual ones lined with pie paste. Pour in the filling, and bake as a custard pie, a few minutes in a hot oven (450 degrees), then reduce oven heat to a very moderate temperature (325 degrees) until the filling is set.

Not only on the tables of grown-ups, but in formulas for infant feeding, cottage cheese is taking its place. And why not? The controlled bacterial action that has taken place is very similar to the natural coagulation of milk in digestion. Some of the work has thus been done for the tiny tot who may not be able to do it for himself.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA—

to serve cod liver oil mixtures in paper drinking cups. There are then no oily spoons to wash.

The Electric Cooker

(*Continued from page 41*)

cooking so desirable for the less expensive cuts of meat.

In general, to use the cooker effectively, it should be preheated 20 to 30 minutes and left on full heat for about an equal time to sear a roast or fowl, and then reduced to low heat to develop flavor and tenderness through long slow cookery, allowing 20 to 30 minutes to the pound for the prime cuts. For braising and pot roasting an hour per pound on low heat is most satisfactory. Roasts and fowl are cooked without water. It is well to add a tablespoonful or two of fat.

For baking, preheating is again necessary. It will require 20 to 25 minutes to obtain the 500 degrees of heat necessary for biscuits and pie shells. Slightly under that time will heat the cooker sufficiently to bake pies, apples or potatoes about 450 degrees on full heat most of the time. For loaf cakes or ginger bread 15 minutes on "high" heat will bring 350 to 375 degrees, the temperature of a moderate oven. The cooker will bake just as well if placed on its side. In this way shallow square cake pans and muffin tins will fit in.

Advantage may be taken of this principle by those who would picnic on a hot lunch. The food may be placed in the cooker, the current turned on, and while the breakfast dishes are being washed, the food becomes thoroughly heated and will cook on stored heat three or four hours while you journey on. Vegetables, baked beans, soups, fricasseed meats, pot roasts or a manly mulligan lend themselves well to this type of cookery.

TO pop corn nicely in the cooker, preheat the cooker on "high" for about 15 minutes. Then put in a handful of shelled clean corn. Turn the cooker on its side with the terminal up. Gently roll the cooker back and forth. From time to time take off the cover to see how the popping progresses. Turn out, add butter and salt.

If you are popping a quantity of corn, alternate between high and low heats so that the cooker won't get too hot. That is, first pop the corn with the current on high and next time on low. With some types of cookers, a corn popper cover with a little bent rod which may be turned, stirs the corn without the rolling motion.

To keep the cooker clean, hot soap suds reduce to a minimum the need of elbow power. An aluminum cleaner will take off the stain. Cider vinegar boiled in the cooker or the utensils also acts as an effective cleaner. An ordinary silver or metal polish will keep the nickel shining and bright.

behind the "Sweet Sixteen" stands this fact . . . !

Send for the famous "Sweet Sixteen" packet of recipes if you have not done so already. (It's free!) Women all over the West have written to say how pleased they are with it. • Behind its popularity stands this fact—Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate is *chocolate in its most convenient form—one* kind of chocolate for *all* uses! It is this fact that makes chocolate recipes easier with Ghirardelli's—that insures delicious flavor in your every chocolate dish—that makes the "Sweet Sixteen" packet so popular. Say "Gear-ar-delly" to your grocer. • P. S. Write, now, for the "Sweet Sixteen" packet! It's free. Address your request to D. Ghirardelli Co., 910 North Point Street, San Francisco, California.

GHIRARDELLI'S GROUND CHOCOLATE

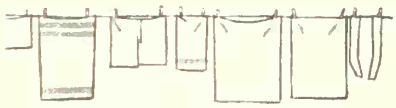
for cakes · beverages · desserts · · · ONE kind of *chocolate*

SAY GEAR • AR • DELLY

DIRTY
clothes yesterday—

wash-day today—

WHITE
clothes tomorrow—



MELO was used to soften the water, the hard city water, in which those clothes were washed. Without Melo, hard water combines with soap and makes scum. The scum collects dirt. The dirt gets in the fabric. And that's why clothes washed in hard water, without Melo, are gray, instead of white.

Water softened with Melo is a wonderful cleaner, with or without soap. No scum forms. No dirty ring around the washtubs. No grimy clothes.

As a dishwasher, Melo is remarkable. One tablespoonful cuts grease, saves hands, and makes the dishes sparkle. Two tablespoonfuls in the bathtub prevent the dirty ring from forming. Melo makes soap much more effective and saves from ⅓ to ½ the amount ordinarily used.

Melo costs only 10 cents. Buy 3 cans. Keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry and one in the bathroom. Get it at your grocer's.

The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water in your city as soft as rain water.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MEL'O

WATER SOFTENED WITH MELO IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER

Send 10 cents for a full-size package of Melo

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
Manufacturers of Sani-Flush

Good Looks *for* Every Day

By Jean Ashcroft

SOME of us are inclined to excuse ourselves rather glibly in this matter of good looks. If we are keeping house we say, "Now if I had nothing to do but work down town during the day, and could go home at night and rest, and take a bath before dinner, and give myself a good beauty treatment before going to bed, I would look just fine all the time. I would keep my nails looking well cared for, and my hair always cut when it should be, and have finger waves regularly, and ——" and so on.

If we are working in an office, we say, "Oh, how I envy these girls who stay at home, and can really take care of their looks! They can actually lie down and take a nap if they are terribly tired, and they can clean up for the afternoon and look so fresh and pretty, and they have time to send their clothes to the cleaners, and take care of their nails and——" and so on. If we are teaching school, we envy both the other classes. So it goes.

Probably the answer is that we are, after all, giving excuses rather than reasons for our neglect of everyday beauty. We go along carelessly until, at the most inopportune time always, an out-of-town friend unexpectedly telephones and asks us to meet her for tea in a smart hotel, or an immediate business trip looms up and catches us in need of a haircut and other things too numerous to mention.

I won't say any more about the business girl now, however, but will leave her problems for consideration later, and talk to the home-keeping woman this time. Not that everything can be said on that subject in one short article, either, but at least we can talk about the fundamentals of good looks for her.

It is not easy to keep well-groomed always, when there are so many, many things demanding to be done at every hour of the day. Sometimes it is possible actually to eliminate a few of the details that clutter up our time and our minds, and that tire our backs and feet and put wrinkles in our foreheads. Sometimes it is not possible; but as a first aid to beauty I would recommend the development of a calm, well-poised attitude of mind. One simply cannot look calm and lovely and unruffled when her mind is "upset" by the annoyances of every-day life.

Next, I should advise the careful planning and gathering together of the various applications that fit one's own particular needs. I know one busy young mother who has solved this problem exceptionally well, for she accomplishes a great deal every day, and yet she always looks fresh and smart, both at work and at play. Her secret, she says, is simply that she plans the care of her personal appearance as thoughtfully as she plans her meals.

HER chief aid is a good-sized box, neatly hinged and fitted with a clasp, which a clever friend decorated for her, lacquering the box a soft turquoise blue inside and out, and pasting large and small gold stars (the kind that teachers give for perfect spelling lessons) at random over the surface. The inside is divided into four compartments: one which just holds her comb and brush; one exactly the right size to hold a good supply of the soft little cleansing tissues without rumpling them untidily; one just right for her manicure kit, buffer and all; and a large compartment which holds several jars and bottles, boxes and tubes without crowding and jumbling them together. This little kit stands on a low dressing table in her bedroom, where it is invitingly convenient for her use.

Can you imagine the fun she finds in stopping for a three-minute manicure after washing the dishes, and in brushing her black hair to glistening smoothness and applying just the right amount of orange-red rouge and creamy face powder after her cold shower in the morning, before she slips into a crisp little print frock and

There's just *one* royal road to Hair Beauty . . .

—a scalp kept clear and free from Adult Cradle Crust!

ALL the tonics in the world, all the shampoos, soaps and so-called treatments ever exploited will never bring back one additional strand to thinning hair or restore one iota of natural lustre to fading locks—

Unless the underlying cause of these disfiguring conditions is first removed.

And this cause is now known to be Adult Cradle Crust. This is a gummy waste substance exuded through the pores of the scalp that hardens and forms a deeply entrenched, many-layered crust that smothers the pores and literally chokes the hair to death. Lose no time—get rid of it!

Ordinary soaps and shampoos will not dislodge this firmly anchored crust. A special, scientific method must be used. And this is just what "Hair-A-Gain" is—a simple, over-night method discovered by Georgia O. George, the nationally-known lecturer and authority on the scalp and hair to dissolve and banish Adult Cradle Crust thoroughly and effectively.

If you would know a new, tingling sensation of absolute cleanliness and healthy vitality in scalp and hair, try "Hair-A-Gain." Apply it tonight. Go to sleep. Wash it out in the morning. Then wait five days. You can actually *see* results in that time. "Hair-A-Gain" is obtainable wherever toilet goods are sold.

GEORGIA O. GEORGE
Originator and inventor of "Hair-A-Gain" Scalp and Hair Shampoo to banish Adult Cradle Crust.

"HAIR-A-GAIN"

SCALP AND HAIR SHAMPOO

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FOR SCALP CLEANLINESS

FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN

Copyrighted 1929, Georgia O. George, Inc.

goes into the kitchen to get breakfast? I am sure that this young housekeeper meets the day's trials with greater equanimity because she is secure in the knowledge that she looks well; and I am equally sure that she looks well because she is calm and unruffled. The two form an interesting little circle of cause and effect, you see.

IN addition to the contents of her magic beauty box, this intelligent person makes use of a number of beauty aids which are usually classed prosaically as "home equipment." Did you ever consider that a mop may be an aid to beauty? It certainly may, provided that it has an attachment enabling one to wring it dry without touching her hands to the water. (Don't tell me you can't get the floor clean with a mop! You can, particularly if you have a linoleum-covered floor, and if you use clean suds, and if you exercise the same care in applying the mop that you do in applying a wet cloth by hand. One needs a sense of proportion in housekeeping—and a sense of proportion says that it is better to use a self-wringing mop for the sake of the beauty of one's hands than to get down on hands and knees and spoil one's finger nails and coarsen one's hands for the sake of the supposedly greater beauty of the kitchen floor.)

There are dozens of such aids to beauty available at very small cost. Why get down on hands and knees to apply floor wax when the work can be nicely taken care of by means of the new waxers, which first apply the wax evenly and lightly, then by a simple change are converted into polishers? And why, ever, scrub heavy linens and the like on a board when the commercial laundry or the electric washing machine will do the hard, beauty-destroying work for you, to the benefit of the looks of the linens, I might say. As for dishwashing, by all means use mild soap flakes or bar soap, rather than ruin your hands with harsh, coarse varieties.

I could go on indefinitely in this vein, but enough for the present. Remember that in the matter of good looks, as in health, prevention of faults is more important than cure.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA ~

to place the opening of the bird house to the east. Birds dislike the intense sun from the south and west and the chilling breezes from the north

Lovely COMPLEXION *that nothing* will remove

WOULD you like a lovely skin? A complexion that won't come off—a radiant color all your own? Then give your system the little calcium wafer that it needs—and note the immediate improvement.

Five days will transform a muddy, blotchy, sallow complexion. From the very first day, you will see and feel the difference.

Tiny, gentle, Calcium Wafers quickly rid the system of all the impurities and poisonous wastes that cause pimples, acne, blotches and other skin blemishes. A week-end's use will work a wondrous change.

Bright, sparkling eyes! Clear, satin-smooth skin free from faults! Nails and hair alive and glossy with sound growth! And a warm flush of natural color radiating from within—refreshingly lovely color that no rouge can imitate, and nothing can remove! Try this week-end test at our expense.

FULL BOX FREE

Enough for full test—ample to prove the startling value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers—will be sent you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. C126, Marshall, Mich.

Name .....

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At All Drug Stores: 10c or 60c sizes

Stuart's **Calcium Wafers**

Setting-Up Exercises for Your FACE

LIFT SAGGING MUSCLES
REMOVE DOUBLE CHIN

Kathryn Murray's 5 Minute-a-Day Facial Exercises, by strengthening flabby, drooping muscles, quickly banish crow's feet, double chin, sagging cheeks, sallow complexion, etc., and restore in a safe, natural way the bloom and animation of youth. No massage—no lotions—no straps—no skill required. Results guaranteed. 15 years of successful use. Book *free!* Mailed in plain envelope. Write today!

KATHRYN MURRAY
Suite 574, 5 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.

when eyes burn

When exposure to sun, wind and dust makes your eyes bloodshot and causes a burning sensation, use *Murine*. A few drops of this harmless lotion speedily ends the burning feeling and clears up the bloodshot condition. Try it!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Insures Your Complexion

Keeps Your Skin Young! *Marcelle Face Powder and Cream* will bring you glowing beauty as they have to millions of women for over 50 years. Of finest quality—*Marcelle Complexion Requisites* are always sold to you with a money-back guarantee. Try them.

C. W. BEGGS SONS & CO.
Marcelle Laboratories Chicago

Marcelle
Complexion Requisites

Beauties Have Used It for 40 Years!

All this time KREMOLA Face Cream has been the most cherished beauty secret of thousands of women—proving its wonderful power to beautify and "youthify" the skin. The woman who is young and beautiful should have it; and she who is past her prime *must* get its marvelous help in strengthening tissues, smoothing lines and whitening the skin. Because of the curative, purifying qualities Kremola is remarkably effective in Eczema and other skin troubles. At your dealer's, or sent postpaid by mail. Large package $1.25. Write for free book.

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Makes the Skin Beautiful

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Chicago, Illinois

CORNS

and tender toes—relieved in 1 minute by these thin, soothing, healing pads. Safe!

At all drug, shoe and dept. stores, 35c

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

With Western Garden Clubs

Getting Ready for the Alameda County Flower Show

THE College Women's Club of Berkeley has for the past three years held a flower show of merit. This year the Berkeley Show, which will be held April 19 to 24, is expanding as to name, space and quality of exhibits.

If an exhibit is worth looking at once, it is worthy of preservation for all time. With this thought in mind, the promoters of the Alameda County Flower Show have determined to make the 1929 exhibit a permanent one. A whole block almost in the center of Berkeley is to be used and eventually turned over to the city for a park and a place for future flower shows. Aside from the leveling and fencing of the square, the beautifying will all be taken care of by the exhibitors.

The grounds are now in the hands of landscape designers who are laying off the plots in artistic style. When the design is complete a "better garden" will be the result. A rose-covered pergola with brightly laid stepping-stone paths will lead to various parts of a flower designed whole. The use of rock in combination with iris will border the paths and produce a natural beauty of grouping. Every turn will entice one to a perfect setting.

The nurseries are, as usual, on their tiptoes to get started.

One special feature at this exhibit will be made of roses growing outside. Not only will they be shown as an individual rose for exhibition purposes but an especial grouping for artistic garden effects will be found. There will be all the newest varieties, with a careful showing of adaptability to climatic conditions, as to resistance to mildew, black rot, aphis and other diseases. The exhibit of roses will be most educational as well as beautiful.

This year the committee is offering prizes for the best wild flower display, suitable for the home garden. Space has been assigned to Mrs. Helen Saul and if no one else comes in, the public is assured of a most interesting, harmonious grouping of wild growing things: pink azaleas, white dogwood, yellow erythroniums and blue brodiaea, all blending perfectly and growing from a woodsy water-flowing ravine out over a green, flowered meadow.

Best perennial borders, in actual positions of growing, will edge best grass plots and flank best plantings of unusual shrubs. Who will do this work is not yet decided, but space has been bespoken by several well known growers. Rock gardens will also be prominent displays.

A Japanese tea-house with its accompanying display of oriental iris, plants and shrubs is a little farther along than just a dream.

IN addition to the permanent display, will be that put on in a tent with a floor space of 20,000 square feet. In this tent will be the displays of the various garden clubs of Alameda County, of which there are twenty or thirty. The committee does not intend to let one escape. Already Berkeley has promised four, Oakland five, Piedmont one, and San Leandro two. This covered space will also house noteworthy exhibits. Here will be found the Stanley Dollar display as well as the exhibits from other beautiful estates. Special surprises from eastern and southern cities may be looked for here, also. The American Rose Society exhibit, a table of rare taste in beauty of form, color and leaf texture, will be in the tent as will be the table of roses displayed by amateurs. Much space and attention will be given to the wild flower exhibit. This comprises a collection from every county in California, classified and named by U. C. students under Professor Mason of the Botany Department and arranged by Mrs. L. E. Blockman. This work has been carried on by Mrs. Blockman for six years and has attained state wide attention; its educational value cannot be overestimated. Mrs. Blockman is also planning an effective outdoor exhibit of native ferns which will contain every species found in California.

Thus far the Alameda County Flower Show is in the process of getting ready and is only very much a living fact in the mind of the director or on the landscape artist's beautifully drawn plans; but so great is the faith of its friends, prizes are being offered for every group of exhibits. The committee has decided to divide these into Classes A, B, C, with Groups I, II, III, or more, to each. Class A is to take in those who sell; Class B, garden clubs, and Class C, amateurs. If found necessary, another class may be added. The sweepstake prize, the H. Morton and Sons' cup for the most outstanding exhibit, will go to the best exhibit put on by an exhibitor in Class A.

On Friday, April 19, in the evening, the show will be ready—EMILY TRUMAN

LILLY'S

SEEDS *from the North*

are sealed in trademarked packages to insure their freshness, preserve their purity, safeguard their germination and make their identification easy.

Any packet found unsatisfactory will be replaced free. Or you can have your money back.

LILLY'S PACKET SEEDS

are sold by over 500 enthusiastic western dealers

at **5c** *and* **10c**

They are proud to recommend them as the best.

Send for free catalog listing special collection offers MORCROP Fertilizers, CREBENT Lawn Seed and many other items.

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IRIS

the Rainbow Flower

Do you know its true beauty?

All that is necessary to learn the charm of this orchid-like flower is to send us your name—a post card will do—and you will receive our catalog, which describes and illustrates hundreds of these exquisite flowers.

Or, better still, visit our gardens yourself. The iris will be good bloom till late May.

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Sole Introducer of the Mohr-Mitchell Irises

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GROW *the finest* IRIS

Send today for our beautiful new illustrated Iris Booklet describing 500 new and finer varieties, anyone can grow. Many are shown in full color.

Southern California Iris Gardens
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Bulletins *for* Gardeners

THE following bulletins may be obtained by writing the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Order by number and name and send necessary amount; but do not send stamps. If no price is given, bulletins are free.

Home Bulletin (1406 F)—Garden Irises.

Home Bulletin (1547 F)—Rose Diseases.

Home Bulletin (1311 F)—Chrysanthemums.

Home Bulletin (750 F)—Roses.

Home Bulletin (1370 F)—Dahlias.

Farmers' Bulletin (760)—How to Attract Birds in Northwestern United States, 5c.

Department Bulletin (1291)—Aspen in Central Rocky Mountain Region, 15c.

Department Bulletin (797)—Commercial Dutch Bulb Culture in the U. S., 10c.

Department Bulletin (778)—Rose Midge, 5c.

Garden Pictures

Gorgeous Japanese iris, planted along the edge of a pool, show quiet purple reflections among the pink and white and yellow lilies, blending with them in a color harmony such as may be achieved with even the tiniest and most informal garden pool.

The dainty blue of the forget-me-not may be combined effectively in the border with the pastel tones of the long-spurred columbine or brighter hues of snapdragon.

12 Choice Shrubs

Enough to Landscape the Average Home $2.00 DELIVERED FREE

NO TWO ALIKE

Twelve beautiful shrubs including Veronica, Pyracantha, Escallonia, Golden Privet, Abelia, Lonicera, Leptospermum, Melaleuca, and others of equal beauty and popularity. Send $2 by check, stamps, or money-order for the entire collection, postpaid. They are all strong 1-YEAR-OLD POT-GROWN SHRUBS from 8 to 12 inches high.

NAVLET'S STAR SHRUB BARGAIN

12 berried and flowering shrubs, 1 to 2 feet tall, growing in gallon cans. No two alike. Purchaser pays transportation.....$4.00

EXTRA CHOICE DELPHINIUM PLANTS

Hybrid seedlings in lovely pastel shades. A surprise to all who set them out. *Per plant 10c, 12 for 75c, postpaid.*

1929 GARDEN GUIDE SENT FREE

Tells you what to plant, when to plant, and how to plant. Shows you how to have a successful garden every month in the year. Lists all best varieties of flower and vegetable seeds, plants, shrubs, berries, fruit trees, etc.

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Please send me your big free 1929 Garden Guide.

Name.....

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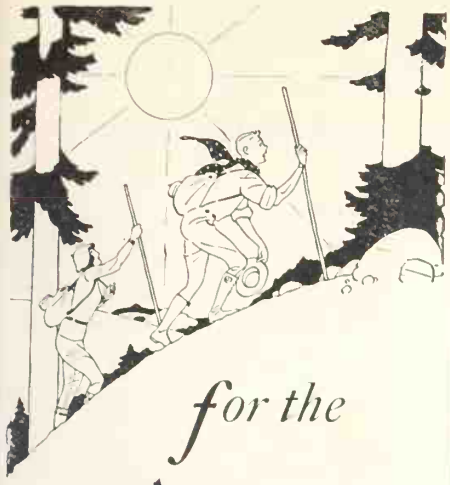
The cutworm and the slug are perhaps our worst garden marauders. I make good use of the various exterminators but in addition like to use a trap made of two ordinary cans. Take a medium sized fruit can, and sink it level with the surface of the soil. In it place another can, one that is the same height but about two inches smaller in diameter. Fill the small can with stones almost to the top, then cover this with a sweetened bran mash to make it rounded full. Then pour a heavy brine to a depth of about an inch and a half in the bottom of the larger can, to fill the "moat." Worms and slugs attracted by the sweetened bran drop into the space between cans and are destroyed.—R. G.



for the Amateur Sportsman

HIKING is nature's own sport—the first and finest. The only equipment you need is a pair of legs.

Western folks are blessed with scenic beauty at their doorsteps. A short ride in trolley, train or ferry brings you to a country road, tree-shaded, winding, soft to the feet; bordered by berries and flowers, close to the haunts of birds. Now and then you may leave the lane for a byway or blaze your own trail across country. If your road is in sight of the sea it is inspiring. In any case, it should lead through wooded, broken country with mountains, streams and valleys. Some interesting place will be your objective and you will double your pleasure by going one way and returning another.

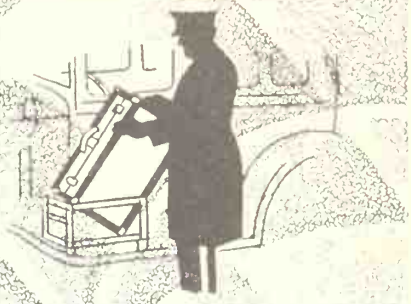
Always be good-natured on the trail and have jolly companions. Two, three or four tried and true friends make an intimate, coherent party. More invite complications, especially if wayside hospitality is desired.

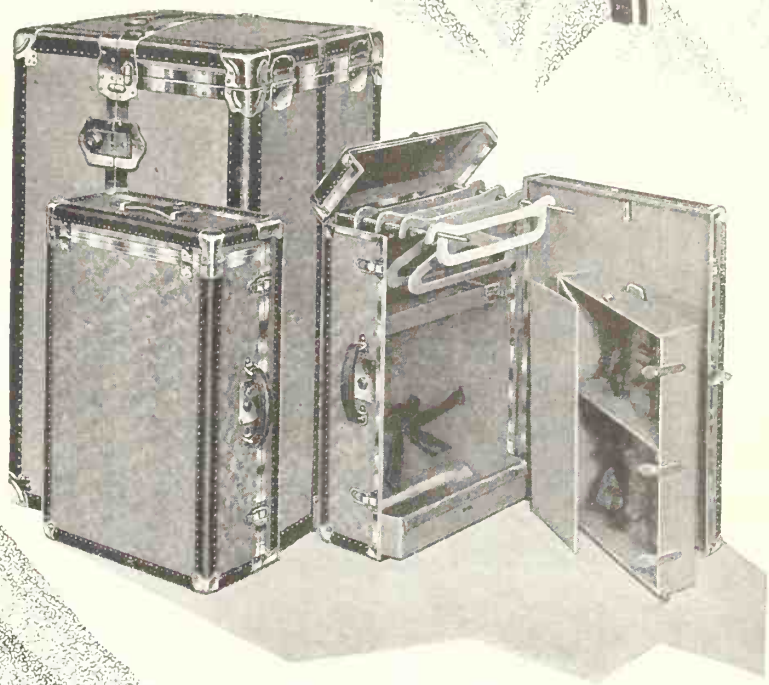
Bird lovers find May and June most interesting months for hikes of several days. Open settled country and the foothills are at their best now. If you don't mind cool nights, occasional rain and, on the peaks, soft snow, you may tackle the mountains, too. Otherwise save them for later.

Start early in the morning. Walking from south to north keeps the sun at one's back where it should be. At noon, stop, rest, swim if possible lunch, have a nap or read a bit. Resume walking in mid-afternoon and finish at five or six. Then a bath, clean togs, dinner, relaxation and early sleep. Break the routine, however, by starting into the dawn now and then or striding under the stars at night, especially during hot spells.

For speed and distance everyone is a law unto himself. When tired, rest. Unburdened, a man can do three and a half or four miles an hour. Hiking

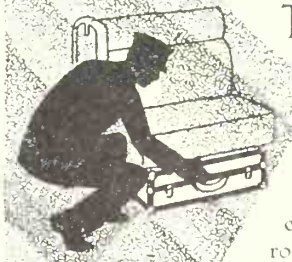
dust-proof





THE THRILL OF DISCOVERY

. . . . when you first see this.



Impressively correct, ultra-smart ultra-compact, charming, companionable . . . this Mendel Tourist that so easily tucks out of the way in the stateroom, slides under the Pullman seat, takes but little space in your car, and fits into the luggage compartment of the 'plane. Yet of such generous capacity that it holds 4 men's suits or 12 ladies' dresses . . . truly a wardrobe in suitcase size! It is a distinguished and *personalized* complement to the Mendel dust-proof Trunx that experienced travelers know so well, and the same exclusive features also render the Mendel Tourist completely dust-proof.

At your Luggage Shop or Department Store.

THE MENDEL-DRUCKER CO.,
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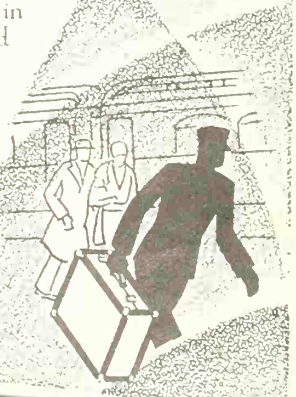
Made in Canada by THE L. McBRINE CO., Ltd., Kitchener



MENDEL TOURIST

"—the case for every travel need"

Style Illustrated $5

Greatest Barbers Tell Why They Use Rubberset Brushes

THE management of the famous New York Terminal Barber Shops, largest in the world, writes: "We use Albright Rubberset Shaving Brushes exclusively because, even with the punishment of 30 shaves a day, they never wear out, never lose a hair, and our patrons often comment on their luxurious smoothness."

Finest imported badger, gripped everlastingly in hard rubber—*supreme quality*—that is the Albright-Rubberset. An excellent brush as low as $1. For the ultra-fastidious, deluxe brushes range as high as $50. Be sure to look for the name Albright-Rubberset on brush—no others are GENUINE!

→ALBRIGHT←
MADE BY RUBBERSET COMPANY
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

ten miles in three hours each week, puts five hundred miles between you and the doctor every year. On a tour, fifteen to twenty miles in five to seven hours is all right for two days in succession, but the third day one should rest.

On a hike, eat simple food and get lots of sleep. Drink plenty of water, but do not chill yourself with cold water on a hot hike. Wells are dangerous—boiled water from streams is safest. Hot water is most refreshing after a hard hike.

For one day hikes, jump into your old clothes and be on your way. For a trip of some distance you can express city clothes ahead. Footgear is most important, thick woolly stockings and roomy shoes. Wool makes a soft cushion for the weight of the body. If wool is harsh on your skin, wear cotton undersocks.

Shoes should fit snugly to the heel and under the arch, but the forward part must be soft and wide enough to give the toes full play.

Army shoes on the Munson and Hermann lasts are fine. In hiking the feet expand, so a bigger shoe than usual is necessary. A man who ordinarily wears 9B needs 9½D on the march.

Low or button shoes are barred. Unless mountaineering, hobnails are just so much added weight and besides localize pressure that should be distributed over the whole sole.

Light and loose is the watchword for clothing. Superfluous duds should be removed as one grows warm. Some men wear long trousers on hikes, confining the legs in shoe tops or leggings. Most men and all women find knickers of khaki, duck or jean, very serviceable. Army breeches are primarily for riding and constrain the knee. Knickers are full at the knee and buckled just below it. You'll want long stockings with them, unless the bare-leg fad has hit you. Canvas puttees are best; the spiral kind is too hot for summer.

Khaki or olive drab shades show soiling least. Brighten up your outfit with a colorful necktie. A small soft crush hat that can be tucked away when not needed is ideal for man or woman. It'll be cooler if the

IT'S A GOOD IDEA

to paint every other step in painting stairs. You can then walk on alternating steps while the paint is drying.

Exit...bathroom drudgery!

SANI-FLUSH is used to make that most necessary of household tasks easier—cleaning the toilet bowl. It takes the unpleasantness out of this work. And it does its job thoroughly.

Sani-Flush reaches down into the hidden, unhealthful trap and cleans that. It banishes foul odors. Sani-Flush leaves the toilet bowl glistening, sparkling white. All so easily. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, following directions on the can. Then flush. The job is finished.

You will want to use Sani-Flush the year round. It is perfectly harmless to plumbing.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. *In Canada,* 35c.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Also makers of Melo . . . a real water softener

The man who knows Oil uses

NYOIL the SPORTSMAN'S FRIEND **Because**

It is made by the refiners of the world's best watch and chronometer oil with the same exacting care. Only the best is good enough for fine guns, reels and casting lines. As essential to their well being as the oil in a watch.

If unable to obtain Nyoil send to us direct 35c for handy cans

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Oil refiners for over half a century
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The Sanative, Antiseptic Healing Service

Unexcelled for fifty years

Soap · Ointment · Talcum · Shaving Stick
25c. each at all Druggists

crown is punctured with generous ventilation holes.

If you wear glasses, horn-rimmed spectacles are most durable.

On a one day hike, go unburdened. If you must carry a pack, make it as light as possible and stow it in a knapsack of the rucksack type.

Here are the suggested articles for a long hike:

On the belt—drinking cup.

In pockets—cheap watch, matches in case, money, handkerchief, pocket-knife (two blades, no tools).

In the knapsack—Essentials: Underclothes, stockings, handkerchiefs, mending kit, soap, comb, toothbrush and powder, washcloth, razor.

Colored glasses (amethyst preferably) are a great protection from glare.

Happy the hiker who doesn't have to carry his blanket. If one does, something of generous size and softer and lighter than the army blanket should be rolled and the roll arched upon and secured to the knapsack after the latter has been packed.

A sleeping bag may be made by covering a woolen blanket with water-proofed balloon silk. Ideally, it will be 87 inches long, 20 inches wide at the bottom, 21 at the head and 32½ at the widest point which is 45 inches from the foot. Sew together the bottom and side edges to within a foot of the top, leaving the upper strip 9 inches shorter than the lower.

In sleeping out, choose a dry, exposed hilltop. Newspapers under your blanket will keep it dry.

Carry food that is nourishing and concentrated: Rolled oats, soup powder, dried fruits and vegetables, powdered eggs and mild, shelled nuts, malted milk, raisins. Get plenty of fresh fruit, vegetables, milk and variety along the way.

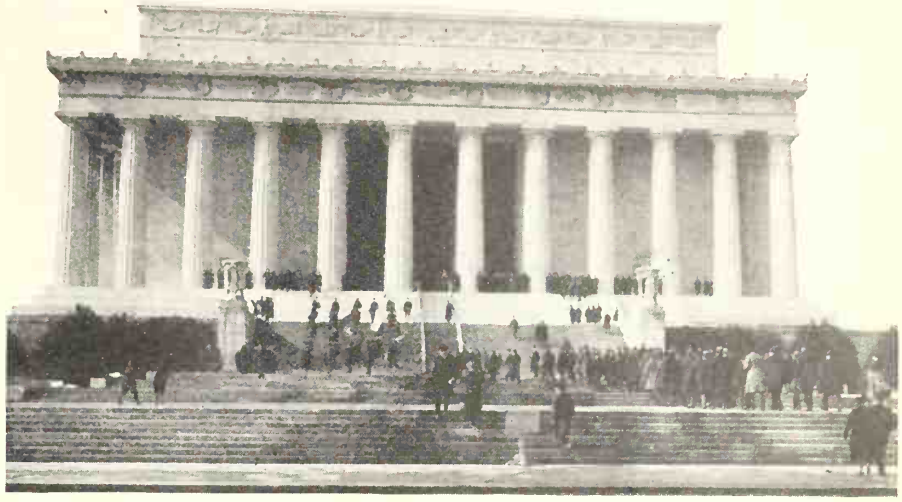
Ammonia is good for insect stings. And one last health hint:

Snake-bites are well advertised but extremely rare. If a rattler or copperhead does strike, suck the wound, cut it out with your knife and pour iodine or mercurochrome into the bite.—GERALD O'GARA.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA

to mix kerosene with saw-dust and keep on hand for starting fires quickly.

LOW FARES EAST THIS SUMMER



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... VIA OVERLAND ROUTE

You have every reason for making that proposed visit back East a reality this Summer. Below is furnished a list of Union Pacific's attractive round trip fares to Eastern and Middle Western cities and playgrounds. These fares carry the privilege of going one way, and returning another, with stopover anywhere.

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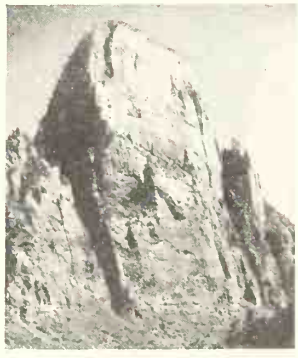

8 in all—from the Pacific Coast—a service no other railroad can offer. Travel as you choose—on de luxe extra fare 61¼ hour train, or on an all-Pullman 68 hour train, or on a train with tourist sleeping cars. Each train is a leader in its particular class. Famous Overland dining car service is a feature on all trains.

Visit Zion, Bryce Canyon Grand Canyon Yellowstone National Parks en route

See America's greatest scenic wonders on your way east. Convenient and inexpensive side trips. Their low cost will astonish you.

Specimen Low Round-Trip Fares to Eastern Points— from Los Angeles, San Francisco

Tickets on sale from May 22 to September 30. Good going and returning via same or different routes. Correspondingly low round trip fares from Portland, Tacoma, Seattle.

Atlantic City, N. J.	$153.34	New York City, N. Y.	$151.70
Baltimore, Md.	145.86	Niagara Falls, N. Y.	124.92
Boston, Mass., via Montreal	157.76	Philadelphia, Pa.	149.22
Chicago, Ill.	90.30	Pittsburgh, Pa.	124.06
Cincinnati, Ohio	110.40	Quebec, P. Q.	160.02
Detroit, Mich.	109.92	St. Louis, Mo.	85.60
Minneapolis-St. Paul	91.90	St. Paul-Minneapolis	91.90
Montreal, Que.	148.72	Washington, D. C.	145.86

Let Union Pacific Travel Experts plan your itinerary and arrange all details. Complete costs and information will be cheerfully furnished. Address

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H. A. Buck, Gen'l. Agt. Passenger Dept., Union Pacific System, San Francisco, Calif.

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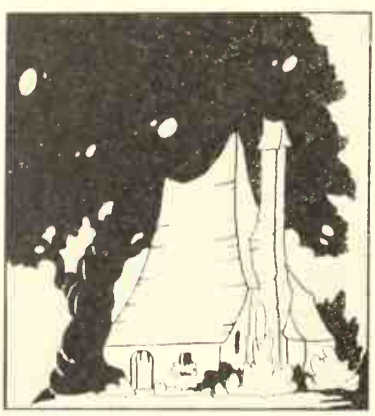
A California Housewife Looks at
The Credit Question

WHEN I was a child I had the opportunity to learn some of the insides of this "Charge It" business. My parents had a grocery store and I often helped to wait on the customers. However, where I heard the most about this credit business was not in the store itself, but from the comments exchanged over the dinner table when the outstanding events of the day were discussed in family style. There I heard so much about poor collections, and the hard luck stories of all our customers were repeated.

There was Mrs. Jones who couldn't pay her bill this month because the taxes were due. Then there was Mr. Clark who had just lost his job and they had barely enough money on hand to pay the rent. Then also there were the pitiful stories such as Harry Kelley who had just broken his arm for the third time in two years and his mother was not home from the hospital yet with her sixth baby, and nothing had been paid on their account for two months.



But those cases were not the ones that impressed me most. The ones that really led me to believe that running an account at the store was a disgrace, were the cases where no explanation at all was offered for non-payment—like the neighbor who would get all the credit she could at our store and then feel too ashamed to come near, so would make her future purchases at the store around the corner, or like the other family who bought their boy a new coaster and themselves a new automobile, yet hadn't paid anything on their account for over five weeks.

Of course, there was the bright side to these collection stories also, but they didn't make any impression on me. I grew up with the idea thoroughly instilled in me that going in debt for anything was a disgrace. My parents still pride themselves on the fact that they have never bought anything on time, although they have been married over thirty-five years.

Shortly after I started working in the bank, I opened a charge account at a local department store, and I will never forget the guilty feeling I had when my mother handed me the bills she would find each month in her mailbox. Now, after having used my credit for fifteen years, I have gradually come to see charge accounts in an altogether different light, yet because of my childhood experiences, I think I will always have a feeling of appreciation for the convenience of credit extended to me by any firm. I feel I am using their money, and I want to treat them fairly.

This subject of use and abuse of credit has always interested me very much, and the other day when I was talking to a credit manager in town, I asked his opinion of why some accounts were such "slow pay."

"Because too many people do their book-keeping on the window-sill and keep their savings in their pockets," he replied.

Credit has proved to be a blessing to us only since we have kept a simple book-keeping system in our home and have kept our savings in the bank. Ninety-eight percent of the people are honest and if they only realized the facts in the case they would not abuse the privilege of credit.

Here are a few simple rules I try to follow in keeping my credit good, for I was taught as a child that the Bible says "A good name is more to be desired than great riches."

First: Know your limit. The best way I have found to do that is to make a list each pay day, whether it be weekly, bi-weekly or monthly, of all bills that should be paid. It is surprising how different one's finances look when you get a bird's eye view of them from a budget plan. I described in detail a couple of months ago the simple budget plan we use in our home which requires so little time yet is so very efficient. Do not buy more than your income will allow. I usually carry only one installment contract at a time.

Second: Pay bills promptly. It is such a temptation to allow the little bills, such as newspaper, laundry and water bills, to accumulate just because they are small.

Third: Do not carry too many open accounts. By open accounts I mean

the accounts that are not on an installment basis, for they are the easiest to add to and the hardest to pay off. I try to pay this kind of accounts in full every month. I have also tried to limit all such accounts to a total of not over one-half a month's salary. Needless to say we have a reserve in our Household Savings Account to cover any real emergencies that may arise, but we try not to let our charge accounts come under the head of emergencies.

Here are some of the things we now enjoy and probably would not have if it were not for the convenience of the proper use of our credit: radio, piano, electric household appliances, good furniture, an automobile and two houses. Other ways in which we have used our credit is in buying stock, borrowing money at the bank and even in building up savings accounts from time to time.

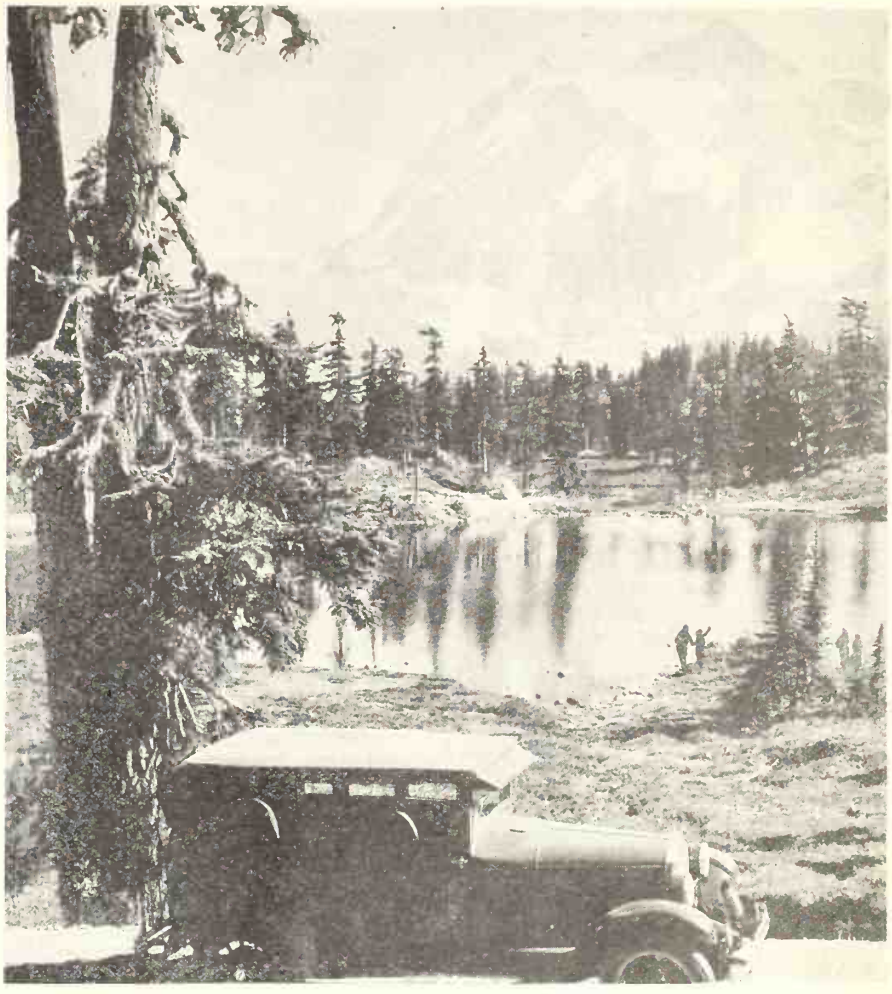
I FEEL that going in debt has been profitable to us, and should be encouraged in the homes where the housewife is willing to demonstrate to her husband that she has enough business ability in her to manage her household finances properly.

But just a word of warning to those who may be a little careless in such things. Think seriously of the influence you are having on your children; also of the countless divorces caused by the abuse of credit, and lastly of the effect slow pay has on business conditions in the whole world.

Now, after running charge accounts for over fifteen years, I am not the least bit ashamed when I say to a clerk "Charge it, please," but rather take a certain amount of pride in the fact that my credit is still good.

(This is the fourth in a series of thrift articles to appear in SUNSET MAGAZINE. Another will follow in the June issue.)

THE EVERGREEN PLAYGROUND



Picture Lake on the Mt. Baker Highway

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Writing

a source of income that many people neglect

MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that $25, $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, sports, travels, recipes, etc.—things that can be easily and naturally written, in spare time.

Mrs. Grace L. McMillan, 1345 Willamette Blvd., Portland, Ore., is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. She writes:

"Here's how I'm putting into practice some of the teachings of the N. I. A. Two weeks ago we drove down the coast to Newport for a week-end and while there I saw a very remarkable dog. I decided to write my first news story. I sent it in at regular rates and it was accepted and published in the Sunday Journal. Needless to say, the fact that it was printed almost word for word, gave me a good bit of encouragement."

Another of our student-members who tried is F. J. Wade, Box 505, Sullivan, Mo. He writes:

"After only a few months of training, I am in receipt of two checks so far this month. One was for an article for the *American Machinist;* the other was for a humorous story in the *American Merchant Magazine.*

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The Investor's Catechism

What is a stock?

A stock is a non-maturing security, certificate of which is issued to the investor at the time of purchase as evidence that he is a partner in the company to the extent of the number of shares purchased.

What is a dividend?

A dividend is the income, or interest, received from a stock, usually paid quarterly.

What is capital stock?

The capital stock of a company is the total amount of stock it is authorized to issue.

What is common stock?

Common stock is ordinarily the voting and participating stock in a company. Dividends are not paid on common stock until preferred stock is taken care of but common stock holders usually have a full profit participating interest in the business and in the case of companies earning sums in excess of regular dividends, common stock holders reap the benefit of extra, or stock, dividends.

What is preferred stock?

Preferred stock guarantees the investor a certain rate of interest to be paid before dividends on common stock are paid. When preferred stock is "cumulative," dividends not paid when due accumulate and the entire amount must be paid before the common stock receives any income.

What is convertible preferred stock?

This is stock that can be exchanged at a given time for common stock. Such an exchange is advisable if past performance of the company warrants it. Common stock may pay higher returns but there is a greater risk involved and the needs of the individual investor must determine each case. A person holding several stocks in different companies could better afford to convert some of his preferred stock into common than a person whose entire surplus is invested in one company.

Are stocks callable?

Preferred stock is often callable at a stated price. These special features

This adv. suggested by Chas. R. Mougey, Columbus, O
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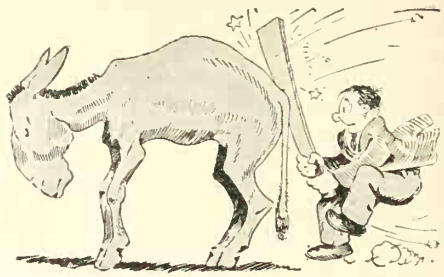

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Tell your friends about SUNSET—the magazine for families living in the West.

are stated on the face of the stock certificate and the novice will soon become familiar with such terms as voting, non-voting, callable, etc. and will come to look for them as a matter of routine in making new investments.

What is a proxy?

A proxy is a document sent to voting stock holders at the time of meetings of the company, to authorize some officer to vote for the stock holder. As individuals are rarely interested in the details of management it is customary to sign the proxy when received and return to the office of the company.

What is buying on a margin?

Instead of buying outright some speculators deposit a percentage, usually 10 per cent, of the face, or par, value of the stocks purchased with the broker. If the stock goes down they must make good, or cover, the loss so that the broker always retains his percentage. Buying on a margin has no place in the activities of the *INVESTOR*, being entirely within the province of *SPECULATION*.

What is selling short?

Selling short means selling stock one does not own with the expectation of buying at a lower price. If the price goes up, instead of down, the person selling short loses.

What is a "Bull"?

A speculator who buys stocks with the expectation of selling at higher prices is known as a "Bull."

What is a "Bear?"

One who works to secure lower prices, sells stock short, is called a "Bear."

Are stocks safe investments for the novice?

Yes—if you choose carefully a stock paying not too high a dividend in a sound company, representing preferably a necessity rather than a luxury. When you make your second selection, choose something different—in other words diversify. If your stock is going up, be contented with a fair profit, keep your principal active and reinvest.

—D. Macfarlane.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA ~

to poach eggs in milk instead of in water.

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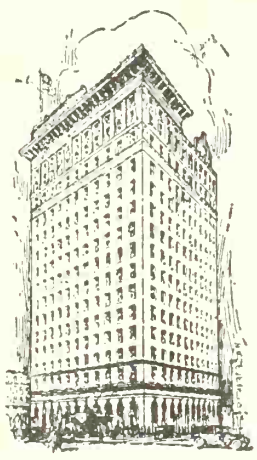

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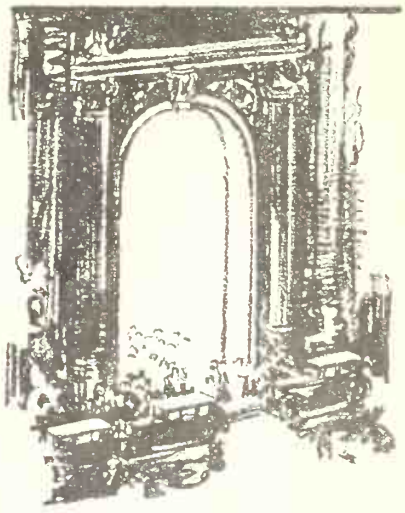

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Tall Tales

and

James Stevens

(*Continued from page 16*)

unwritten history. He has often found facts harder to track down than legends.

"There are patriarchs on the high desert of Central Oregon who could tell of ancient shootings and long nourished feuds between sheep and cattle men, but their mouths are sealed," he told me, "for those days are to them but yesterday, and it is rumored that some still fear the law for past misdemeanors.

"Outside of a few individuals who seem interested in the history of their towns, I have found people know practically nothing of the turbulent, arresting life here, more thrilling and more human and dramatic than any settlement in the history of the world." The conquest of the Oregon Country by the United States was made from the virgin wilderness and it is the only territory under the Stars and Stripes that was not first colonized under another flag. This, too, gives added historical interest to the Northwest, in the author's opinion.

Recently, he came from his home in Tacoma to live in Seattle, mentioning in his shy, unassuming way that he was going to "start soon on a new book." His casual acquaintances may have to wait until it is published to learn what it is about, but his intimate friends know they will hear very soon. For Jim is that rare person, a sociable genius. He often discusses his stories while he is formulating them in his mind.

AT a dinner party, Jim may suddenly launch forth on the plot of his last chapter, and if you appreciate the Stevens style, you cock one ear so as not to miss a word, and let the next three courses remain cold and untouched while the yarn grows more and more exciting. The hostess wonders if the Nesselrode pudding will melt before he gets through, but Jim knows how to enchant his hostess, too. He has a true logger's appetite. I have seen him devour eight pork chops with gravy and three or four baked potatoes, while the rest of us were investigating the outer frill of our artichokes. He is the joy of the cook's life. When you see the look on his face as he eats a piece of your mince pie, you feel like an artist with a real public.

For recreation, Jim plays the harmonica, or goes on a long trip. Last year, it was South America. Most of all, he enjoyed his weeks in the Argentine. He came home with a taste for

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You cannot afford to miss these worthwhile articles on home building

more brilliant neckties, but he was wearing his slouchy gray suits as carelessly as ever.

"We are being brought closer each month to the South American countries," he told me after his return. "They are using more and more of our Pacific coast lumber. The United States also leads the other nations in supplying them with credit and farm machinery. I found that the Argentines feel nearer to California, because of their Latin origin, than to any of our Eastern states."

"The west is the ideal country for a writer to live in because it is so rich in unused material." That is one of his favorite answers to those who would have him come to New York to be nearer his publishers.

When Jim Stevens peers at you solemnly through his horn-rimmed spectacles, you may not realize that he is getting ready to burst forth in a gale of his contagious laughter. His eyes curl up. His face melts into laugh-lines. Can this be the man who wrote that searching, ironic saga of the young American working stiff? You look again. Yes, this is Brawnyman.

The Butterfly Tree

A BUTTERFLY TREE is one to which butterflies retreat to hibernate during the cold weather. With folded wings they can be seen by the tens of thousands suspended from such trees as they have chosen. Sometimes the branches are literally weighted down with butterflies, clinging together there for warmth during the night and in the early and late hours of the winter months. Some of the best known butterfly trees are those on the Monterey Peninsula, near the light-house at Pacific Grove. Here within a given area the Monarch butterflies hibernate year after year. Upon first sight these suspended butterflies resemble dried leaves as they sway back and forth in the breeze, but if you chance to brush against a limb of the tree, a cloud of butterflies becomes dislodged and the air is filled with their fluttering, gaily-colored wings. Other butterfly trees in California may be found near Point Reyes, north of San Francisco.—K. A. T.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA

to have a box or foot-stool in the bath-room so the child can reach the lavatory.

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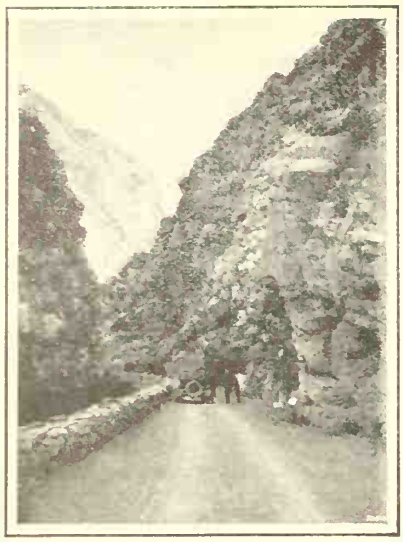

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- Speedy, Preening Ostriches
- The Mysterious Zimbabwe Ruins

Write for fully illustrated travel literature, and booklet TH-7 to

South Africa Government Bureau

11 Broadway — New York City

Sunset Travel Service

(Continued from page 9)

From here one road takes you on to Astoria, while the other leads to Olympia, Tacoma, and Seattle. From Seattle the highway goes on past Everett and Bellingham, and into Vancouver.

I am planning to go from Los Angeles to San Francisco in one of these new cabin airplanes. What is the fare, what stops are made, how long does it take, and can one see anything en route? Do you feel as though you would care to recommend the trip?—S. M. K., Whittier, Calif.

We certainly do recommend the trip. Your Travel Editor has just made it and found it to be the most thrilling and at the same time one of the most comfortable journeys he has ever experienced. The fare ranges from $35.00 to $50.00, depending upon the line you take, the faster non-stop line being as in all modes of transportation the more expensive. In the fare is included transportation from the business center of Los Angeles to the business center of San Francisco, the cartage of twenty-five pounds of luggage, and an excellent lunch. Every one on board with us confessed to having had a late breakfast, but we noticed that everyone, including ourselves, ate heartily.

Flying time between the two cities on the faster line is three hours or less. In fact, just a few days before this was written a passenger plane made it in an hour and fifty-nine minutes. Planes on the other line stop at Bakersfield and Fresno, and make the run in about four hours and fifteen minutes. The day we made the trip, the passengers not only had a perfect view of the countryside under them, but could see for miles in all directions. During a portion of the ride we had a most impressive and beautiful view of the High Sierra blanketed in snow. Under us the landscape appeared in lovely geometric patterns. Each field looked as though it were laid out with a ruler. The roads and highways might have been drawn by the sure hand of an artist, so clean-lined they were. Oddly enough, though you know you are high, you haven't the feeling of giddiness which one experiences looking down from a high building. The two pilots look so capable sitting up front, and you feel so safe and comfortable in your big roomy cabin that you sit back to enjoy the view with the feeling that for once in your life you are on top of the world.

We are sending you some folders which give an excellent idea of the accommodations found on these passenger planes and which show a number of inspiring views along the way.

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HERE'S the handiest, best-looking toilet case you ever saw. A simple solid-leather box, *minus* the tricky loops and gadgets and cubby holes which waste time and patience. You just toss toilet articles in. No packing at all . . . everything *fits*. Made of the same choice, thick solid saddle leather for which Hamley Cowboy Saddles are famous. Sewed with heavy waxed saddle thread, with corners back-stitched by hand and guaranteed not to rip. Sent postpaid. If you do not like it, we cheerfully refund your money! Hamley & Company, Saddle Makers, 114 Court Street, Pendleton, Oregon, U. S. A.

Medium	*(8⅝ x 3⅞ x 1⅞)	$ 6.00
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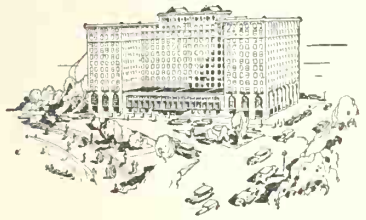
Inside measurements. Name or initials embossed on lid, 25c extra.

The HAMLEY KIT

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct



You will enjoy luxurious comfort at THE DRAKE, food unexcelled anywhere, and this unusual *added* advantage: you will be out of the noise and confusion of down-town Chicago, yet within easy walking distance of its shops and theatres. Rates as low as five dollars a day single room with bath, six double. Special discounts for extended stays. Write for Illustrated Booklet, Edition 19.

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The DRAKE HOTEL *Chicago*

"Wonders" of the West

Answers to the Questions Asked on Page 9.

1. General John C. Fremont gave the Golden Gate its name in 1848 because it so closely resembled the harbor of Constantinople, "The Golden Horn," both in shape and in its commercial advantages. The name seemed peculiarly fitting when gold was discovered the following year and San Francisco Bay became the threshold to a land of unimagined wealth.

2. Yellowstone was created the first National Park on March 1, 1872, when an Act of Congress set aside an area approximately 62 miles long and 54 miles wide "for the benefit and enjoyment of the people forever."

3. In California eighteen of the original twenty-one missions remain, whole, or in ruins. In Arizona there are two; in Texas there are six, and in New Mexico eighteen remain. A complete and delightful story of all the "Spanish Missions of the Old Southwest," profusely and beautifully illustrated, will be found in a book of that title by Cleve Hallenbeck.

4. Since 1855 there has been a light-house on Farallone Islands and a small community of people, comprising the light-house keeper and his family, have lived there. When Sir Francis Drake just missed discovering San Francisco Bay in 1579 he landed on these islands to secure a supply of seal meat. Early in the nineteenth century a settlement of Russian fur traders lived there, some of whose stone huts still survive. Between the years 1809 and 1812, 150,000 seal-skins were taken from these islands alone and sold in China. The Farallones are alive with cormorants, a sort of gull, and during the days of Forty-nine the eggs of these birds were gathered by the thousands and sold in San Francisco at a dollar a dozen. Disputes between rival egg companies led to the Government's taking over the islands and bidding all others to keep out. During Admiral Dewey's day the Farallones were set aside as a bird sanctuary. They are very difficult of access, and for weeks at a time, in bad weather, no boat can make a landing there.

5. El Camino Real extends from San Diego to San Francisco, following the trails of the padres in connecting the missions of California.

6. Creosote or Greasewood tree is called the "Medicine Chest of the Desert" because from its bright green leaves and its branches Indians still brew bitter teas and tonics, healing lotions and antiseptic washes, and remedies for rheumatism.

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Flower-blown meadows . . . . . Grenadier peaks . . . Living, mile-high glaciers . .

June—the Canadian Northland—and a *new* crest for vacation spirits!

Your train has passed monarch Mt. Robson, highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, and the towering panorama that brings you to Jasper National Park. Here is Canada's finest golf—tours and hikes with Swiss guides—fishing, swimming, canoeing—and the charm of Jasper Park Lodge.

Returning, you will see the mystic Skeena Valley, totem pole villages, the sheltered sea-lanes of the Inside Passage, and Alaska, if you wish, on an easy side-trip.

It is an ideal two-weeks' vacation and the fare will surprise you:

Round trip from Seattle, $57.65, Portland, $68.20, San Francisco, $96.70; Los Angeles, $112.00. (Proportionately low elsewhere.)

Ask at the nearest office how to include the Triangle Tour and Alaska on your next trip East. Free scenic folders.

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The Largest Railway System in America

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ADIOS

ALONG the Atlantic coast and in the middle west there are several splendid magazines devoted exclusively to articles on gardening and general home-making. Every month these excellent publications go to thousands of families, telling in detail how to build better gardens and more comfortable homes. Here in the Far West, however, where are found the most charming of houses, the loveliest of gardens, the rarest of flowers, far too little attention has been paid in print to these fascinating subjects.

SO, in response to the growing interest in outdoor life, gardening, home-building and the like, we began in the February issue of SUNSET to devote more pages to articles such as "Growing Gladiolus the Year Round," "A Gray-Shingled Home in the West," "Along the Primrose Path in Western Gardens," and so on. Judging by letters from readers we felt that these articles would be most welcome but frankly we did not expect quite the enthusiastic reception which you have accorded these new features in SUNSET. Every day the mail man brings loads of letters—letters from northern Washington, letters from southern California, letters from the mountain states—all telling how much they like the new SUNSET.

THE first letter commenting on the February issue came from a chap up in Seattle (as the advertisements say, "Name will be furnished on request") a two-page typewritten letter in which the writer says, "When I reached home this evening I found a neighbor lady chatting with my wife. The conversation soon drifted to SUNSET and the neighbor glanced through its pages. She was for years a librarian and her immediate remark was, 'My goodness, I had no idea it was such a nice magazine.' My wife did not say 'by your leave' but appropriated my copy immediately after dinner and I did not have a chance to look at it until nine o'clock. To me the great appeal in the new SUNSET comes with its atmosphere of finish. The concrete expression of this is in the cover. It seems real. The same artistic touch is in the editorial pages. Without doubt you will accuse me of attempting 'applesauce' but the triple message conveyed by combined words, sketches and photographs is the most complete touch in a very complete piece of work."

FROM the same mail bag came a fine letter from a woman in Oregon. "Congratulations on your Kitchen Cabinet," it reads. "I have spent a very enjoyable afternoon reading over the recipes, selecting those I intend to try and have filed them in my cabinet as you suggest. Beginning tomorrow I shall begin to try them on Friend Husband." We have not heard from Friend Husband yet, but many of the other husbands out here in the great open spaces have told us they are quite willing to be experiment stations for the good foods which will come out of SUNSET's "kitchen cabinet."

WE have just received our first copy of SUNSET magazine and would say that it certainly is an enjoyable number and deserves a great deal of praise. Each page turned attracts the attention of the home lover and especially one who wants to build a dream house in the West." This is the way one woman speaks of her favorite magazine.

OTHER letters say, "That was a good stroke to run the article on the home putting green in the March SUNSET—just what I have been looking for." "Where can I get hold of the fellow who drew up plans for that cabin pictured in the March issue?" And a twelve-page letter winds up by saying, "All the suggestion I can give is to make future SUNSETS as good as this February one." Every mail brings just such letters to our desks.

WE are not satisfied, though. We want more suggestions. We want every subscriber, every person who reads SUNSET to write us. We want to know what articles you like, what you do not care for; we want your ideas, your recipes, your garden tips. (You know we pay for all such contributions that we are able to use.) We want to prove that here in the West there are enough people interested in gardening, in building comfortable homes, in traveling, in enjoying the outdoors and in living healthy, happy lives to build a magazine such as SUNSET plans to be. This is the end of the page, the last page of the May issue; but it is just the beginning of bigger and better SUNSETS. Adios for another month.—*The Editors.*

P.S.—Isn't the cover fine this month? By trimming off the lettering you will have a striking picture worth framing.

It always Happens★

Thousands of Mothers . . . have the delight at every feeding time of seeing the empty bottle held high—a boast of happiness and health and vigorous growth. They give their babies Pet Milk. The quality of the milk assures the happy result. Every feeding is as easily digested as mother's milk could be. Every drop contains all the food substances that nature requires for growing bodies. Every drop is free from anything that could endanger health.

It Isn't An Accident . . . These qualities are produced by scientific method in the preparation of Pet Milk. And yet it is just milk—no substance added to the pure milk—only the *qualities* of sure and uniform richness, of certain safety and of easy digestibility are added to it. The cost is no more than for ordinary milk.

Makes The Feeding Simple And Easy . . . When you *know* the milk is safe and wholesome, your biggest problem's solved. But Pet Milk does more than solve that problem. It makes the preparation of the feedings simple and easy. You can prepare the whole day's feedings at once. They will keep fresh and sweet through the day.

Let us send you information . . . about unusual equipment that we'll furnish at special price. It will make the work of preparing baby's food for the whole day a task of only a few minutes. We'll send you also, free of charge, our book on Pet Milk for babies.

PET MILK SALES CORPORATION
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JUNE 1929

SUNSET

Lane Publishing Company ~ San Francisco

Months ago··· *These Shell Research Men* Were Asked a Question···

"Can you develop a BETTER line of household products than any now offered the public?"

TODAY THEY HAVE THEIR ANSWERS READY

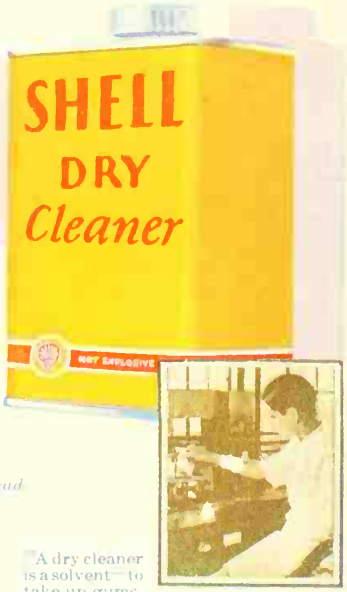
"The combining [illegible] is just the right proportion to [illegible] a fine polish. A few drops mixed in [illegible] supply and assures an expert polishing job."
G. L. Holt, *Research Chemist*

"We have developed a lubricant that washes out of fabrics with only soaring in a powder—a real advantage." O. E. Wollam, *Asst. Control Chemist*

"Our new Shell Spray won't stain walls or furniture—spots disappear quickly. The new type Shell Sprayer simply screws on a full can of spray."
R. W. McOmie, *Analytical Chemist*

"The first Dusco tests on cars today proved actual polishing to remove road grime and restore lustre. Shell Auto Polish will do a better, quicker, safer job than any I know."
W. J. Yates, *Research Chemist*

"Shell Spring Oil, easy to use from the long-spouted can, will be found the surest way to stop squeaks, protect springs and make riding easier."
S. D. Surtees, *Control Chemist*



"A dry cleaner is a solvent—to take up gums, grease, stains—it must be harmless to fabrics, quick to dry and above all *safe*. I think in Shell Dry Cleaner we have combined all these features."
W. K. Smith, *Research Chemist*

"We wanted Shell Lighter Fluid to catch fire quickly, to burn with a strong flame, to burn cleanly. We have found just the proper mixture."
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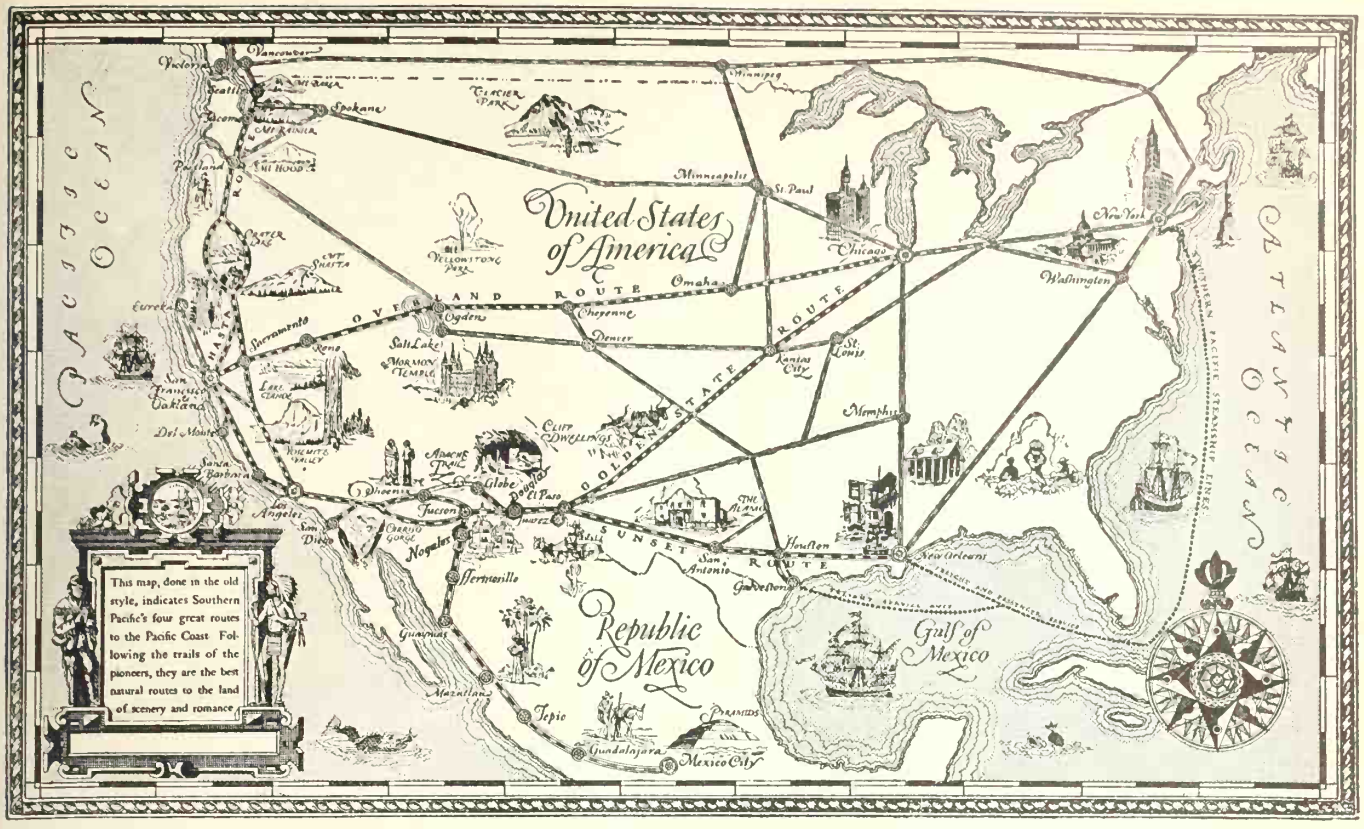
And today these new Shell specialties are placed in your hands

Your stores are offering them. You'll see them displayed in bright yellow and red labels—the colors that identify Shell filling stations.

Select the products you need; put them to the hardest test you can find and watch for the results Shell research men have promised you.

FROM SHELL LABORATORIES



Low Fares East—May 22

...and this extra privilege:

With choice of Four Great Routes you can go one way, return another. Bring variety to your trip and get more for your money . . .

A privilege? Look at the map. Southern Pacific stretches its smooth steel-ways across the continent in four directions. The pioneer of the West, it follows the great natural streams of commerce. Name the cities you want to see. List the natural wonders you would like to visit. You can link them all in Southern Pacific's combination—go one way, return another.

Through Los Angeles at no extra fare? Of course. Add to that, if you wish, New Orleans and from there an ocean voyage, "100 golden hours at sea," to New York—all at no added fare—and you sense some of the advantages of Southern Pacific travel.

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Omaha	75.60
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Washington	145.86

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SUNSET ROUTE: San Francisco to New Orleans via Los Angeles, El Paso and San Antonio. Thence east and north. OVERLAND ROUTE (Lake Tahoe Line): direct across mid-continent, San Francisco via Ogden and Omaha to Chicago, "San Francisco Overland Limited" 61 1-4 hour transcontinental aristocrat. Also "Gold Coast Limited" and "Pacific Limited." GOLDEN STATE ROUTE: Los Angeles, Phoenix, El Paso to Kansas City and Chicago. SHASTA ROUTE: California to Northwest and east over northern lines. The "Cascade" and four other trains.

Southern Pacific

Four Great Routes

Write to F. S. McGinnis for your copy of illustrated booklet "4 Great Routes to the East"

IN THIS JUNE ISSUE OF

SUNSET MAGAZINE

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

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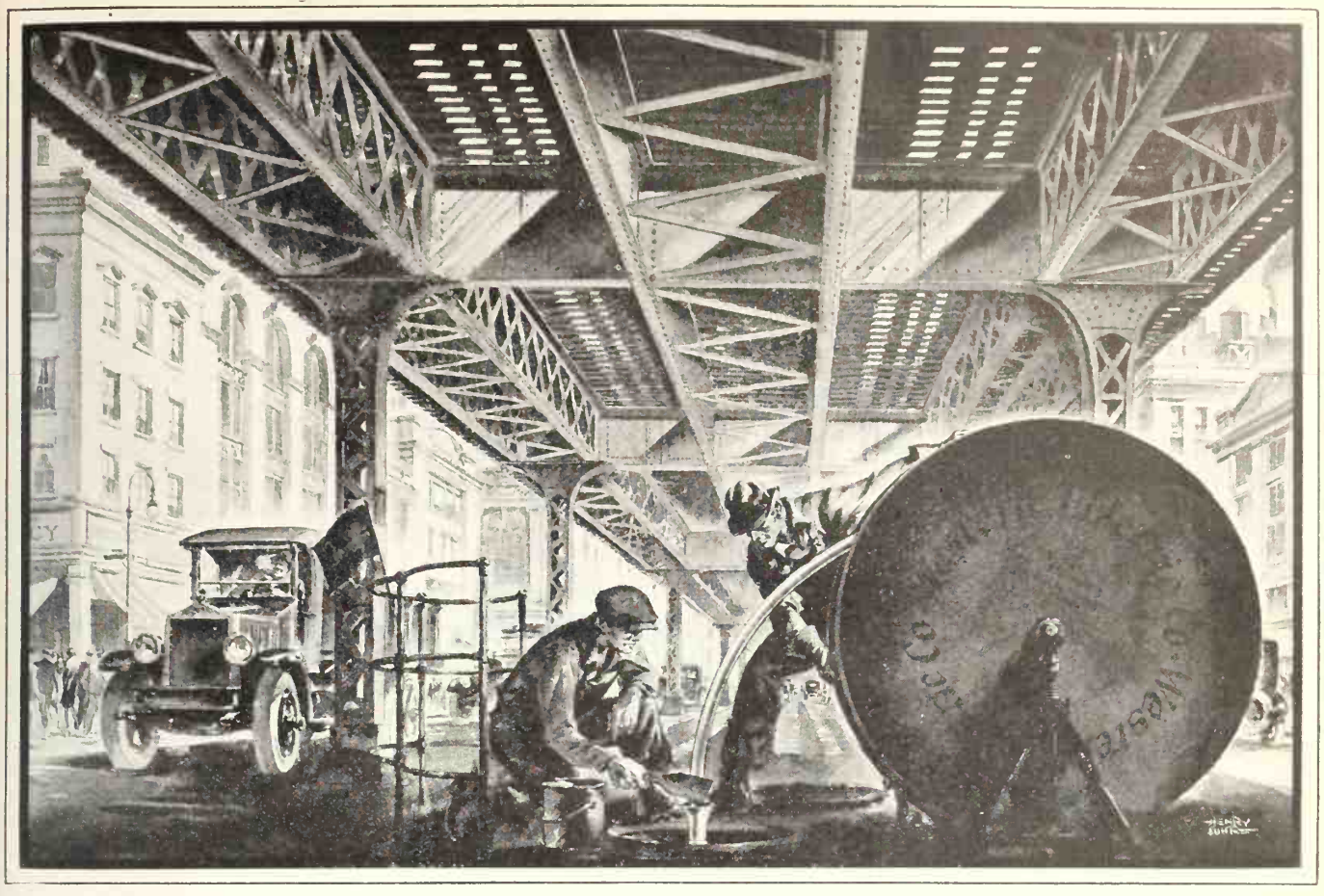


1800 conversations at once through a cable less than 3 inches thick

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

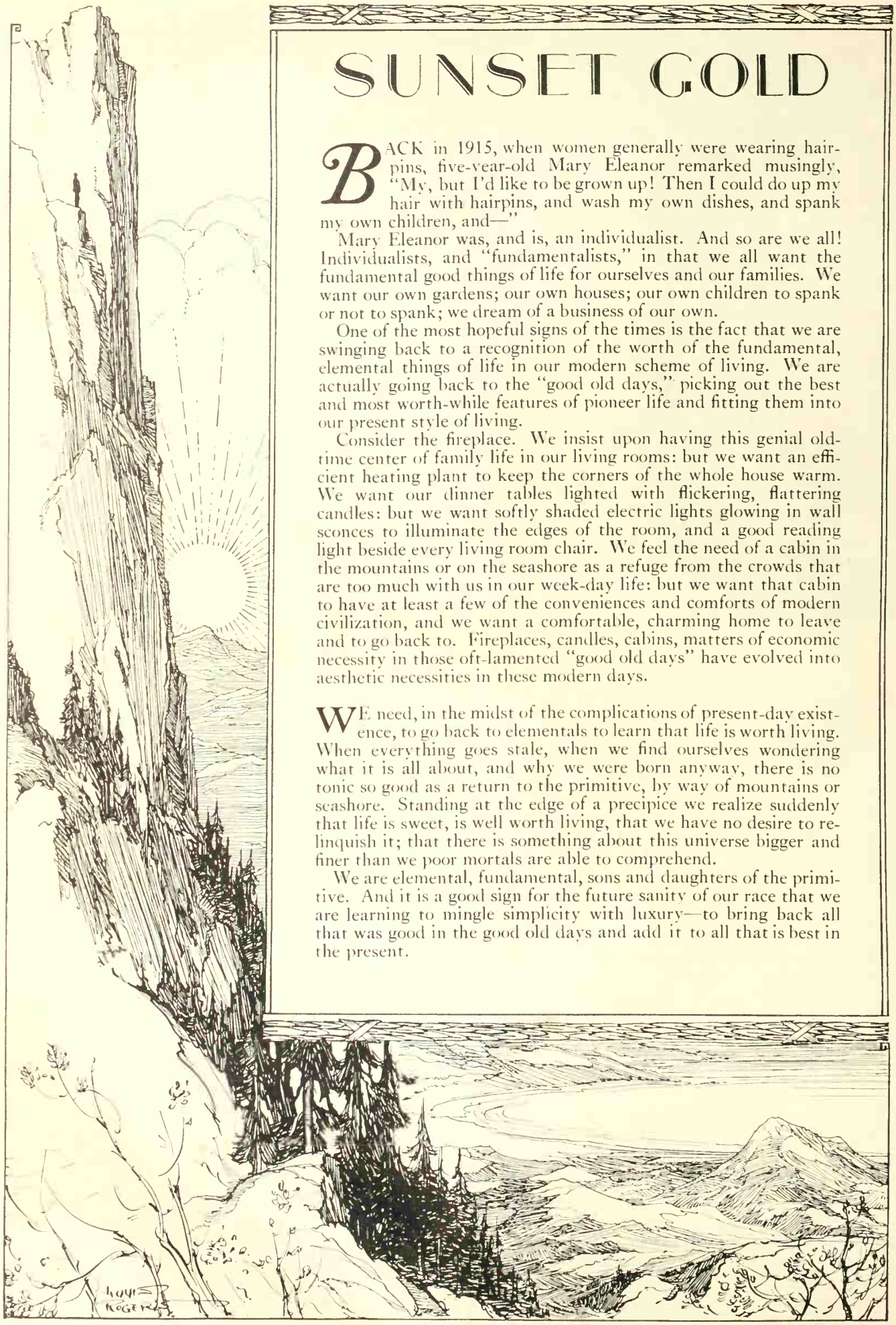
The earth beneath our great cities is crowded. Steam, gas, sewer and water-mains, compressed air pipes, pneumatic tube systems, telephone and telegraph cables, light, power and rapid transit conduits lie so close together that any further additions create serious engineering problems. Yet the number of telephone calls that must flash through the underground arteries of great cities is steadily increasing.

The challenge to the scientific minds of the Bell System was to find a way for more conversations in existing conduits. Fifteen years ago, the pride of the System was a cable containing nine hundred pairs of wires. Then by many improvements a cable of twelve hundred pairs was perfected. It was rightly considered a scientific triumph.

Today, cables containing eighteen hundred pairs of wires are in service and these cables with every wire insulated are only two and five-eighths inches in diameter, one-half as large as the first nine hundred-pair cable. Eighteen hundred conversations at once—six hundred more than before—can now pulse through this two and five-eighths inches of cable.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the greater service of the future.

"The Telephone Books Are the Directory of the Nation"



SUNSET GOLD

BACK in 1915, when women generally were wearing hairpins, five-year-old Mary Eleanor remarked musingly, "My, but I'd like to be grown up! Then I could do up my hair with hairpins, and wash my own dishes, and spank my own children, and—"

Mary Eleanor was, and is, an individualist. And so are we all! Individualists, and "fundamentalists," in that we all want the fundamental good things of life for ourselves and our families. We want our own gardens; our own houses; our own children to spank or not to spank; we dream of a business of our own.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the fact that we are swinging back to a recognition of the worth of the fundamental, elemental things of life in our modern scheme of living. We are actually going back to the "good old days," picking out the best and most worth-while features of pioneer life and fitting them into our present style of living.

Consider the fireplace. We insist upon having this genial old-time center of family life in our living rooms: but we want an efficient heating plant to keep the corners of the whole house warm. We want our dinner tables lighted with flickering, flattering candles: but we want softly shaded electric lights glowing in wall sconces to illuminate the edges of the room, and a good reading light beside every living room chair. We feel the need of a cabin in the mountains or on the seashore as a refuge from the crowds that are too much with us in our week-day life: but we want that cabin to have at least a few of the conveniences and comforts of modern civilization, and we want a comfortable, charming home to leave and to go back to. Fireplaces, candles, cabins, matters of economic necessity in those oft-lamented "good old days" have evolved into aesthetic necessities in these modern days.

WE need, in the midst of the complications of present-day existence, to go back to elementals to learn that life is worth living. When everything goes stale, when we find ourselves wondering what it is all about, and why we were born anyway, there is no tonic so good as a return to the primitive, by way of mountains or seashore. Standing at the edge of a precipice we realize suddenly that life is sweet, is well worth living, that we have no desire to relinquish it; that there is something about this universe bigger and finer than we poor mortals are able to comprehend.

We are elemental, fundamental, sons and daughters of the primitive. And it is a good sign for the future sanity of our race that we are learning to mingle simplicity with luxury—to bring back all that was good in the good old days and add it to all that is best in the present.

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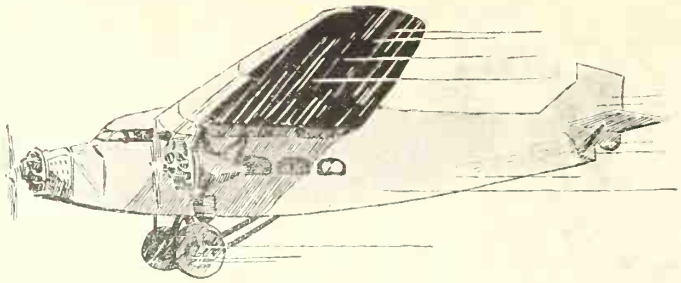
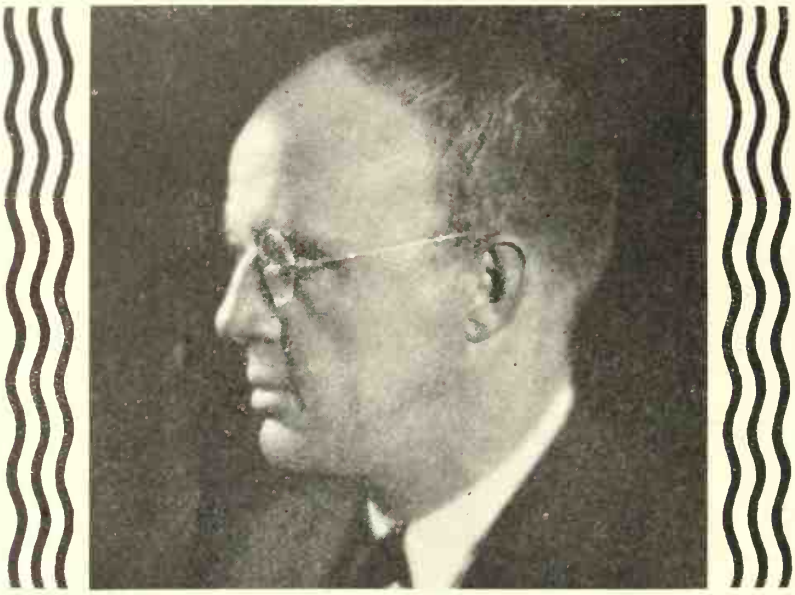


COL. PAUL HENDERSON

Says:



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SUNSET *Travel Service*

If you are going East, West, around the world or on a short vacation trip, write us for information. Tell us just what your problems are and we will do all we can to help you. Address Sunset Magazine, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco

Travel Editor, Sunset:

Thank you for your helpful letter in answer to our inquiry about our proposed trip to South Africa. You naturally assumed from my letter that we know something about the country, but we don't. We merely decided to go after reading an account of a big game hunter. Does a person have to go on a safari and all that to see Africa, and is everything primitive there?—Misses M. P. and A. R., Idaho.

Oh my no! There are thousands of miles of railroad tracks in Africa. Such travel is comfortable, and furthermore there is comparatively little danger of the engine bolting at the sight of a lion or two along the way. The railroad has a narrow gauge, but over it you may travel from Cape Town to Johannesburg—nearly 1000 miles and crossing three mountain ranges—in 28½ hours.

Civilized comfort goes hand in hand with century-old native life. Modern hotels are there as well as primitive thatched houses. Modern theaters, buildings, and universities form a strange contrast to native dwellings, as does the Varsity Drag to a barbaric Bantu war dance.

In the cities, too, you will find fashionable women lounging in cafes with nothing more than a wisp of colorful silk on their backs, and in the native districts women laboring in the fields with colorful babies on their backs. Africa is a land of diamonds, gold and sunshine.

We are sending you some illustrated literature on Africa which we are sure will whet your appetite still more for your trip.

Travel Editor, Sunset:

Will you please send me your booklet on dude ranches mentioned in your travel service in the March issue?—L. A., California.

So many requests have come to us for dude ranch booklets that we have exhausted our present supply. We are therefore taking the liberty of sending you some booklets issued by various railroad lines serving the regions in which the ranches are located. These you will find most attractive, and they contain full descriptions of most of the better known dude resorts.

Travel Editor, Sunset:

I am contemplating an air trip, and I would like to know if one can be insured for the trip and also if an ordinary life insurance policy covers air fatality. (I realize, of course, that the risk of walking across a street, or driving my own automobile, is probably greater than that involved in air travel with a reputable transportation company.)—M. M., Washington.

Many of the larger insurance companies protect their policy holders without extra charge when traveling by air. It is advisable, however, to get in touch with the local agent of the company with which you are insured to see if there is any clause in your policy which makes an exception to air fatality.

Consult your local air-line ticket agent about insurance. The rate for coast travel is 75 cents for $1000. Insurance covering passenger liability similar to that which applies on all regular transportation lines is also in force on our west coast air lines.

"Wonders" of the West

If Some Tourist Asked You About These, How Would You Answer Him?

1. I wonder why so many of the doors of the old missions have a wavy, snaky line extending from top to bottom?

2. I wonder what the carvings upon a totem pole represent?

3. I wonder why so much of the glass one sees in the desert is amethyst in color?

4. I wonder if the eucalyptus tree is a native of California?

5. I wonder why young redwood trees so frequently grow in circles instead of being scattered.

6. I wonder who were the "Big Four" who built the first trans-continental railway—The Central Pacific?

(*Answers on page 73*)

Travel Editor, Sunset:

I am planning a trip to Chicago this June. Could you give me the rate by rail from Portland to Chicago by the way of San Francisco? Would a more direct route be less expensive, and how much? When do the reduced rates for the summer take effect? Also, could you tell me approximately how much my berth and meals would come to?—I. E., Oregon.

The reduced round-trip fare direct is $77.21, while via San Francisco it is $79.84. The reduced rates for summer take effect May 22. By the way of San Francisco your Pullman fare from Portland to San Francisco will be $8.25 and from San Francisco to Chicago, $23.63. Dining car service will average around $4.00 a day. Over the direct route from Portland to Chicago the Pullman fare will be $23.63.

Coming via San Francisco you have the choice of many excellent routes from there to Chicago. One route takes you by the way of Southern California over the Apache Trail of Arizona around through Texas and New Orleans. Another, by the way of Southern California, takes you through Kansas City. The most direct route leads through Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, and Omaha.

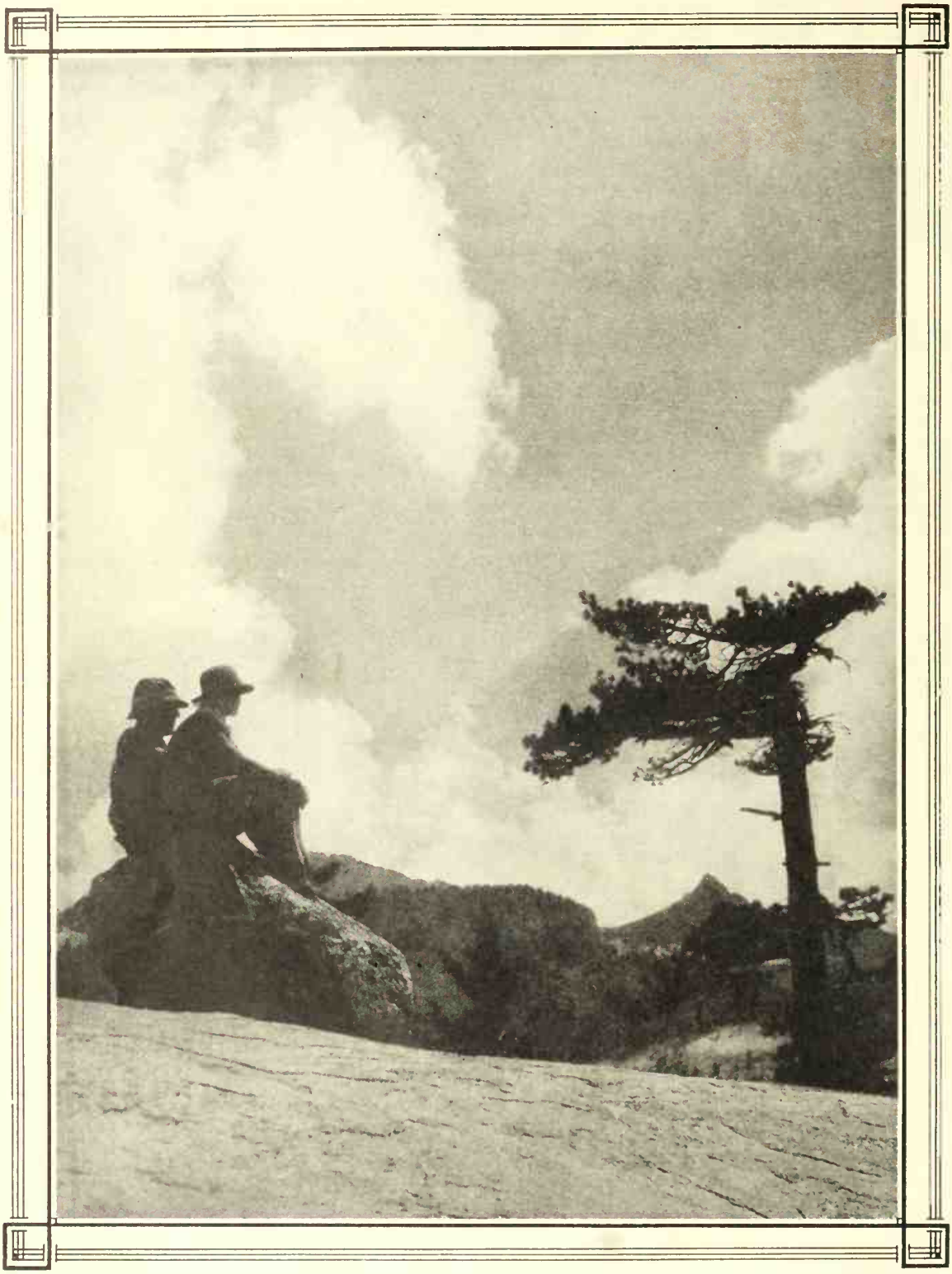
Travel Editor, Sunset:

I should like to take a short vacation trip this spring or early summer to Zion National Park in Utah, which I understand is famous for its beauty and natural splendor as well as a delightful spot for a two-weeks' outing.

Could you give me some information as to the most scenic way to reach the park by railroad, the round-trip rates, the hotels or accommodations in the Park, the points of interest to cover while there, etc.? Also, approximately the expense for two during this trip. I am quite interested in your travel service articles, hence my reason for writing.—M. E. H., California.

You may go via Salt Lake or via Los Angeles. Or, you may go one of these ways and back the other. Costs for one person:

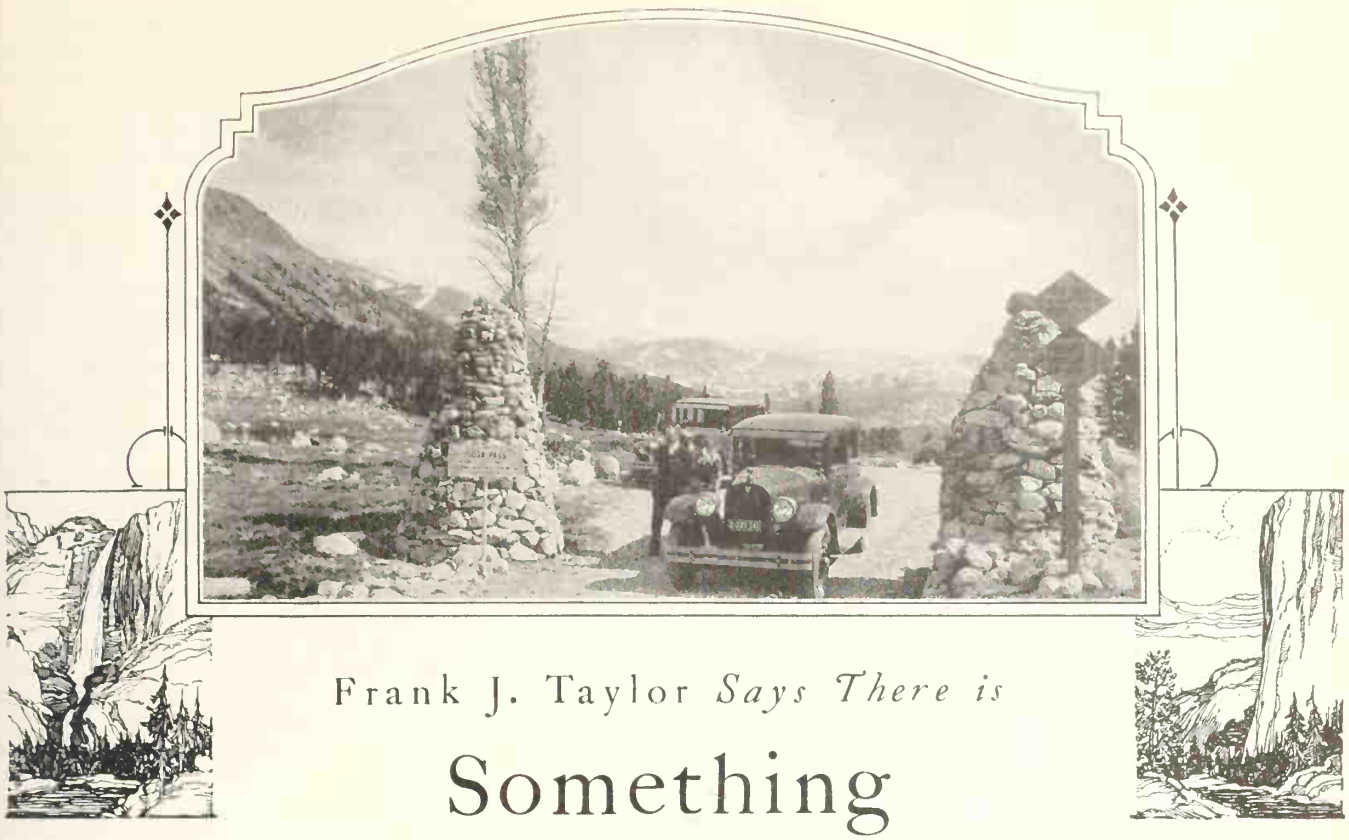
Fare, San Francisco or Oakland to Cedar City and return, both ways by the way of Salt Lake: $53.75. Both ways (*Continued on page 71*



And All So Still!

"Above yon gleaming skies of gold
One lone imperial peak is seen;
While gathered at his feet in green
Ten thousand foresters are told.
And all so still! so still the air
That duty drops the web of care."

—Joaquin Miller.



Frank J. Taylor *Says There is*

Something Besides Scenery *in* Yosemite

WHEN I go on a vacation, I want something besides scenery."

Well, I don't blame folks for feeling that way about it—but they can go to Yosemite and have scenery plus.

Somehow, Yosemite has never impressed me as being just Half Dome and El Capitan and Bridal Veil Falls and Glacier Point and the Royal Arches. One of the most interesting things about Yosemite Falls is the little water ouzel who is always taking a bath in the rapids at the bottom.

Yosemite has always appealed to me as a place teeming with life and with drama. More than a score of trips have failed to exhaust the thrill of making new discoveries in Yosemite. I feel sorry for the fellow who sees nothing but scenery.

Right now there burns a hankering to go in again and see how Carl Purdy's new wild flower garden on the floor of the Valley is getting under way. Forty acres have been set aside to be the world's greatest flower garden.

"We transplanted half a million bulbs and plants last fall," Carl Purdy told me the other day. "They will be up this spring. All that I'm worried about is what the deer may do to them."

There probably is not another spot on earth where "the wild flower man" could plant this kind of a garden so successfully.

The reason is that Yosemite Valley, deep gash in the granite Sierra Nevada, is not only a scenic wonder but it is a climatic wonder as well. Extending as it does, east and west, and lined with granite walls more than one-half mile high, Yosemite Valley plays havoc with nature's usual laws of climate.

The north wall, which is usually the colder side of a mountain, is in the case of Yosemite Valley the warmer, for the reason that the sun's rays beat on the cliffs all day and turn the granite walls into solar heaters, so to speak. Here may be seen growing in complete contentment, trees and plants ordinarily found far to the south of Yosemite's latitude.

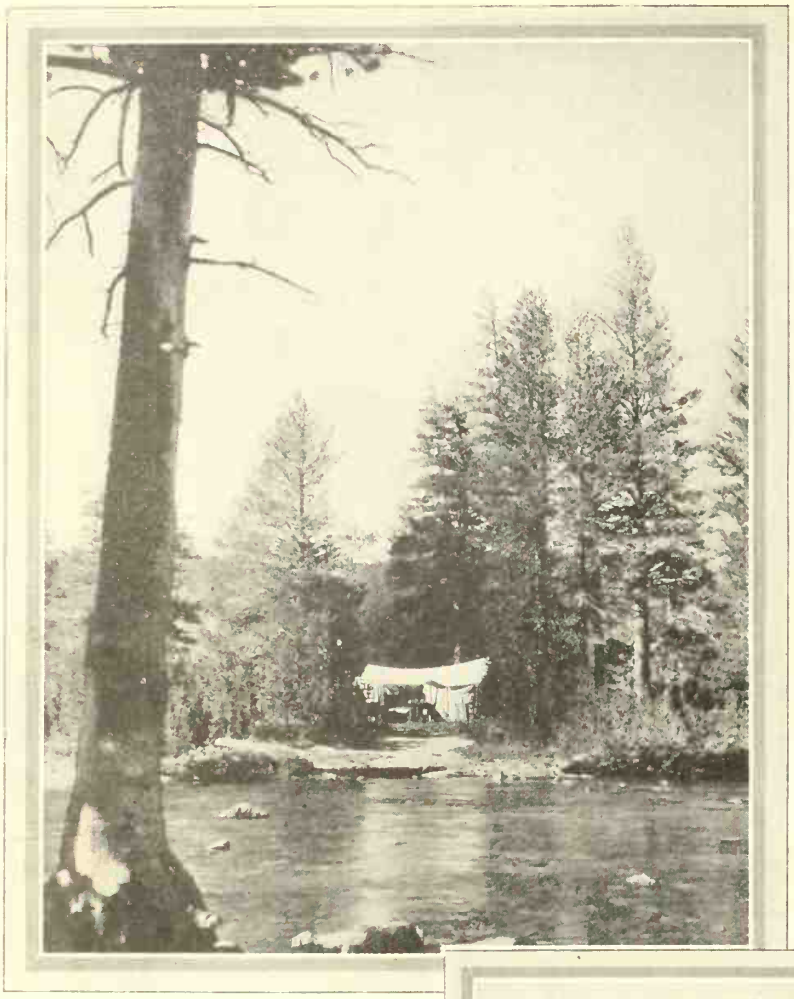
One mile away, the south walls of the Valley are in perpetual shade. Though the south side of a mountain is ordinarily the warm side, these slopes are as cool as the northland, and here may be found the flora of the northwest, growing equally contentedly.

Thus there came to be in Yosemite Valley, which is but one mile wide and eight miles long, a range of plant life full of surprises and varied enough to satisfy any plant lover.

This unique feature of the tiny valley carved across the heart of the Sierra Nevada fascinated John Muir, the great naturalist, and led him to return from his wanderings ever to Yosemite.

From time to time, in view of these unique climatic conditions, efforts have been made to assemble here a great collection of California wild flowers. Flowers transplanted from the barren foothills and from the mountain tops have thrived and blossomed, but the deer, with their insatiable appetites, have invariably devoured them.

The Purdy garden, more ambitious than any wild flower collection hitherto attempted, will be a forty-acre preserve protected from the wild animals, rather than from the



One of the many attractive camping sites on the Tuolumne River in the Sierra

public. It will be opened for the first time this summer.

Looking behind the scenery, one finds that the climatic surprises of Yosemite Valley, with their consequent results in plant life, are but a small indication of the variety to be found in the twelve thousand square miles of the park as a whole.

From the upper slopes of Mt. Lyell, more than 13,000 feet high, down to El Portal, 2000 feet above the sea, there are six life zones, ranging from the Arctic-Alpine to the Lower Sonoran.

Naturalists say that one mile in altitude is the equivalent of eight hundred miles north or south from the equator, measured in terms of plant life. To illustrate, timberline, at the Arctic Circle, is barely above the sea level. At the equator it is three miles above the sea. These figures, of course, are subject to such modifications as may be made by shaded mountain slopes or by winds from a hot desert or a frigid ocean current. So it is that within the comparatively small confines of Yosemite National Park there may be found all the plants and trees that grow in sixteen hundred miles from north to south, the entire latitude of the United States, for instance.

But the traveler who looks for it will find the zoning of the wilderness so clearly illustrated that if he knows his trees he may also know his altitude—at least, approximately—in the mountains.

TAKE the conifers of the Yosemite region, for example. Shortly after leaving the San Joaquin Valley, at about six hundred feet above sea level, en route to Yosemite, he reaches the digger pine belt. Pale, gray, scraggly pines these, the only pines with multiple limbed crests, they inhabit the dry, warm, inhospitable Sierra foothills, ranging from 1000 to 3000 feet elevation.

Where the digger pines disappear, the ranks of the yellow pines, tall, stately, plentiful, take up the task of shading the mountain sides.

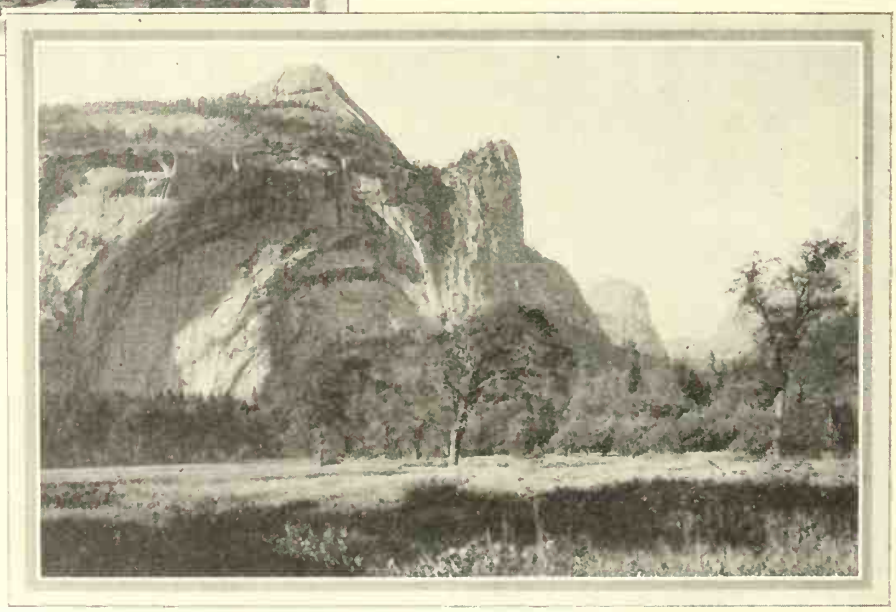
The yellow pines share their standing room with the Douglas firs, deep green, thick of foliage, with perfect cones, every one "a wonderful Christmas tree," as travelers always exclaim. These firs, by the way, are the dominant trees of the great forests of Oregon and Washington, a thousand miles to the north of Yosemite.

One mile or so above sea level, the Douglas firs disappear, and in their places rise the noble sugar pine forests. Great, tall, red bark trees these, most highly prized lumber trees of the forest.

The six thousand foot elevation introduces a new tribe of conifers, the silver firs, which flourish in slender, graceful forests up to nine thousand feet, there to give way to the low, squatty, and twisted lodge pole pines or tamaracks, crowding in countless numbers in the upland meadows.

Here, too, look for the beautiful mountain hemlock, in a narrow belt of timberline, and the Jeffrey pine, which may be of any shape, depending upon the winds and rocks. The odd Jeffrey pine, for that matter, crowds down to lower levels, if the granite rocks are sufficiently barren—it thrives on drought and starvation.

High above them all, where the blizzards beat limbs into weird, gnarled shapes, there cling the huddled dwarf



The Royal Arches, an interesting formation that has been well named

pines and the rowdy, scraggling, half dead junipers, denizens of the topmost timberline, pushing ever upward, windblown ever downward.

All this that takes place before one's eyes among the conifers of Yosemite Valley is paralleled by a similar battle of life among other forms of plant life. Every living thing in Yosemite is struggling for its place in the California sun.

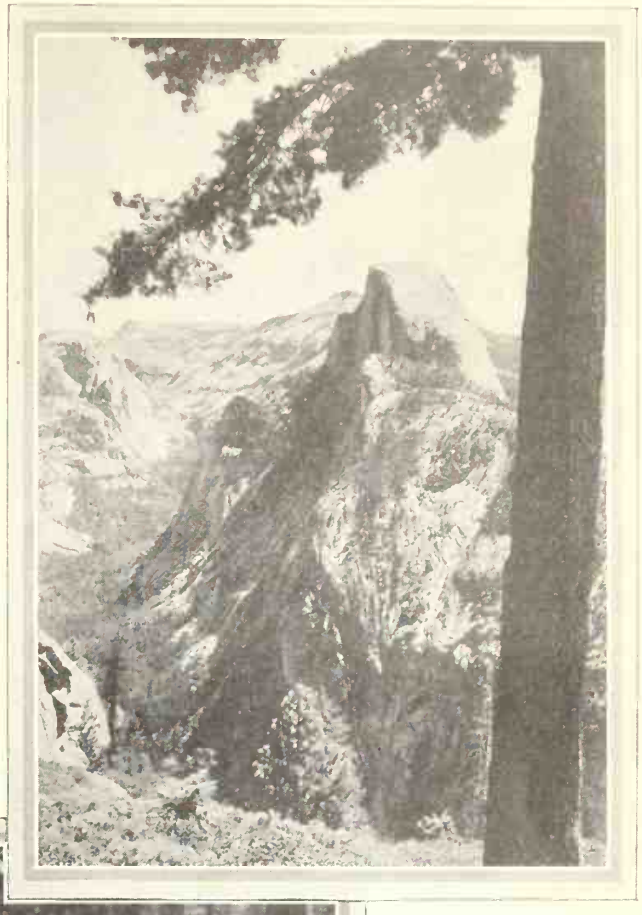
CLIMBING one summer high above the topmost timberline on the slopes of Lyell, across the living glaciers, slowly grinding down the mountain, a party of us reached the crags and loose boulders, surrounded by thousands of cracks, that form the top of the mountain.

Lifting small boulders, we found beneath them countless thousands of bright orange and yellow ladybugs, crowding together in such numbers that they could be scooped up by handfuls. These little insects had flown hundreds of miles from the fertile lowland valleys to lay their eggs on the mountain top. Why, no one knows.

Knowing this, certain enterprising men make it their business to climb Sierra peaks, outside the national park areas, and gather ladybugs by the gallon, to sell them by the pint and quart to orchardists who prize the little insects because of their voracious appetites for tree aphis.

Up there on the highest mountain peaks, high above the timber belts, it always seems that the wild flowers are a little brighter, a little gayer, than anywhere else on earth, though life is but for a day. Why should they be more cheerful than their more favored cousins down where the soil is richer and the sunshine warmer?

A naturalist friend has an idea. He says the insects that drift from flower to flower are fewer and farther between, high on the mountain top, therefore only those blossoms which are brightest attract the insects and are pollenized: only the brightest survive on the mountain peaks.



(Above) Half Dome as seen from Glacier Point

Even the bears visit with the rangers in Yosemite

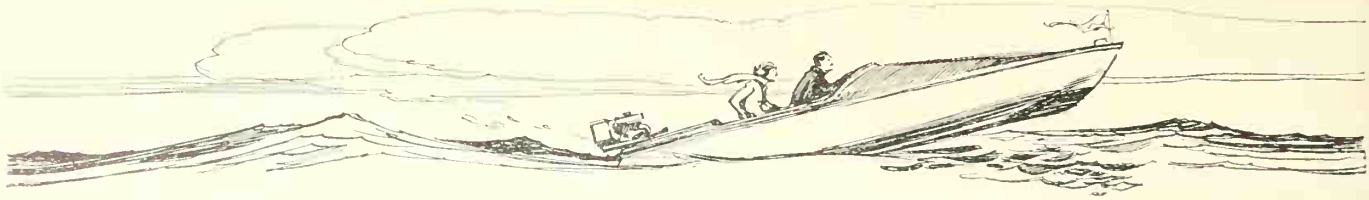
Waterwheel Falls—swishing, swirling, ever wasting its vast store of energy

We have always wondered why the Big Trees grow where they do, and not all over the mountains. The Giant Sequoias, I mean, some of which have been standing for five thousand years in one place.

We may never know the real answer, but it makes one ponder what did happen to this old earth. Some naturalists believe that the sequoias once ruled the forests of the land. Petrified bits of them have been found in many parts of America.

Those sequoias which did survive have developed most interesting characters and habits. For one thing, the manner in which they have intrenched themselves in their isolated fortresses on sheltered Sierra slopes, how they have made themselves almost immune from fire with their soft, non-inflammable bark, how they have spread out their roots so as to hold veritable reservoirs of water, sponge-like, and having done these things, how they look on serenely as civilization meanders by.

Editor's Note:—In Sunset we avoid continuing articles in the back of the book. If you would like more "inside" information about Yosemite, however, turn to page 70.



The Blue Water is Calling

By
Tod Powell

So, Ho! for the Open Water Where Traffic Officers and Speed Limits are Unknown

THE clouds are going, the winter has gone and, whether it be out to sea or far up in some mountain lake, the jolly little gods that dwell in blue water are calling. So, ho! for the open water! Bring out your boats, good fellows, and off! The whole wide world of the West awaits you, lake and stream, cove and sound, bay and the rolling of old Father Pacific himself are yours for the taking

From Mexico to Alaska there are bays, coves, straits and island-jeweled passages. In central California alone are more than five thousand miles of waterways navigable to motor-boating. And nobody knows what a wealth of winding reaches, what miles upon miles of long, straight shoots, what hundreds—yes, thousands—of gem-like coves and little harbors Oregon and Washington can boast. As for the inland states of the West—they have their lakes, their great artificial bodies of water impounded behind giant dams, their scores of rivers and creeks and even rivulets where there is plenty of water to float one of the modern craft with its outboard motor.

So be on your way, you heirs to the salt water heritage, and whether you trace back to the comrades of Lief the Bold, Sir Francis or good old Christopher, go seek the pot of gold that, for water-folk, lies around the next tree-decked point, beyond the farthest billow or under the lily-pads in the hole where the Big One waits for you to try your luck.

Here in the West, and especially on the Pacific coast, this motor boating is an every season sport and, now that the outboard motor has brought it down into the average man's grasp, almost an everyman's sport as well. In other parts of the country, where boats are tied up or on the ways, pending the exit of J. Frost, Esq., and the reopening of navigation, us wild 'n' woolly boys are having the time of our lives with the put-put.

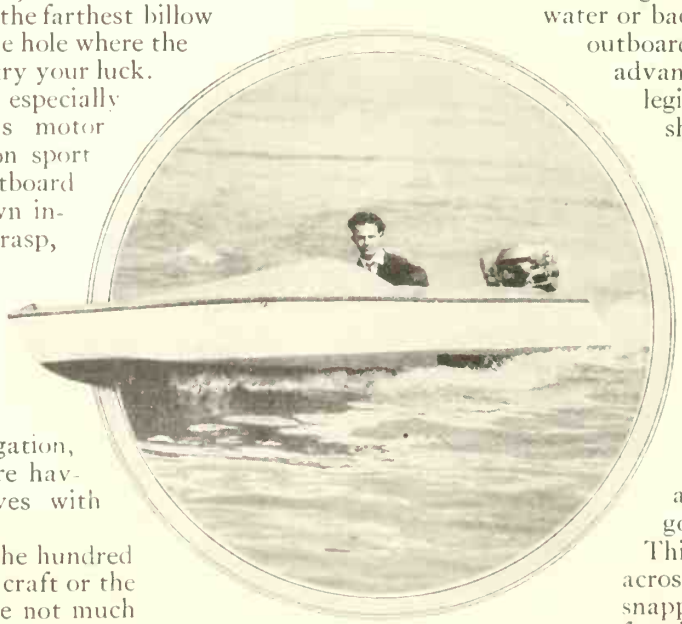
Whether you like best the hundred yard sprint with the little craft or the hundred mile cruise in one not much bigger, there is no end to the joy of water-motoring. The thrill of skimming along, so close to the surface of the water, with your outboard power plant purring merrily gives a sensation of speed that neither a racing car nor an airplane can equal. Forty miles an hour in a fourteen-foot boat is the peer of a hundred and forty in a fourteen passenger plane.

The outboard boat is a wonderful accessory for the fisherman who wants to get there. I never will forget one time when I fished all day at the mouth of the Napa River and had to heave the oars against a very heavy head of current and tide to return to the wharf. It seemed more like thirty miles than three. An outboard motor would have chugged me in easily and made that twilight the end of a perfect day instead of one long curse from a set of soft city-pampered muscles.

Once at Diamond Lake, Oregon, the resort fish-dopester pointed out the main rainbow hole which, of course—and correctly so—was far across the lake from camp. By the Armstrong method of boat travel, the trip there and back would have taken a major share of the one glorious day I had to spend. An outboard motor boat did the whole trip easily and smoothly within a half hour—and I might add that four grand six-pound rainbows taken on light fly tackle *made* it a glorious day.

For reaching the duck ports on large bodies of water or back in the tidewater sloughs the outboard motor struts its stuff to grand advantage. Most wisely, however, the legislators have made it unlawful to shoot game birds from a motor-powered boat. Needless to say, if shooting from such a boat were permitted, the old quacker family would have a heck of a time these days doing anything but keeping on the wing and flying high. So in this case, the outboard is merely means of transportation. When you get there, park your motor in the boat and thus comply with the law as well as maintain your standing as a good sportsman.

Thirty minutes before sunrise—off across the lake to the blind, through snappy dawn mists—it's just comfortable relaxation. But try to row encumbered with a sport store shelfful of clothing on and see how you like it!



Outboard motors have reached a stage where starting is almost as easy and simple as starting an automobile

The outboard motor has contributed more to the pleasure of fishing and hunting than any other item of sport equipment.

Outboard motor craft development has evolved in a very few years from mere motorized rowboats to very ample power-propelled pleasure, racing and even work boats and barges. Outboard motored boats have all the gadgets of the larger cruisers—teakwood and mahogany woodwork, flaring bows and all the rest of it.

For cruises you may have a twenty-footer, cabin type with sleeping quarters, galley, plenty of covered cockpit room, electric lights and all of the refinements of the very expensive in-motored yachts. The greatly increased interest in outboard motoring has forced manufacturers to provide marine fittings which formerly could be secured only for the more comprehensive yachts and cruisers.

ON waters under governmental supervision, all outboard driven vessels of sixteen feet or greater length are subject to the regulations of the Bureau of Navigation, Department of Commerce. That is, in matters of equipment—lights, signals, life-preservers, fire extinguishers, etc. These regulations should be reviewed and complied with before you launch into the game. 'Tis all for your own, your family's and your guest's safety. There are many outboard motorists "getting by" without observing these rules, due to lack of sufficient inspectors, but just try having an accident which evokes the attention of the federal authorities and let them find out you haven't abided by the regulations!

One fine advantage of water motoring is that the traffic rules are the same on all waters, everywhere. Thus the boatman differs from the motorist who finds himself, on his landlubber cruises, up against a different set of rules in each town, county or state.

You can pick up an outboard motor craft now just as you do an automobile—out of a salesroom.

You can just about take your pick of the different sorts of marine craft, too, for they're all made nowadays to take the handy little outboard power plants—sea-skiffs, sea-sleds, step-planes, runabouts, cruisers with sleeping compartments, boats for fishing and hunting and yacht dinghys may all be propelled by these motors.

If you must go to mountain lakes or distant rivers, you can lash your skiff and motor to the top of your automobile or more handily tow it on a trailer.

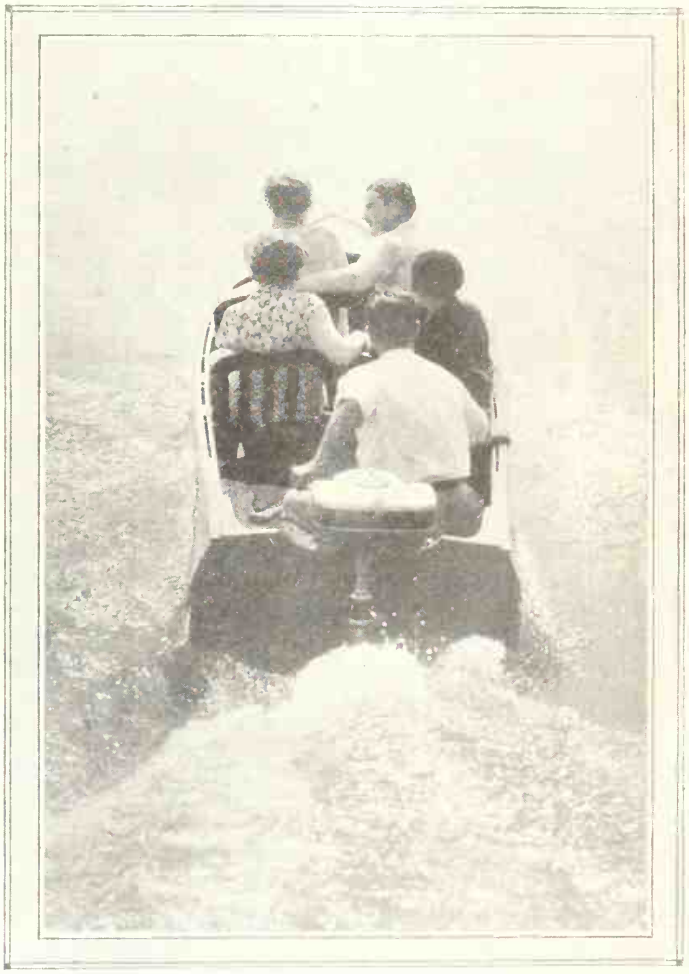
The motors themselves can be carried to and fro in an oversized suitcase, in which there is also room for fishing tackle and other small items of duffel.

You used to have to coddle your motor to start it, but the days of pulling lustily on the starter-rope, pulling some more and still some more are about gone. Outboard motors have reached a stage where starting is almost as easy and simple as the present day method of starting automobiles.

A recent and very noteworthy improvement in outboard motors has been the elimination of a large percentage of the exhaust staccato which has always made static of attempted conversation aboard a motor boat.

The sport has taken a wonderful hold on the red-blooded section of the population. Scores of clubs have been formed by outboard enthusiasts, numbers of them are fostering racing meets, endurance cruises and the like. Believe it or not, in 1928 there were almost five thousand separate and distinct programmed contests held for outboard craft in these more or less united states!

While perhaps some of the other events at these meetings are of more real importance to the ordinary boatman, the speed events and the spectacular stunts have their part, too, in developing public interest and in advancing the manufacture of motors. As in automobile competition, many of the kinks first tried in racing machines have been turned to advantage in the design and refinement of the ordinary motor.



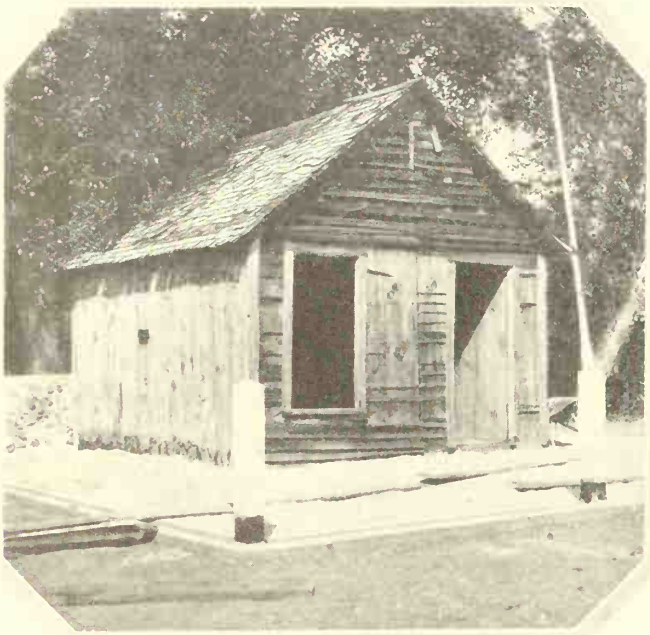
Then be on your way, go seek the pot of gold which, for water folk, lies just beyond that farthest billow

Yes, old timer, the motor cars may crowd you off the road and, along with the paved highways may drive the remnants of our game and fish up the last semblance of a frontier but, brother, you'll have the freedom of waterways to travel forever more.

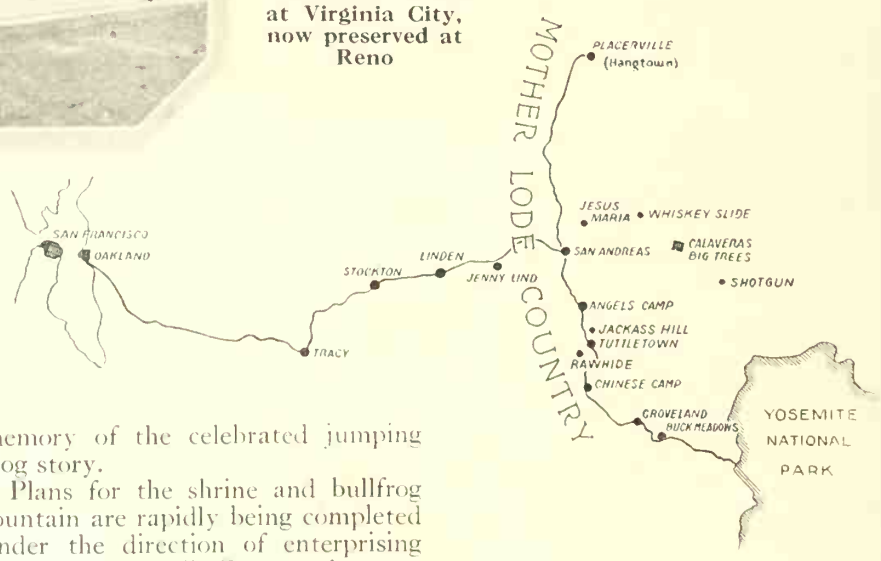
So nose out your dashing, swishing motor boat, with its bow heaving spray like a spouting whale, head her into the waves, and give her the gun, there ain't no traffic cops!

In This Article Gilbert Gordon *Points the Way*

To Mark Twain's Shrine



Twain's old shack at Virginia City, now preserved at Reno



WESTWARD, Ho! marches a strange phalanx of literary brain children, a quaint array of characters which have woven romance and humor in American life and history.

Through the mists we see them on parade, those imps of the immortal Mark Twain. Skipping along are the prankish Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer, and hop-hopping behind is the shade of "Daniel Webster," the one and same frog that furnished the inspiration of that ludicrous masterpiece, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras." And, somewhere in this mirthful galaxy, looms the sprightly Connecticut Yankee, late of King Arthur's court.

All of these and the procession of other whimsical Twainian wags are today marching toward the setting sun to a refuge that is to be the shrine of Mark Twain—a mecca for world lovers of the famed humorist where they may gaze upon his mementos and manuscripts and linger beside the rolling California hills of the '49er gold seekers.

The shrine of Mark Twain is not as yet completed, but it is an assured project. It will be located in Angel's Camp, Calaveras County, heart of the famous California Mother Lode country which was the stamping ground of hardy fortune seekers during the roaring days of 1849. It will take the form of a museum housing mementos of the humorist, and a beautiful outdoor fountain with a bullfrog image viewing the scene from a pedestal, in memory of the celebrated jumping frog story.

Plans for the shrine and bullfrog fountain are rapidly being completed under the direction of enterprising residents of Angel's Camp and a committee of prominent westerners headed by F. G. Stevenot, director of natural resources for the State of California. This committee is completing all details of the shrine project and it is expected that architects will be commissioned shortly to prepare plans and specifications for the edifice.

To vision the romance which inspired plans for the shrine of Mark Twain, spread a map before you and put a finger on St. Joseph, Missouri, where young Sam Clemens started on his great adventure into the frontier West. Vision his thrilling journey by Overland stage through the Indian country over the Bad Lands to Carson City, Nevada, his temporary destination. Then, later, follow with him over the high Sierra on that pioneer trail that leads to Eldorado.

Now, in this historic Mother Lode country of California, you may observe, if your map is so inscribed, a string of quaint names—ghost cities of the golden days of '49. There is Tuttletown, You Bet, Slumgullion, Poker Flat, Hangtown, Rawhide, Whisky Slide, Shotgun, Jesus Maria, Jenny Lind, and then—Angel's Camp.

Or, from San Francisco, it is less than a five-hour ride to Angel's Camp, over perfect roads via Oakland, thence to Tracy, Stockton, Linden, San Andreas, and then finally Angel's Camp—142 miles from the Golden Gate.

So to this historic spot march those droll characters immortalized by the pen of the humorist, there to be housed and cherished in a suitable shrine and enriched with every Twain souvenir and manuscript that may be gathered by those who seek to keep his spirit bright for posterity.

And, appropriately enough, the shrine is to have a comic relief that the humorist himself would have visioned—an image of that giant bullfrog, "Dan'l Webster," which furnished the inspiration of the Jumping Frog story, a yarn that made the world laugh. For it was here that old

Lake Tahoe

THREE months of camp life on Lake Tahoe would restore an Egyptian mummy to his pristine vigor, and give him an appetite like an alligator. I do not mean the oldest and driest mummies, of course, but the fresher ones. The air up there in the clouds is very pure and fine, bracing and delicious. And why shouldn't it be?—it is the same the angels breathe."

—Mark Twain.

Jim Smiley challenged any frog in the world to outhop his own Dan'l Webster, and it was here that the historic hopper contest took place. The frog of fiction will be preserved for posterity as a quaint reminder of the humor that Mark Twain found in the mad rush for California gold.

So inspiring was this prospect that one of the Twain shrine committeemen, the good Rev. Robert Edward Brown of Oakland, waxed poetic, and he assures us, in one bit of verse to the Jumping Frog, that—

"As for the frog, he still is seen,
With vest of gold and coat of green!
To Mark Twain's plaza every Spring
The frog returns to leap and sing!"

NOT only this, but Angel's Camp is to be the scene each Spring of a Jumping Frog contest—a sort of fiesta with a '49er whoopla atmosphere, reviving again the cities which Twain himself describes in these words:

"You will find it hard to believe that there stood at one time a fiercely flourishing little city, of 2000 or 3000 souls, with its newspaper, fire company, brass band, volunteer militia, bank, hotels, noisy Fourth of July processions and speeches, gambling halls, crammed with tobacco smoke, profanity and rough bearded men of all nations and colors, with tables heaped with gold dust—streets crowded and rife with business—town lots worth $400 a front foot—labor, laughter, music, dancing, swearing, fighting, shooting, stabbing—a bloody inquest and a man for breakfast every morning—and now nothing but lifeless, homeless solitude. In no other land, in modern times, have towns so absolutely died and disappeared, as in the old mining regions of California."

In another of these ghost cities—Tuttletown—is the crumbling store where the humorist is said to have sandwiched in a brief period of clerking with his prospecting: selling molasses, bacon and beans to miners who clumped before the counter, their ears primed for the quick wit and quaint droll of "that funny Sam Clemens fellow!" The site of his old cabin on Jackass Hill is still pointed out.

Nearby on the Mother Lode road is the old camp of San Andreas, another haunt of Twain and which, by the way, claims the distinction of being the locale of the thrilling jumping frog contests. Here are a number of old buildings of historical interest. The camp has narrow streets and the settled air of an ancient town still relishing the memories of the past.

But the Twainian atmosphere does not end here. Just beyond in the high Sierra over which trekked those hardy gold seekers and immigrants, nestle the sapphire waters of Lake Tahoe. Here Twain must have found a fountain of youth, for he writes this appreciative tribute:

"Three months of camp life on Lake Tahoe would restore an Egyptian mummy to his pristine vigor, and give him an appetite like an alligator. I do not mean the oldest and driest mummies, of course, but the fresher ones. The air up there in the clouds is very pure and fine, bracing and delicious. And why shouldn't it be?—it is the same the angels breathe. I think that hardly any amount of fatigue can be gathered together that a man cannot sleep off in one night on the sand by its side. Not under a roof, but under the sky.

"I know a man who went there to die, but he made a failure of it. He was a skeleton when he came, and could barely stand. He had no appetite and did nothing but read tracts and reflect on the future. Three months later he was sleeping out of doors regularly, eating all he could hold three times a day, and chasing game over mountains 3000 feet high for recreation. And he was a skeleton no longer, but weighed part of a ton. I confidently commend his experience to other skeletons."

And Twain described his first glance at beautiful Tahoe in poetic language—

"At last the lake burst upon us—a noble sheet of blue water lifted 6300 feet above the level of the sea, and walled in by a rim of snow-clad mountain peaks that towered aloft full 3000 feet higher still. It was a vast oval, and one would have to use up eighty or a hundred good miles in traveling around it. As it lay there with the shadows of the mountains brilliantly photographed upon its surface, I thought it must surely be the fairest picture the whole earth affords."

After wandering for seven years over the gold and silver hills of California and Nevada, Twain finally landed in the biggest camp of all—San Francisco.

Here dark days followed, and he was out of another job when the literary weekly "Californian" edited by Bret Harte suspended publication. For months he did not earn a penny, and he avoided his friends. Of this he wrote:

"I became an addict at slinking—I slunk from back street to back street, I slunk away from approaching faces that looked familiar. During all this time I had but one piece of money—a silver ten-cent piece—and I held to it and would not spend it on any account, lest the consciousness coming strong upon me that I was entirely penniless might suggest suicide. I had pawned everything but the clothes I had on; so I clung to my dime desperately till it was smooth with handling—"

Perhaps that same smooth dime and other symbols of Mark Twain's sunny journey through frontier Western life will grace the archives of his shrine in the green hills of Calaveras County.

Living again the "days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49"

Earl Cummings

Sculptor and Duck Shooter

By Willard Johnson

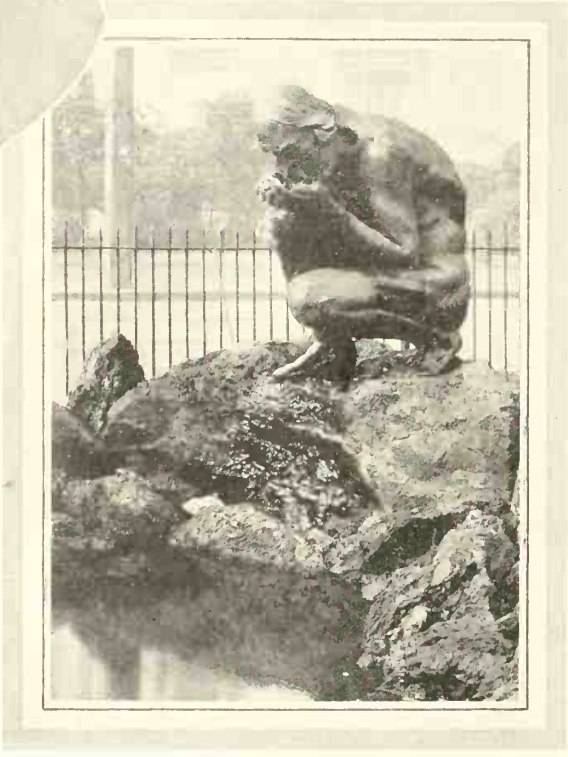
A sketch of an interesting westerner whose work is one of the attractions at the All-American Exhibition of Sculpture, Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco

IT is most encouraging to meet a man like Earl Cummings. When you look at him and talk to him, you realize that here's a fellow who eats three large, beautiful meals a day, enjoys them to the full, and has no indigestion afterwards! Who could ask for more? Here's a man who can laugh, who probably always has laughed.

None of your painfully neurotic, worrying, and all-tied-up-psychically artists. He's been a member of the Bohemian Club for twenty-five years and a Bohemian for at least fifty. He's had a good time; yet he has arrived. He is acknowledged as a leading American sculptor, and yet, happy man, has succeeded not only in accomplishing that enviable eminence, but in covering up any evidences of the struggle and who has apparently forgotten any of the suffering.

There he stands in his great barn of a studio which is in the back yard of his home on Clay Street in San Francisco. From under the eaves, high up by the tin roof, streamers of ivy dangle down onto the shoulders of enormous plaster men and women and horses and jaguars. Rather lost at the feet of these great creations is the big, hearty workman who made them.

He is dressed in overalls and a faded green sweater, with a flannel shirt over the sweater, the tails of the shirt dangling about his legs and smeared, like his trousers, with plaster and clay. He has a comfortable "bay window." He has a round, ruddy face with shrewd but kindly eyes. He is sure to have a pipe in his mouth and a slouch hat or cap on his head, so that you cannot quite be sure of the shape of his mouth or whether he is slightly bald (as you suspect) or not.



M. Earl Cummings and an example of his art, "Thirst," fountain Figure in Washington Square San Francisco

"How did you happen to take up sculpture?" I asked him one day, wondering why he hadn't been a bricklayer or a surgeon or a mural painter or a banker.

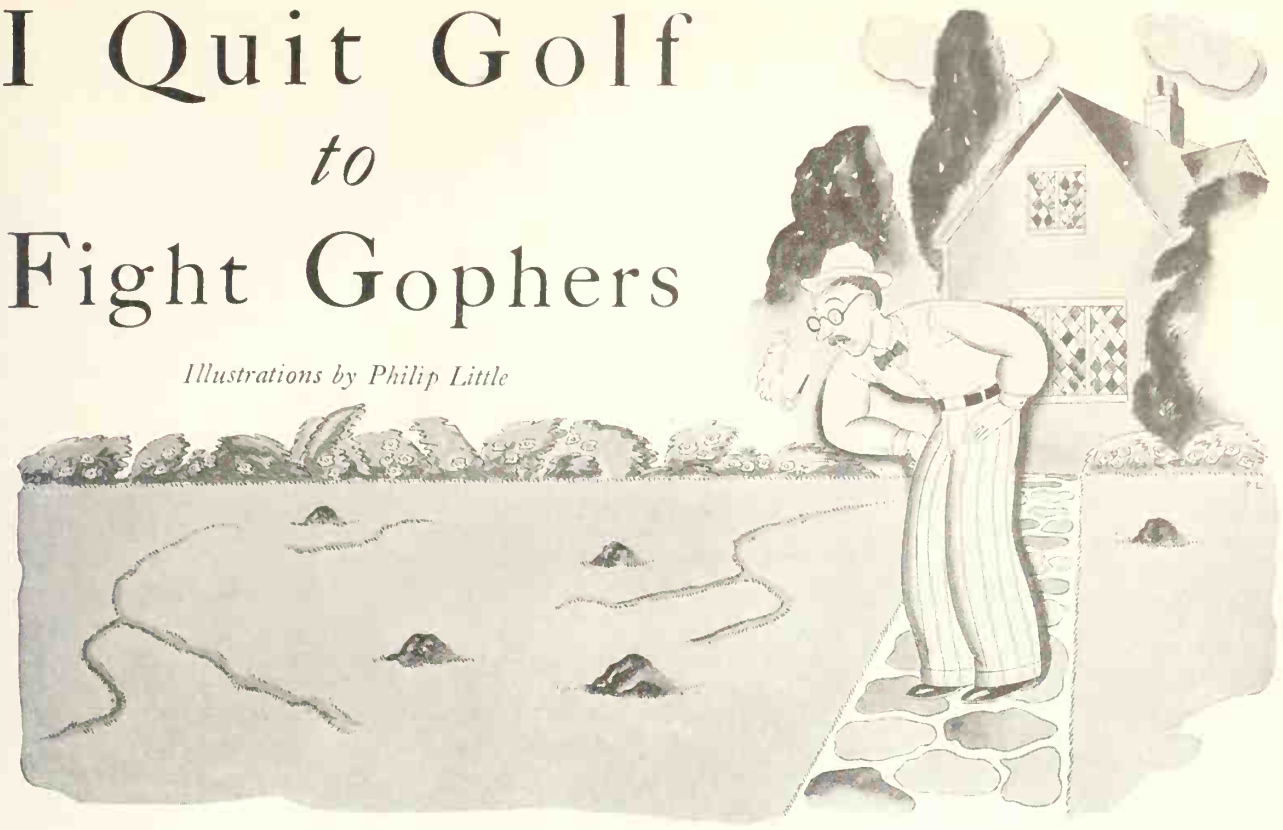
"Well," he said, "you see, I was born in Salt Lake City way back in 1876, and when I was a kid there I used to do a little wood-carving. Later a professional wood-carver came to Salt Lake to do a lot of work on the Mormon Temple which was still under construction, and he urged me to do more of it. So I worked a couple of years under him; in fact I did a good deal of work on the Temple itself—doors and stair-cases and the like. All the woodwork in the Temple is carved. And then, well, that seemed to lead naturally to other forms of sculpture, and I got interested.

"No," he said, in answer to my obvious question, flipping a piece of clay onto the pile of broken plaster and waste-paper at the foot of the statue on which he was working. "No, I never carve in wood any more—haven't for a long time. I came to San Francisco when I was twenty and after a year or two here I won a scholarship up at the Mark Hopkins school and began to model. I studied under Arthur Matthews and Douglas Tilden for a year or so. Tilden was doing the Mechanics Statue then, and I worked in his studio while he was enlarging it. You know the statue down on Market and Battery. Then Mrs. Hearst became interested in my work and sent me to Paris for three years of study at the Beaux Arts, where I worked under Mercier. And when I came back, Aiken, one of the instructors at Hopkins, went to Europe, so I was given his job. Later I began to teach over at the University—and I still have classes there two days a week. I like teaching. I've been there for twenty-five years now."

SO that is how Earl Cummings came to be a solid fixture in the artistic world of the West. Twenty-five years at the University of California, twenty-five years as a member of the Bohemian Club, twenty-five consecutive years as the artist member of the Park Commission: with granite and bronze monuments in a hundred places to show for it: the statue called "La Soif" in Washington Square, the Burns monument in Golden Gate Park, the bust of General Young in Salt Lake City, the Becker Fountain in front of the De Young Museum, the Rideout Fountain in the music concourse— (*Continued on page 67*

I Quit Golf *to* Fight Gophers

Illustrations by Philip Little



The True Confessions of an Amateur Gardener

By

John Eugene Hasty

IT was this fellow Kenyon who gave me the idea of going in for amateur gardening—Kenyon, plus the fact that every time I appeared on the golf course, the club entertainment committee threatened to resign. Somehow they seemed to think that I was encroaching upon their duties. As long as I continued to supply amusement, they said, the committee wasn't necessary. Well, I don't mind spreading fun and happiness through this world; but after all, you have to leave something for the boy scouts to do. So I quit golf.

It was about this time that I got acquainted with Kenyon. I used to see him occasionally on the 5:15; and one evening, he dropped into the seat along side of me, and we became more or less chatty. His hobby was gardening. At first, his talk about deciduous trees and perennials and so on was like what the fellow said about the restaurants—all Greek to me. But before long, I began to develop a mild interest. If Kenyon got such a whale of a lot of fun out of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, why shouldn't I? Besides, it represented a certain amount of exercise; and having definitely and firmly stowed my golf clubs in the attic, I needed some kind of exercise—something not too strenuous, and easy to do. And what was simpler than gardening? You planted seeds in the ground, and then let jolly old Dame Nature do the rest. And it was not without its glory. When you had guests at the house, you could casually refer to the vase of orchids on the piano, and remark in an offhand way, "Oh, yes, I raised 'em myself, right here on the place."

SO the next time I ran into Kenyon, I broached the subject of taking up gardening.

"What kind of gardens are you going to put in?" he asked.

"Oh, just gardens—the ordinary garden variety of garden, a good home for a few seeds that want to get up in the world. Maybe I'll plant a lawn, too."

"It takes three generations to create a good lawn," he remarked.

"That's easy enough," I answered, "Bobby is out of school now, and I know I can get his grandfather to help, too."

"Ever had any experience in gardening?" he asked, ignoring my wisecrack.

"No," said I, "What do I need to start?"

"Sympathy," he said. "But go ahead; I'm all for you."

I gathered that successful gardening called for something more than mere enthusiasm, although I didn't see why, out of all the people in the world, seeds should have special grudge against me. Anyway, I started with the lawn. At the end of three months, I didn't have much grass; but I had a lot of knowledge.

There are only a few things which can spoil a lawn, but most of those few things have an annoying habit of happening. My first lawn was scraggly and sparse. I had made the mistake, common to most novice gardeners, of overlooking the fact that possibly some of the seeds will not germinate. Moreover, I had planted Kentucky Blue Grass which doesn't grow thickly enough to make a good lawn. A mixture should be used; so I went to a local seedsman and asked his advice about proportions. Rather than quote my mixture here, however, I am going to suggest that each of you consult some local authority before making your lawn. Different sections of the West require different grass mixtures. One pound of seed is needed for each 160 square feet lawn area. I re-seeded, and started all over; and this time a heavy rain washed out most of the seeds. Those that weren't washed out were "drowned" where the water stood in little depressions in the ground. I

began to understand then what Kenyon had meant about it taking three generations to put in a good lawn. No doubt, a young fellow, full of courage and vision started out to plant a lawn; and by the time his grandchildren were of age, they finished up the job. However, I went at it again, first applying well-decomposed manure and turning it in, then laying a loamy top-soil, and finally raking and tamping until the ground was perfectly smooth.

As a rookie in the army of gardeners I first tried fighting weed enemies by routing them with a knife. Later my movements were more strategic and I attacked the enemy with a weed eradicator. This method of warfare permitted me to assume an upright position.

And here, I discovered a little trick in the matter of seeding. Instead of allowing the seed to fall where it listeth, I divided it into two lots. The first lot was sown, as evenly as possible, in strips running in one direction—say, north and south. After this had been raked in, the second batch was sown in strips running in the opposite direction—that is, east and west. The result was an extremely even distribution of seed.

After planting, the next step is watering. And at this point, I might digress to say that the first three essentials for a good lawn are water, water and water. I have seen grass plots, beautiful grass plots, made to grow on sand lots simply through the fact that they were given plenty of moisture. An automatic sprinkling system, the pipes laid in the ground before the lawn is planted, is probably more efficient and certainly less burdensome than sprinkling with a hose, although I used the latter. A new lawn should be kept constantly moist, sprinkled lightly at least four times a day. After the grass is up and well-matured, one or two good soakings a day will suffice.

ABOUT two weeks after my third planting, I was rewarded one morning by seeing what appeared to be a green mould covering the surface of the yard. It was grass—tiny, fragile shoots of grass, but healthy and evenly distributed. On that day, I think, I knew how the soldiers of Xenophon felt when they beheld the sea. All I had to do now in order to have a perfect lawn was to roll or tamp it, and trim it occasionally. Or, at least, so I thought. But as they say in the movie sub-titles, the shadowy figure of Destiny, hovering in the background, had other things in store for me—the other things being weeds, gophers, and moles.

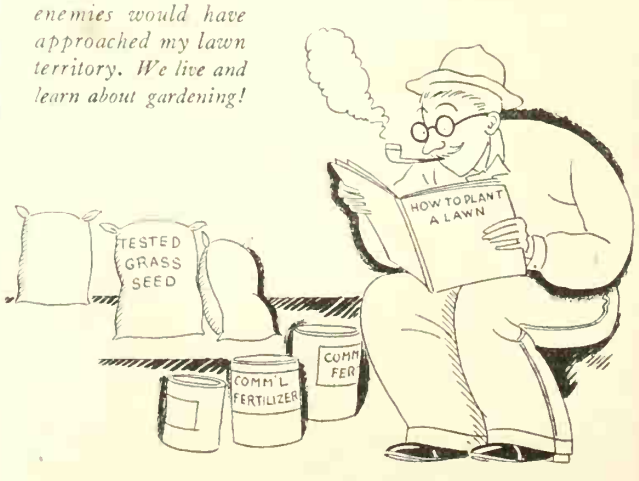
I shall deal with weeds, the least difficult of these pests, first—least difficult because no matter how obstreperous a weed it is, it will eventually yield to a well-directed, energetic treatment. Even the cutting off of the top of a weed, if done often enough, will discourage it. It's simply a matter of patience and plenty of it. But you don't have to outwit it. It doesn't lead you on, making you believe that at last you are rid of the pesky thing, and then bob up some other place, probably in your dahlia bed, and carry away your prize dahlia, stalk and all, just by way of showing you that you're not so smart after all. A weed is tough; but it lacks imagination.

From my study of garden battle tactics I now know that by using best grass seeds, and commercial fertilizers in place of manure, few weed enemies would have approached my lawn territory. We live and learn about gardening!

The principal weeds with which I had to contend daily were burr clover, dandelion, and wild morning glory. The former occurs in thick patches, and very closely resembles clover, except that the leaves are smaller and grow on a tangle of short runners. As far as I know, this weed has no flowers, but at certain times develops small burrs. It spreads rapidly, especially when it is clipped along with the rest of the lawn; and left to itself will soon crowd out the grass. Due to the fact that it is usually so intertwined with the grass that the use of plant poisons and sprays would destroy considerable patches of lawn, the most effective way of eliminating it is to disentangle the runners, tracing them back until you find the spot where they converge and enter the ground. Then with a knife or sharp garden trowel, carefully remove the entire plant, root and all, filling the hole with top soil and reseeding, or, better yet, patching the wound with sod. As a matter of fact, I have found it an excellent plan to keep a plot of grass for the sole purpose of cutting sod for patches.

DANDELIONS, I have heard it argued, can only be removed by getting down on one's dimpled knees and going after them bare-handed. But this method is only efficacious when the plants are young, and the ground moist and soft. Like most perennial weeds—which include wild morning glory, poverty weed, Canadian thistle, alkali mallow and knap weed—mature dandelions have a root system extending to no little depth. Attempting to pull them out by hand, or even using implements for that purpose, usually results in no more than breaking off the top and the first three or four inches of the root. In time, the plant comes up again, thicker and more luxuriant than ever.

In dealing with perennial weeds, providing that they are not entangled with the grass, I have found plant poisons the most successful. There is a plant poison (name upon request) which furnishes as close to a permanent solution to the weed problem as anything I have ever used. This poison is a liquid, sprayed on the leaves and stalks, or, in the case of dandelions, applied by placing a few drops in the center or crown of the plant. It is



absorbed by the leaves, carried into the root system, and thus destroys the entire plant—for good and all.

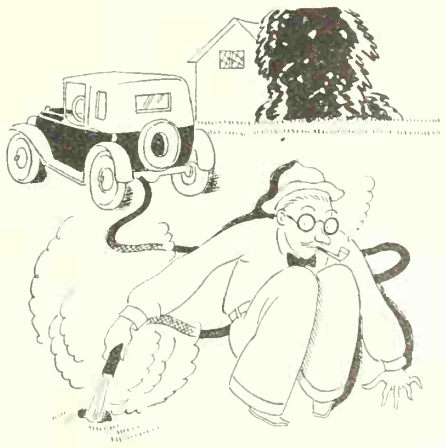
It is easier, however, to prevent weeds from getting a start in your lawn than it is to get rid of them. Mainly, they have two means of entry—the seeds are mixed with the grass seed itself, and are distributed through the manure used as fertilizer. For this reason, it is wise to purchase tested grass seeds from a reliable seed concern, and to use commercial fertilizers.

THE most persistent enemies of my lawn, however, were gophers, accompanied by their little playmates, moles. One sunny morning, I discovered on the velvety green expanse which I had worked so hard to secure, several little conical piles of earth. They puzzled me somewhat, but they didn't seem to be anything serious. On removing them, I found that each pile concealed a small hole in the turf, which I patched with sod. The next morning the sod was gone; and around each of the holes was an area where the grass had been chewed down to the bare ground.

Thus between the gophers and myself began a struggle which continued well over five years, during which time not only the lawn but shrubs, trees and garden plants were numbered among the casualties. I have actually seen a gopher work at the roots of a young broom tree, and drag the whole tree into his run-way. In the course of time, my lawn took on a patch-work appearance, and was fairly catacombed with gopher burrows. First, I tried drowning these pests by opening a burrow and letting the hose run into it; but the only apparent result was an increased water bill. After that, I tried gassing them with gopher bombs and carbon bisulphide; then poison grain, poisoned carrots, and a variety of traps. The gophers seemed to thrive on the poison or simply refused to eat it; and while they are probably not smart enough to do a problem in calculus or translate a page of Cicero, they certainly have a fiendish knowledge of the ways of traps and trappers. What's more, they're so darned insulting about it. They'll spring a trap by kicking dirt into it; and then work all around it. Once I did succeed in trapping a gopher, but I suspect he was a country cousin, and with a pretty low I. Q., at that. Or perhaps he had suicide in mind.

What havoc was wrought by my other devices of destruction I was never able to determine; but at no time were they ever one hundred per cent effective. There always emerged unscathed one or two families of gophers which immediately moved and set up operations in another part of the lawn. I was told the best way to get rid of them was to cultivate their natural enemies—gopher snakes and owls. But I had what you might call only a nodding acquaintance with gopher snakes, and owls were something I had never met socially at all. Besides, somehow, I have never sufficiently enjoyed the company of gopher snakes to get any pleasure in cultivating them. Understand me, I have nothing against them, but we just don't seem to hit it off together. A decent regard for the amenities of the occasion is about as far as I care to go in the matter of getting friendly with snakes. So after five years of more or less futile experimenting, I hit upon a snakeless gopher remedy. To the exhaust pipe of the car, I attached a hose, inserting the other end in the gopher burrow and sealing around it with mud. After that, all you have to do is let the engine run for half an hour.

In my pioneer days of gardening I had a reception each morning for the moles and gophers. My little guests, however, were most rude. They refused my poison refreshments and kicked dirt into my traps, so I took them for a ride via the exhaust.

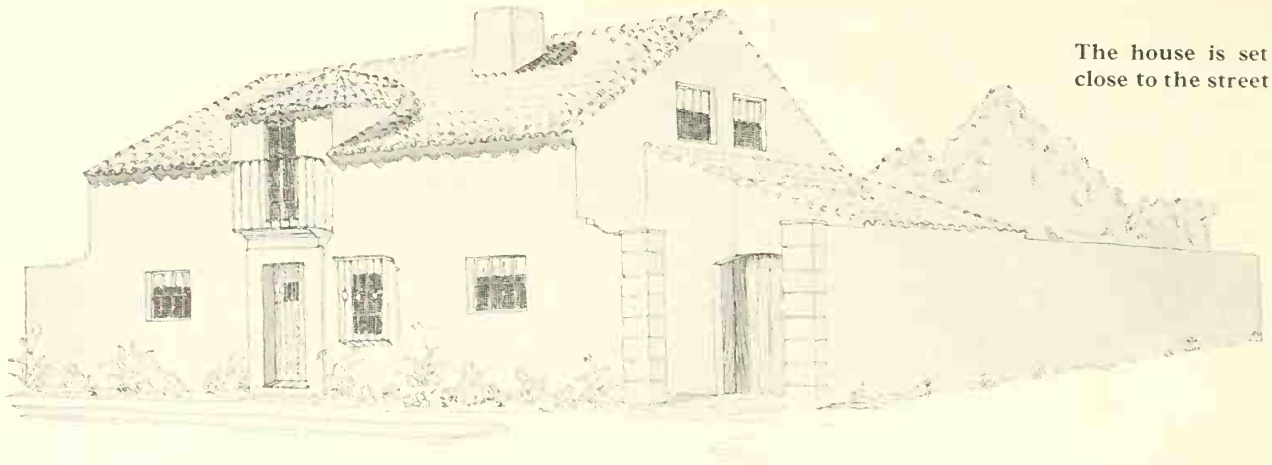


The next time I build a lawn or garden I'm going to pound stakes clear to China if necessary, to keep these little animals away. Moles and gophers irritate me, really they do.

The solution is not a permanent one; for gophers continue at intervals to invade my lawn and gardens, apparently the word having been passed about that I plant a fine, toothsome grade of gladiolus bulb, and that I'm an easy sort of chap to get along with. But with the first appearance of the little, conical piles of sand, I get busy with the hose and automobile; and thereafter ensues an era of peace as far as gophers are concerned.

As with weeds, it is easier to prevent the inroads of gophers and moles than to exterminate them. Before planting your lawn or garden, drive into the ground around the edges of it a series of stakes, close enough together so that one stake touches the other. The stakes should be about two and a half to three feet long. Neither gophers nor moles burrow beyond this depth; and thus the lawn or garden will be protected. In case of a large lawn where it is impracticable to enclose it with stakes, young trees and plants may be protected by planting them in wire baskets.

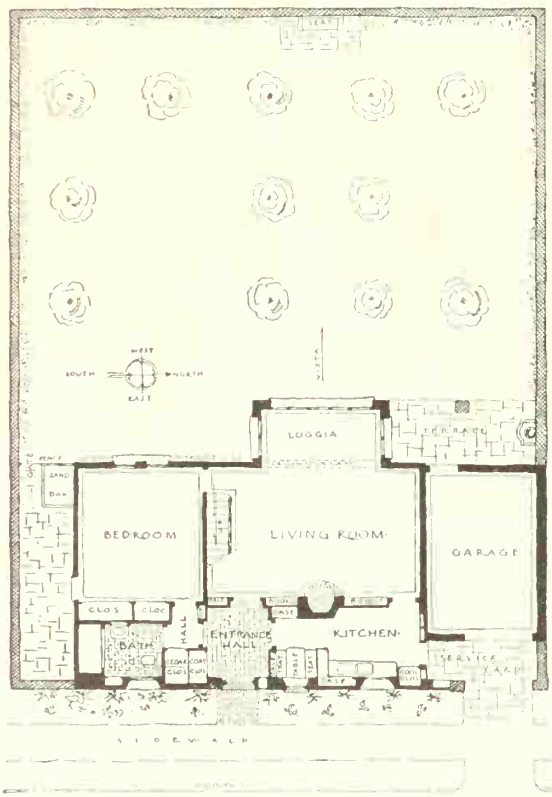
The price of a well-kept lawn and a successful garden, like the price of liberty, is eternal vigilance. Once, I had the notion that gardening was the puttering pastime of maiden ladies and old gentlemen in carpet slippers. Now I know better. A garden trowel and a hoe will accomplish more toward reducing the concentration of avoirdupois in the equatorial region than all the mashies, mid-irons and niblicks that ever cut a divot—and what's more, to my way of thinking, they're a whole lot more fun to use.

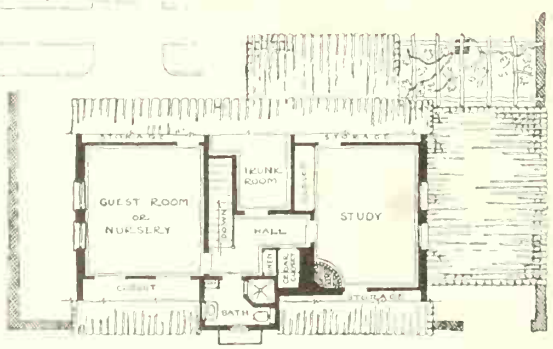


The house is set close to the street

Gwynn Officer, a Western Architect, Plans

A House *for* A Small Family





Gwynn Officer, Architect

THE family for whom the house shown on these pages was designed is that of a young professor, John Meryon, his wife, Mary, and baby, Ann. The need was for a small house with a large living room, dining room, kitchen, bath and bedroom, adequate storage and a garage; a servantless house.

The owner had some misgivings concerning the site. The lot is 60 feet by 80 feet, level, and has no view. It was the cheap lot of the district, and he had purchased it after a day spent looking at other lots—larger in area—with inspiring views of the ocean or mountains but far beyond the sum at his disposal. The charm of the district had induced him to buy this lot, though he had later ruefully wondered what could be put on it. The lot faces east on the street, which here runs north and south, and, being on the level part of the tract, cannot look outside itself for either view or vista. The simplicity of the site called for a straight-forward, simple, restful house, friendly, dignified and informal, with a free circulation, unbroken wall surfaces and a garden with captivating details, not obvious but harmoniously consistent with the house. There being no set-back restrictions, the house is placed close to the east property line with its greatest dimension lying north and south.

The design calls for a solution that will meet not alone the family's present needs but will also care for them for a period of years, making allowance ultimately for two or three children on an income not greatly increased beyond the present one. Placing the house at the front of the lot permits the disposition of the service on the street side with the living room and bedroom facing the enclosed garden. This arrangement gives a garden area approximately sixty by forty-eight feet, ample for the planting of a small orchard of flowering fruit trees, for lawns, flowerbeds and shrubs.

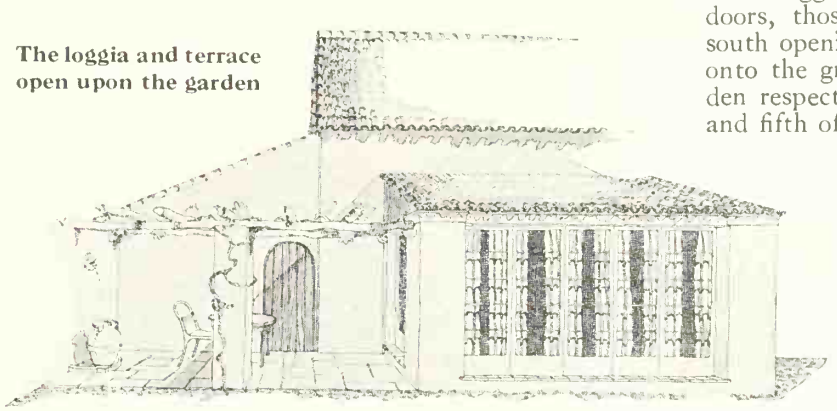
The garage lies against the north wall of the house and extends to the property line. It is set back from the street face of the house. While it is intended to house one car it has been made large enough to furnish storage for firewood and space for a small workshop with a bench. A door opens from the garage to the paved terrace, thus giving access to the garden from the street without

passing through the house. On the south the house stands sufficiently far from the property line to allow for an adequate play yard. The high wall enclosing this yard and the garden is a continuation of the house wall. On the north this wall forms a service yard in front of the garage. The play yard is separated by a wooden fence and gate from the main garden and has access to the house through a door to the bedroom. The yard is paved with concrete marked off irregularly but offering a smooth surface.

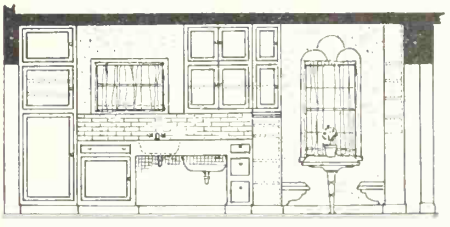
THE terrace beside the loggia has a pavement of stone and against the garden wall a fish head to drip water into a glazed oil jar standing in a small pool. The terrace is covered with a pergola made of the trunks of small eucalyptus trees and supports a grape vine whose broad leaves and twisted stem throw a graceful shadow on walls and floor. Against the rear wall and opposite the loggia stands a small paved platform and stone bench. Against the walls is a planting of flowers and shrubs to assure cut flowers and foliage for the house the year around.

The house is designed for warmth and comfort in winter and for outdoor living during the long sunny days of spring, summer and autumn.

The loggia and terrace open upon the garden



Considering the matter of areas and the probable use to which each room would be put, the original program was revised to that shown. The front door opens into a tile paved entrance hall with doors leading from it to the breakfast alcove, the living room and a small private hall connecting the bedroom, bath and cedar closet. Turning to the right from the entrance hall one enters the breakfast alcove, which, while it is set off from the kitchen by a case, is still so much a part of it that that room benefits by the light and air supplied by the alcove window. The table in this alcove is removable, somewhat after the fashion of the tables furnished in Pullman cars. The alcove window has a deep tiled sill, splayed jambs and a shaped head. This together with a gay dish cupboard and the window facing east should provide sufficient wings of the morning to start the day right for anyone. The floor of the alcove and that of the kitchen are covered with linoleum.



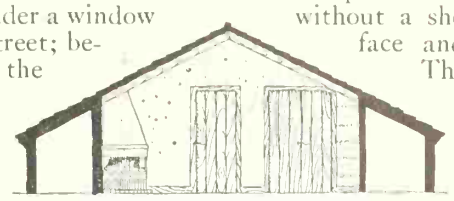
The east wall of the kitchen

The kitchen proper contains the sink, laundry tray and drainboards on the east wall under a window opening on the street; beyond these lies the cooler with an electric refrigerator in the lower part. Its grilles open to the north into the service yard. The service door comes next to the cooler. A ventilating fan is set in the wall over the door. Sunk into the wall beyond the door are the ironing board and a spice cupboard.

The door from the kitchen to the living room is in the west wall and next to it is placed an electric stove mounted on a tiled cabinet which has doors in the front concealing storage space for pots and pans. The back of the living room fireplace projects into the kitchen and between this and the wall of the entrance hall, opposite the breakfast alcove, occurs another cupboard for dishes and linen.

"Geranium red and delphinium blue" is the color scheme for tiles and cabinets, with ceiling and walls in buff. Curtains at both windows are to be of checked gingham, either in reds or blues, or of linen-colored marquisette cross-stitched in blue and red. On the wall hangs a colored clock of the eight-day variety. The kitchen has been designed to reduce to a minimum the labor of preparing meals.

Passing from the kitchen to the living room, one finds the entire east wall given over to bookcases with adjustable shelves, mounted above closed cupboards for magazine storage. Some of these shelves are deep enough to take the encyclopedias and dictionaries. The shelving and cases are made of redwood finished with two coats of wax rubbed to a soft lustre. The fireplace is a very simple one without a shelf—with a plaster face and chimney breast. The firebox is lined with tile and the raised hearth is of the same material. The north wall is unbroken, presenting ample space for furniture. The west wall is broken by the opening to the loggia, a rough wooden beam on the otherwise plain plaster ceiling spanning the loggia entrance. The glazed loggia opening into the living room becomes a part of it and increases the area of that room sufficiently to do away with the necessity for a dining room. The north, south and west openings in the loggia are closed by French doors, those on the north and south opening with one low step onto the grape terrace and garden respectively; the first, third and fifth of the glass sections on the west opening on the garden. All these doors swing out to allow the use of venetian blinds on the inside during the warm weather. The walls of the loggia are thick and the sills tiled. The dining table, refectory or drop-leaf, might be set either here or before the fireplace or anywhere in the living room.



The south wall of the study

Under the first half dozen steps of the stairway is a woodbox for the storage of a temporary supply of wood for the fireplace. A door from the bedroom opens into the play yard for the baby. This little yard receives both morning and afternoon sun.

Here is the place for warm weather napping, a sandbox, and a swing—144 square feet of play yard of absolute safety.

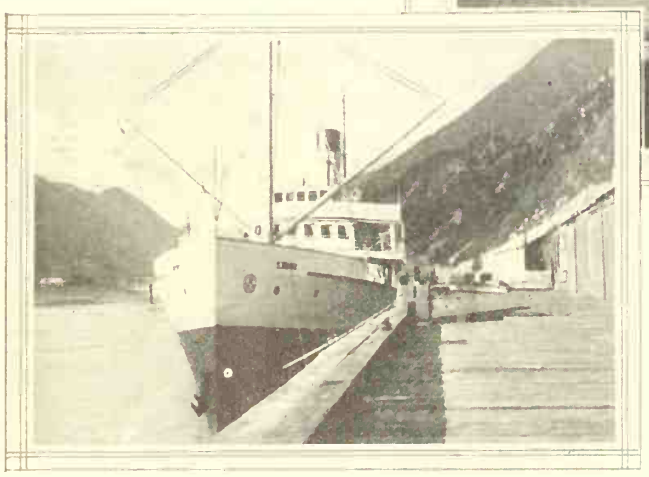
The ceiling on the second floor follows the line of the roof.

The roofs are of tile of medium to small size, color run of kiln omitting the very dark and very light tiles. They are laid with slight irregularity to give pleasing texture and interesting shadows. The leaders are of copper.

An electrically-controlled gas furnace located in the small basement may be reached when necessary through a trap-door in the back hall, an unusual but satisfactory arrangement.

The Village of Skagway Alaska

which was once



"Silent little valley town, where the big ships go,
Set among your circling peaks with their crowns of snow;
Hearts of flame, their summits gleam in the morning sun,
Long blue shadows wrap them round, when the day is done.

"Lonely little valley town, where the white ships go,
Yours the spell that binds men's hearts to your peaks of snow.
Earth-wide, or sea-wide, however far they roam,
Your message on a thousand winds shall call them home."

Gateway *to the*

THOSE with memories reaching back to 1898 will hardly recognize the foregoing lines as referring to Skagway, the erstwhile gateway to the Klondike, unless they have been there since, for the Skagway of 1898, according to tradition, was anything but "silent" or "lonely." But the Skagway of 1898, thronged with men crazy with the lust for gold; the rushing, cruel, heartless Skagway that most people imagine when they hear its name, is no more, its saloons are dried up, its gambling rooms and dance halls are quiet, its bad men have faded away. There remains a tourists' town, a little valley town, in a most picturesque setting, and with some of the most beautiful gardens you could see anywhere.

It has a public library also, a small one, but you may find more old friends there than you have seen since you left home. It was here, among other printed "words that walk up and down in the hearts of men," that we found this little poem, which walked up and down in our hearts all the way home. It begins a souvenir booklet written for the library by Floris Clark, a Skagway girl of whom the city is justly proud. Which goes to show that it has changed; that they have discovered there is something finer than gold.

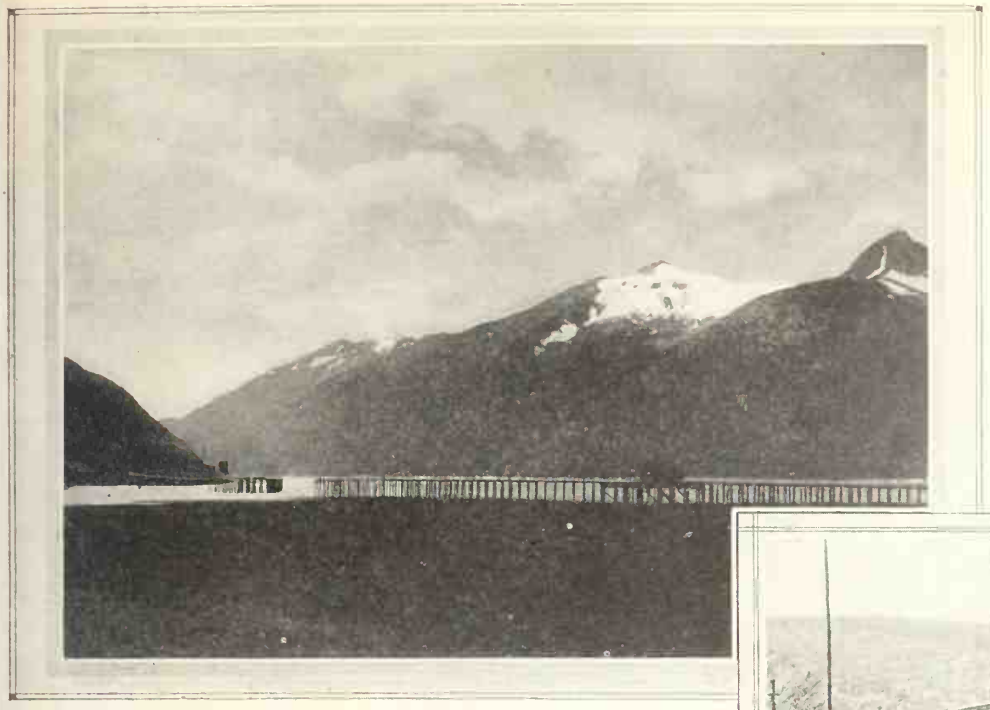
As any map will show you, Skagway is at the head of Lynn Canal, but no map shows the beauty of the place: the wonderful grandeur of the snow-crowned "circling peaks," some of which rise from the water's edge. Bold, rugged mountains, they are, with heads bare of anything save their crowns of snow and wreaths of clouds, and you will hardly be there long enough to look your fill at them.

The other Alaska towns along the inside passage, Ketchikan, Wrangle, Juneau, are strung along the water. Skagway is different. It runs up a valley away from the water, where there is room without climbing the side of a mountain. John Burroughs, who was there with the Harriman Expedition, said it looked as if a flood might come down the valley and sweep it into the sea—but fortunately that has never happened.

As valley towns are likely to be, it is much longer than it is wide, so it is farther from the boat to the hotels than in the other towns. The wharves are long piers running out from the end of the town.

In the early days of the gold rush, before the wharves were built, and when there were more ships than landing places, it was something of an adventure to get from the ship to the shore with one's belongings. Horses were pushed overboard and forced to swim ashore, and sometimes

The White Pass and Yukon Railw



A Travel Tale

By

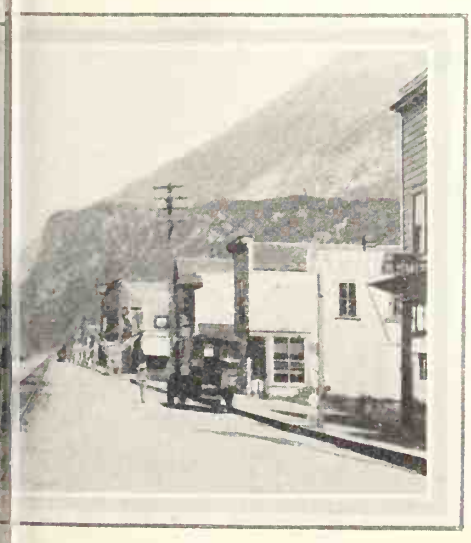
Frederick J. Burnett

Land of Gold

outfits were given little more consideration.

That was quite a while ago. People were in more of a hurry then. Everybody wanted to get to the golden rivers before those ahead of him; everyone passed on the trail seemed one more chance to stake a good claim.

Before the gold rush there were a few fishermen's huts here. In the feverish days of 1898 Skagway had some fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, living in tents and cabins, ministering as well as might be to the wants of the throngs that came on every ship, and took the weary trail to White Pass as soon as the necessary outfits could be assembled; or trying with every wile known to dramseller, gambler, dance hall habitue, confidence man and thug to separate the incoming "cheechako" and the returning prospectors from their gold. At the present time there are something like five or six hundred inhabitants, but several times a week a ship comes in with two or three hundred passengers, for which reason shops are more numerous and differently stocked than they would be if there were nothing to cater to but the permanent population. You find beautiful carved ivory (walrus); silver and copper work—things you probably never saw anywhere else; photographs, some of them perfect gems; books about Alaska; nugget jewelry; Indian baskets; furs—all very tempting to the tourists who are tramping up and down the board sidewalks of Broadway while a ship is in port.



s down the middle of Broadway

The Skagway sticker is inscribed: "Glaciers, — Gardens, — Nightless Nights." We were there but one night, August 10th, and it was not nightless, but we understand that earlier in the summer night and morning are so close together you scarcely know that one day is ended and another begun. We were writing on deck after nine at night by daylight, some distance south of Skagway.

But we can vouch for the gardens. Though we had read about Skagway gardens we were utterly unprepared for what we found. It is not just that they take pains with their gardens, and keep them spic and span; flowers grow here, some of them, as we never have seen them anywhere else. Dahlias as big as your hat, and taller than you are; begonias of immense size and beauty, unlike any you ever saw before; sweet peas with stems a foot long and vines running up more than six feet, all take your breath away.

WE were in Blanchard's garden and Walker's, at both of which places visitors are welcome. Mr. Walker, who has a greenhouse, sells flowers in summer and furs in winter, and says he is the most northern florist in the world. He has been with Amundsen on some of his expeditions. He brought out a pasteboard carton addressed to "Capt. Raould Amundsen, Care Norwegian Vice Consul, Nome, Alaska," in which he had some relics of Arctic exploration.

Fruits and vegetables, as well as flowers, grow to extra size and quality here. We had some red raspberries as large as Royal Ann cherries, and

of delectable flavor. The red raspberry shortcake with which we were regaled was—— you will have to taste it to know!

All about vegetation runs riot. The grass and clover is so rich and sweet and tender-looking you are inclined to think if Nebuchadnezzar had lived in Skagway his diet would not have been half bad. It is not only the cared-for lawns that are so richly carpeted; the same sort of verdure grows between the walks and the beaten road, wherever it is not trampled upon. To us, Skagway will always suggest green grass and clover, as well as snowy peaks and beautiful flowers.

The White Pass & Yukon Railroad runs down the middle of Broadway. This is the same road that carries you to Carcross, where you take the boat for West Taku Arm and Ben My Chree, and if you do not take that trip there is another one, to Lake Bennett, not quite so far as Carcross (abbreviation of Caribou Crossing). This gives you a look at historic White Pass and Deadhorse Gulch, besides the wonderful scenery. Lake Bennett is where those who came over the White Pass and Chillcote Pass made boats and rafts to float down to the Yukon, most of which were wrecked in White Horse rapids. Back in '98 it must have been a "live"place, surely.

Do you wonder that trout and salmon like this stream near Ketchikan, Alaska?

HERE you are in British Columbia, almost in Yukon Territory. The trains stop at White Pass and you can get out and stand with one foot in Alaska and one in British Columbia, with the stars and stripes and the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George waving amicably above your head.

Between White Pass and Bennett a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman, picturesque in his scarlet coat, goes through the train and asks to see your return ticket. If you do not have one he probably wants to know what you are doing in Canada. He is young, and very efficient looking, or perhaps what you have heard about the "Mounties" makes you think he is. You have an idea it would be unhealthful to give him an untruthful answer.

Of course you are sorry your return ticket is to Bennett only, you want to go on to White Horse. But if you did you would surely want to go still farther, to take a Yukon steamer down to Bering Sea. The Yukon, you know, has its source within a few miles of the ocean, but flows twenty-three hundred miles to reach it.

It seemed to us that one could spend a whole summer in Skagway, or with headquarters there. There are comfortable hotels, good food, reasonable prices, an agreeable climate, and there are so many things to do with Skagway for a starting point. Besides these railway trips, there are mountains to climb, and exploring expeditions along Lynn Canal.

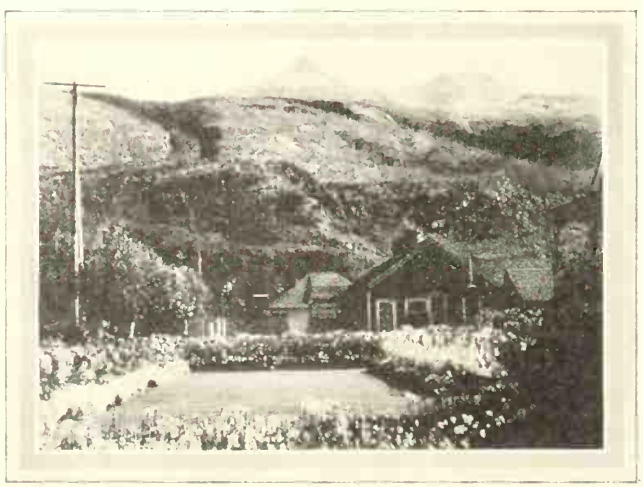
This is not a canal according to the dictionary definition, but an arm of the sea, of the Pacific Ocean, a fjord. It was not dug by man but by a glacier (or is it a submerged valley?). It is said to be the most majestic slender waterway in Alaska, which is easily believed once you have seen it. In spite of two different names it is really the same waterway as Chatham Straits, which begins, or ends, at the southern end of Baranof Island, more than two hundred miles from Skagway. In width it is something like four or five miles. The north end of it is a sort of a Y, with Skagway on the east branch.

THE gold rush was not so long ago but you find people who can tell you tales of the days of '98 from their own experience, to match those you have read in books of fact and fiction about Alaska. You may hear about paying a dollar for a bowl of soup, five dollars for a bag of salt, fifty dollars for a pane of window glass. A dollar seems to have been the smallest coin in use, nothing being less than that, and everything even dollars; one dollar, two dollars, three dollars, and so on.

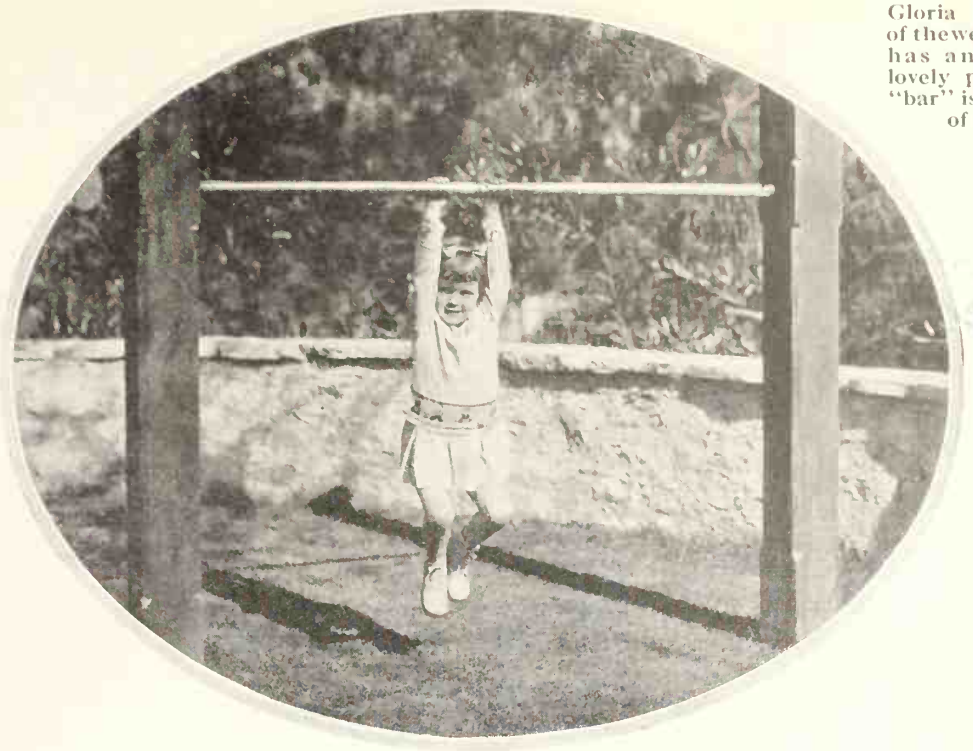
You will hear, too, about Soapy Smith, who "ran" things here for a time; until he went down to one of the long wharves that run out into the water like chameleon tongues, to drive into the bay the vigilance committee, which was at the farther end considering ways and means for suppressing him, and there had a duel with the man on guard which resulted in the death of both. On the mountain side above where you land there is, among other disfigurements, an immense white skull labeled "The Skull of Soapy Smith."

There is a Skagway "street car," a sort of an auto bus, that takes you to places of interest (for 25 cents—and 25 cents to return!)

There is not much in Skagway to remind you how far north you are; away from the water it resembles some of the higher towns in Colorado, and the trip to Bennett might be in Colorado. But you do not see signs of an "Arctic Brotherhood" Lodge in Colorado, nor other signs telling you that you are 460 miles from Arctic Circle.



Blanchard's Garden, in Skagway, is a riot of color



Gloria Lloyd, daughter of the well known Harold, has an elaborate and lovely playground. Her "bar" is a favorite piece of equipment

The West May Be a Land of Great Open Spaces, But

Where Do *Your* Children Play?

A Plea for Home Playgrounds

By

Gerald O'Gara

NO matter how small your yard is, it is big enough for play space," declares Miss Josephine Dows Randall, superintendent of playgrounds for San Francisco. Wide experience enables her to speak authoritatively. "It is surprising how room can be made by clearing a backyard and changing the position of patches of flowers and vegetables. It takes very small trouble and as little money as you care to put into it. How you fit up your play yard will depend largely on its size and the age and inclinations of your child.

"It may be helpful to recognize that there are definite stages in a child's play-life," says Miss Randall. "From infancy to three years of age, a child must and will play in sand for its best development. Sand is the confidant of little tots. They tell their troubles and their dreams to it and in it mold their fancies into actuality. The instinct is so strong that often one sees children playing in the dirt in the gutter. How much better to have them amuse themselves in a clean sand-box in their own backyard!

"From three to six is the dramatic age. Circle and singing games teach first lessons in co-operation. A little space for your children and the neighbors' kiddies to put on simple plays will be a God-send.

"The age of daring is from six to twelve. If you have a play-ladder in the yard, Sonny will probably be a fireman rescuing and re-rescuing some fair maiden for about three hours a day. Or, astride the horizontal bar, a cavalryman charging into battle. If you provide a bow and arrow and a target, he'll be 'Big Injun' treating the pale-face, as represented by an unoffending target, to twenty deaths per minute. With other boys, he may play 'Raiding the Castle' or 'Prisoner's Base.' But without some such outlet, you cannot blame the youngster if he gets the thrills his nature demands by throwing stones at windows or passers-by.

"Between twelve and sixteen, the age of loyalty, a boy wants to 'go with the gang.' He thinks he can't be bothered with home ties. He wants to be a Boy Scout and to engage in club or team games. By all means, he should be encouraged in these activities. The wise parent, however, will endeavor to fit up the backyard playground so that at least part of the older lad's time will be spent in it.

"You can nail up a basket-ball goal on the garage wall and a game of 'hunch' will start itself in the neighborhood. Or use the garage wall for a handball backstop. The center of the yard can be utilized for tether-ball or paddle tennis or volley-ball. A high-jump pit with standards will create intense rivalry to see who can clear the bar at top notch. If your boy and girl and their friends like golf, a lawn will make a practice putting green and a canvas dropped from the roof of the garage will serve as a driving net. The golf green can be used for croquet, too. About the time Harvard and Yale are lining up, football goal posts will determine who is the neighborhood's best drop-kicker. And so, the gang will put its official approval on your backyard and make it headquarters for good sport. Which,

Every little girl wants a playhouse. Another picture of Gloria Lloyd

though it may be noisy at times, keeps your youngsters out of street-corner crowds and more or less under your eye.

"Naturally, the play phases described aren't iron-clad. They overlap and often come earlier or later than the ages mentioned. A child may wish to play 'cops-and-robbers' and at the same time enjoy fashioning things out of sand. The wise parent chooses equipment in view of present needs. Additions or substitutions may be easily and inexpensively made as occasion arises and the playyard will thus keep pace with development from infancy through adolescence.

"The greatest value of the backyard play will be in homes where the children are quite small. Short-legged tots can't amble to public play-fields without having to cross automobile-traveled streets. The earliest years are formative years when influences, good or bad, make their greatest mark. So parents, for the benefits of supervision alone, may well prefer their own backyards to the sidewalks.

"If the child is under ten, and space is so limited as to make possible but one piece of play furniture, the first, cheapest and best equipment, generally speaking, will be a sandbox. Children are naturally builders and architects. Besides songs and dances, they insist on practical training in their play, something to satisfy the creative instinct.

"It is surprising how long children retain their liking for play in sand, sometimes even to the age of fourteen. As they grow, their designs keep step with their intellectual development, becoming more elaborate and artistic. With a few mill-ends, odd sized blocks of lumber, and cuttings from trees, they fashion tree-lined highways, amusement parks with races through the clouds, stadia, swimming pools, skyscrapers. Best of all, the task holds their interest intensely and grows from day to day. They are eager to take up tomorrow where they left off today. And while baby gets much delight out of demolishing his crude designs before they are fairly made, older children take a pride in their work, leaving them stand for days and making changes and improvements as they suggest themselves."

Horseshoes may or may not bring luck. At any rate these are "lucky" California youngsters

THE sandbox, Miss Randall points out, may be as large or small as you wish. A box six by four feet is good but a larger box is even better. It should have a shelf a foot wide all the way around, to model on. One load of clean white sand will fill it. Small garden tools and a water pail are useful in molding. Like all other apparatus described in this article, you can either build or buy the sandbox. Building it may very well give you as much pleasure as your juvenile will get out of playing in it. If you hesitate about buying, remember that play equipment gives years of pleasure, while toys are fragile and shortlived.

Besides the sandbox, there are numerous other bits of simple equipment that build children physically and give them pleasure at the same time. In a small yard, a horizontal bar and baby swing will be a useful combination. The bar develops good posture. Flying rings have a never ending appeal to the air-minded newer generation. If your youngest likes to climb on you just when you are absorbed in sewing or smoking, why not put a horizontal ladder in the backyard? The

The children's playground at the home of Nion Tucker, Burlingame, California

ladder will satisfy the child's yen for climbing, and strengthen his major muscles at the same time. Youngsters that enjoy sliding down the banister will get double pleasure out of an outdoor sliding pole.

In space twenty feet square, you can set up an excellent combination consisting of rings, swings, horizontal bar and trapeze. For small children, a kindergarten swing but no trapeze is recommended.

HAVE you ever noticed how youngsters love to walk on railroad tracks? They like to see how far they can walk without falling off. A balancing board fifteen feet long, one foot wide and two inches thick, with uprights at either end set firmly in the ground, not only amuses but develops a graceful, poised carriage.

A slide costs more than most of the apparatus mentioned but is worth the expense. Teeters may be put up easily and inexpensively. A playhouse, with a side kept open for supervision, is good. A house for a rabbit or a dog will satisfy the child's craving for something to mother. A bird bath—built by all means out of the cat's reach—will attract many birds. The paternal instinct, though not manifested in crying for dolls, is almost as strong in little boys as the maternal in little girls. This instinct can be put to work enjoyably in a garden in the playyard. Let the young one lay this out according to his own ideas as far as possible, choose (mother or dad, of course, will make a few tactful suggestions) his own flowers and plants and do all the work in it himself.

The pride of handiwork will be added to joy in the beauty of the blossoms. Even if a child gives only five minutes a day to his garden, he is doing something constructive and building a hobby that grows sweeter with the years.

Very important is it to have seats, either rigid or swinging, as in a hammock, in the yard. Youngsters are inclined to play themselves into ill-humored fatigue. An inviting spot to rest awhile is essential.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Fowler have a model playground at their home in Broderick Street, San Francisco. Mr. Fowler gives this advice concerning backyard playgrounds.

"Inspect the apparatus thoroughly at least once a year. Nuts and bolts should be secure at all times. And make certain that the supporting posts are set firmly in the ground or in cement."

MR. FOWLER'S two daughters, Barbara and Jean, school girls, and his son, John, a young man in kindergarten, get all manner of fun out of their playyard—as much now as when it was installed five years ago. It's popular with the neighbors, too, the children coming in whenever they can and the grown-ups enjoying the fun from their windows.

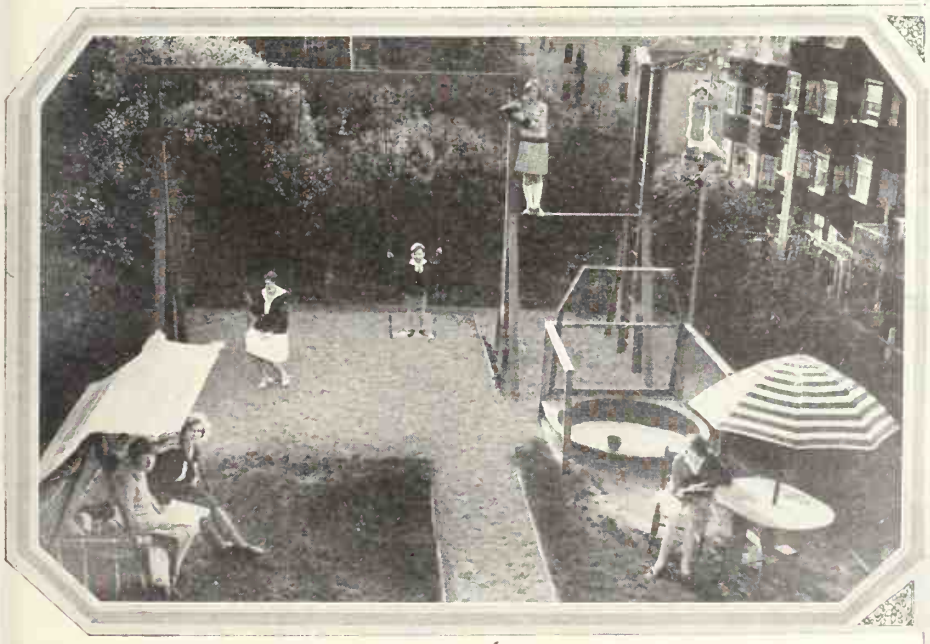
"Children," says Mr. Fowler, "are more careful than most people think. If children outside the household use the apparatus, however, it is not a bad plan to take out insurance against accidents, although they occur very rarely."

Other hints that may be valuable whether your apparatus is of wood or galvanized iron, home made or store-bought, are as follows: Keep twelve inches of soft shavings, sand or sawdust under rings, bars and ladder. A low fence around the swing will protect children playing near it. Do not buy fragile, freak or high apparatus. Have a competent person (if you answer the description, so much the better) set up the frames.

IN cities planned and zoned according to most modern methods, each residential block has a central community playground.

Nothing makes a town or city happier and healthier than a backyard playground movement. To Miss Randall must go credit for originating the "Home Play Week" idea eight years ago, in Visalia, California, a town of 20,000 population. She inaugurated a movement to put a playground in every backyard in the city—and to get every father and mother to make a business appointment of at least ten minutes each day for playing with their children.

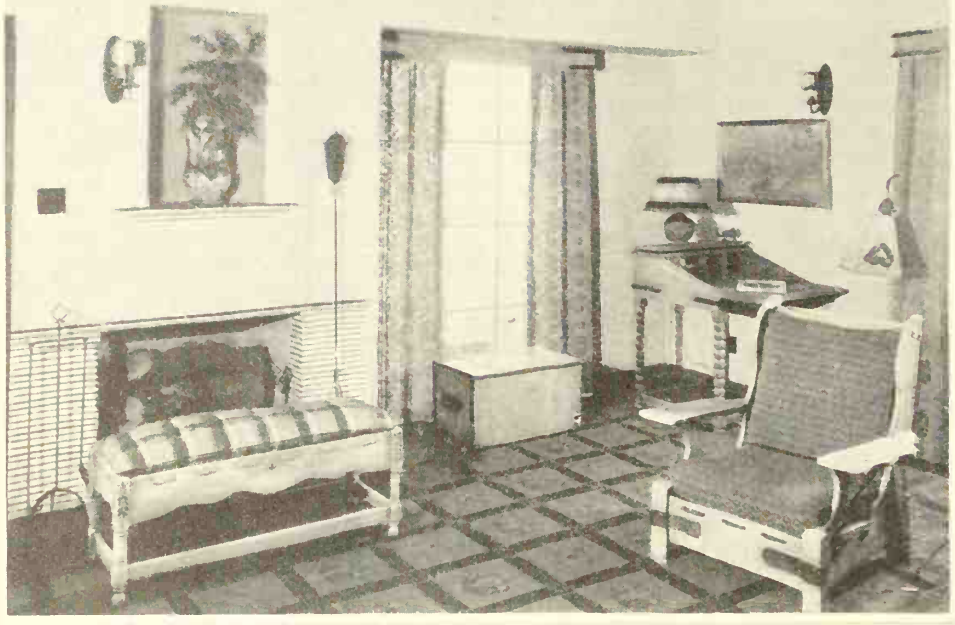
Visalia's home play week success was re-enacted in Seattle two years ago. Oakland, California, a pioneer in the movement, and Salt Lake City distribute folders and plans for suggested backyard playgrounds. Smaller communities, such as Grand Junction, Colorado, are following the lead of San Francisco, where Miss Randall is promoting home play on a big scale.



The playyard at the home of W. H. B. Fowler in San Francisco

A Post Script

THROUGH the courtesy of the Recreation Department of Oakland, California, we have on hand a limited quantity of playground leaflets to distribute free to SUNSET readers. These leaflets tell in detail just how to make all sorts of home playground equipment, such as flying rings, horizontal ladders and the like. If you want one of these bulletins just send your request with a stamped, addressed envelope to the Editorial Department, SUNSET Magazine, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco. We will be happy to send you the leaflet and to convey your thanks to the City of Oakland Recreation Department.—*The Editors.*



The Monterey furniture is painted in three colors, yet this living room is harmonious

Our Colorful Homes

By

Edgar Harrison Wileman

THERE is much color in our city streets today; automobiles, store windows, clothes, lip stick and rouge, show that color is king.

The reaction from the post-war age of greys and taupes is irresistible. Its force is potent; nowhere is this seen more clearly than in the field of interior decoration. No longer do we rapturously exclaim over the neutral background of taupe carpet or go into ecstasies over the beauty of a taupe mohair sofa; modern rugs must be colorful; smart sofas must have color in addition to comfort. Consequently, Oriental rugs with their rich beautiful colorings are selling in larger quantities than ever before. Excellent machine reproductions are being made both here and in Europe. Even when plain rugs or carpets are used, the most popular colors are green, rose and henna.

The newest upholstered furniture is covered with damask, brocatelle or almost any kind of fabric so long as it is colorful. It may be plain, striped or figured, according to personal taste, requirement of the room, or structural line of the article, but it has no interest, character or place in the vogue of today unless real color is evident.

Actual furniture wood pleases us better now if it is stained, painted or decorated. Beautifully figured woods are sought and used for decorative panels or inlays. These are often stained a hue contrasting with the main part of the article. Where furniture is painted all over, there is a distinct tendency to avoid monotones in grey or ivory, and to use definite tints of amber, green, blue or yellow, with a decided preference for glazing, as it is known in the trade. This process gives an aged appearance to the paint and is a distinct improvement over a perfectly flat coating.

Colors are again introduced in certain styles of furniture when the pieces are embellished with floral, conventional or abstract motifs. These, when badly done, tend to cheapen the article on which they are painted, but when carried out with due regard to color value and decorative requirements, are following the greatly admired styles of recognized period furniture. Remember that master artists painted on the walnut

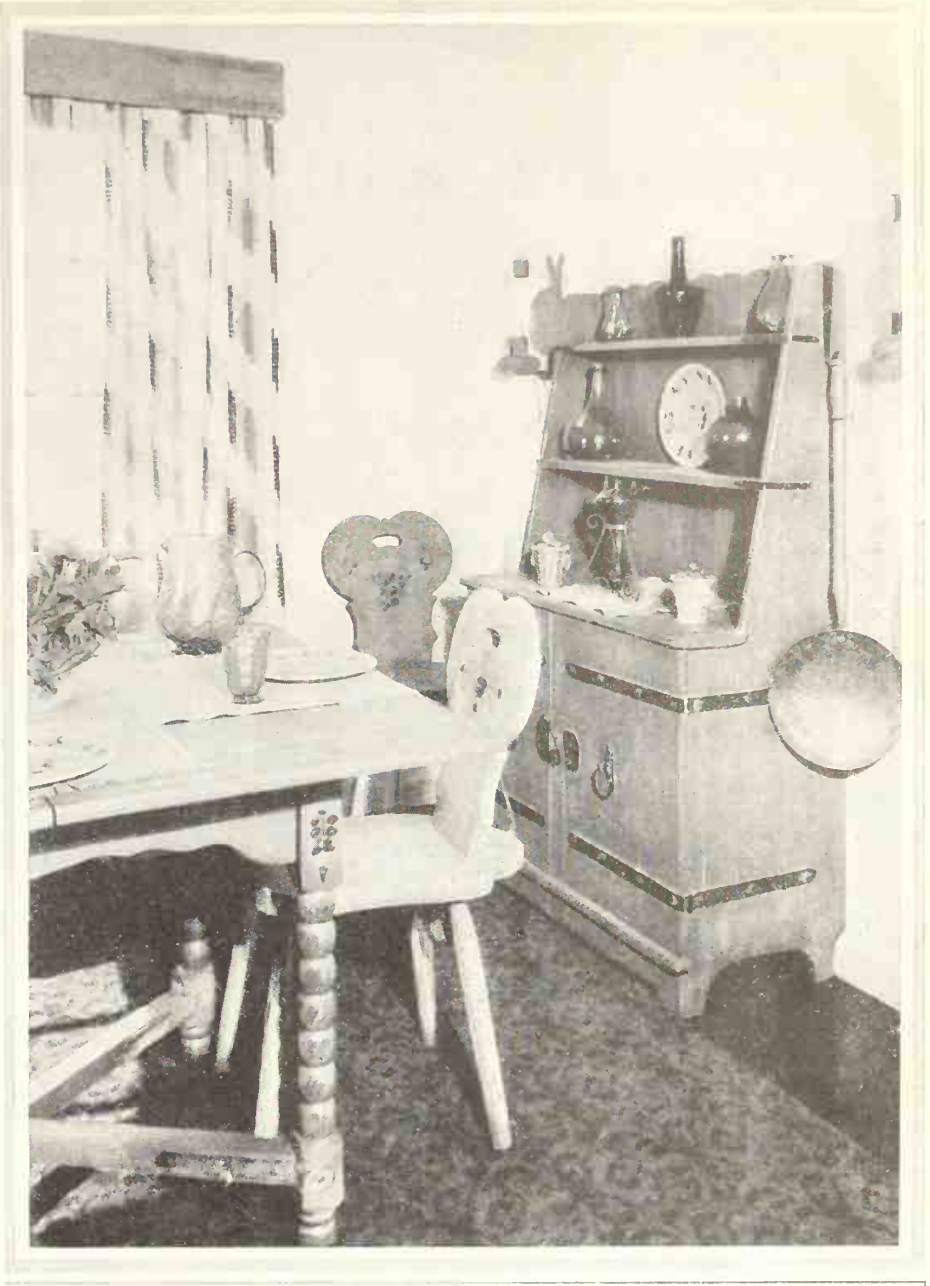
Photographs, courtesy of Barker Bros.

Simple but colorful: the front door painted red, orange and blue, the draperies at the windows of the same colors

chests of the Italian Renaissance period, that painted furniture was more popular than any other during the Louis styles in France.

In California we have every opportunity to revel in color for, indigenous to the soil of the country, the Spanish style demands color if we are to interpret it aright. A Spanish style house has tinted plaster walls, both outside and in. The roof is covered with red tiles, and the outside woodwork is often painted gayly. It is set in an environment of green lawn, shrubbery and trees and the whole picture is silhouetted against an intensely blue sky. Nature combines with man to make a vivid polychrome.

With the aid of color a simple home may be given individual character as was the case in the home here illustrated. The front door was painted in bright colors of red, orange and blue and these same hues were introduced at the windows on either side of the door, in the drapery fabrics, which were purposely left unlined. The entire house was equipped with furniture known as "Monterey," a naive, peasant type reminiscent of the California Missions. Rugs in living and dining rooms were of a new kind known as "Provincial" while the draperies were of a coarsely woven fabric similar to monks' cloth but with a decidedly colorful design. The furniture, made of gumwood, was painted in three distinct colors, namely, green, red and corn color, and used in conjunction with some pieces in an old wood finish. The upholstery fabrics were also of a loosely woven texture, abstract in design, and very colorful. All these colors together may give the average reader an idea that there was a wild, riotous confusion, but such was not the case. The colors on the furniture had been mellowed by the process of glazing, or rendering antique, and there was a subtle balance in the quantity of the more strongly chromatic colors and the amount of those with weaker chromas, so that the result was exhilarating and yet harmonious; different, yet homelike.



Living-room and dining-room blend delightfully in design and color. The straw color "wine chairs" around the green table stand out in contrast with the red in the rug

THE average person is at a loss to know how to start about selecting a color scheme. Here is a simple method. Select as the predominating color for a room, one you like, especially if it is to be your own room. Take into consideration the aspect of the room, remembering that certain colors are warm in effect, and others are cool. Red, yellow and orange are warm colors and should be used, in their various tints and shades, in rooms where an effect of warmth is desired. On the other hand green, blue and violet are cool colors, and are therefore most suitable as the principal colors for south or sunny rooms. Stronger colors may be used in living, dining, sun and breakfast rooms, than in bedrooms, where quieter colors and more delicate tints prevail.

ONCE the basic color is decided upon it might be used in three values, low, medium and high for, let us say, rug, woodwork and walls; then a complementary color could be introduced for draperies, chair or bedspread. If the room has a figured paper on the walls it is often a simple task to take colors already existing in the design as a basis for the furnishings. Or you may start out by actually selecting a rug or drapery fabric that has various colors in it and introduce these same hues into larger areas of upholstery or woodwork. Pairs of complementaries, according to the Munsell color system are, red and blue-green; blue and orange (yellow-red); yellow and purple-blue; green-yellow and purple; green and red-purple. It is well to use complementary colors "grayed."

A Program of Preparedness Makes

Picnic Packing *A* Pleasure

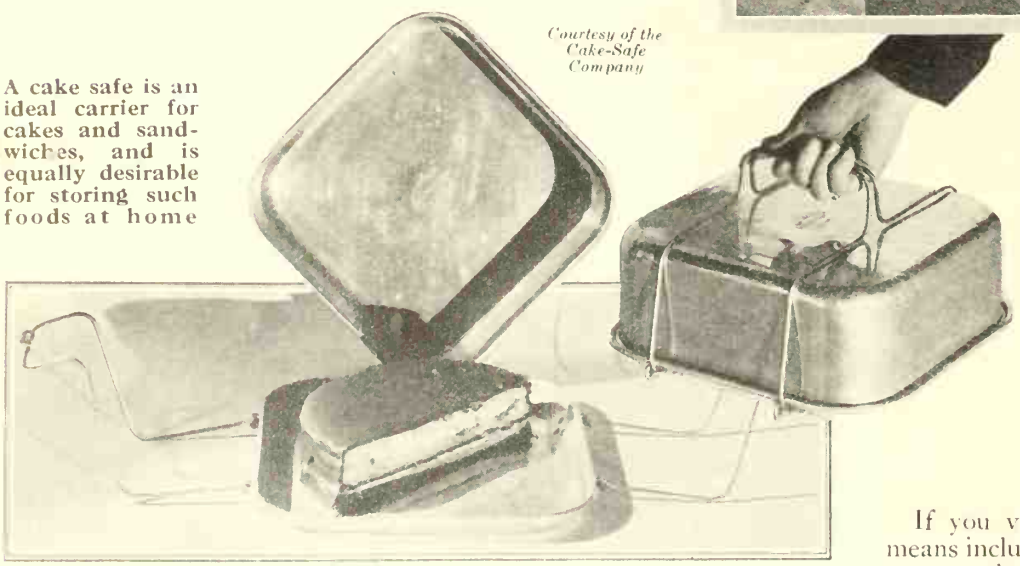
By

Elner Martin

Photographs by Ralph Young Studios

This complete motor kit (Courtesy of the Emporium, San Francisco) conserves time, space and family dispositions

Courtesy of the Cake-Safe Company



A cake safe is an ideal carrier for cakes and sandwiches, and is equally desirable for storing such foods at home

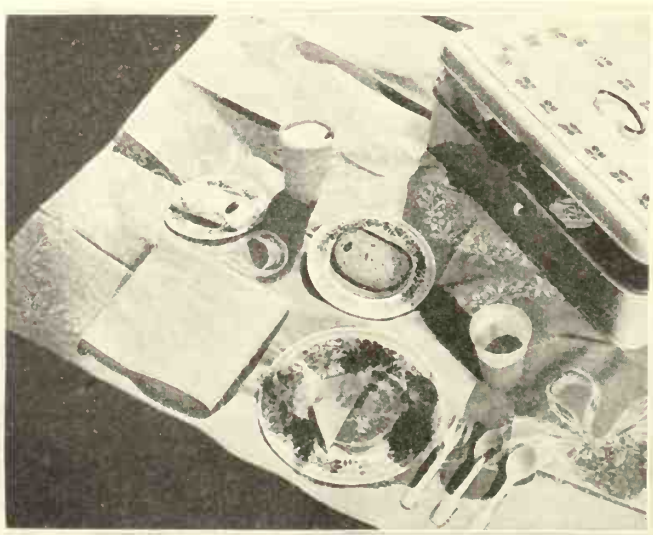
SELDOM does one need suggestions as to what foods to take on a picnic, but frequently the problem of packing the lunch takes away at least part of the fun for mother, who carries the chief responsibility. A bit of thoughtful study and perhaps the purchase of a few needed pieces of equipment specially designed for ease in packing and convenience in using, makes possible much more frequent outings of the picnic variety, and much more fun for all concerned on such occasions.

The complete kits, with all necessary pieces assembled and neatly fitted into a smart, indestructible case, are tempting indeed, and ever so useful. No more hunting on top cupboard shelves for enamelware cups, and dashing to the basement for pasteboard boxes, and the eventual discovery, at lunch time, that the salt and pepper have been left at home. Be sure to select a set that includes enough dishes for the number of persons you ordinarily take with you on such expeditions.

Great individuality may be put into a personally-assembled set. The wise plan is to consider first the type of motor lunch you and your family most enjoy. Do you like best to stop long enough in some secluded spot to cook a part of your food, or do you prefer to take along everything ready to be consumed? Your selection of picnic paraphernalia will depend upon the answer to that question.

If you vote to cook, then by all means include a folding camp stove in your equipment. It is fun to cook over an open fire, of course, but the danger of forest fires is too great to take unnecessary chances in the woods. The speed of the gasoline stove, too, has much to commend it, and there is no smoke to contend with. And do get a good, big coffee pot! Whatever your favorite method of making coffee at home, you will find it convenient to take the required quantity of ground coffee tied up in a muslin or cheesecloth bag, ready to drop into the pot of cold water and bring to boiling.

One of the nested sets of enamelware utensils, consisting of plates, cups (with handles that do not get hot), knives, forks and spoons, etc., fitted together in a large kettle, is a fine foundation on which to build a set. An aluminum cake safe is the best possible means of transportation for a cake, which with fruit makes a splendid dessert. A thermos bottle or jug is essential, for carrying drinking water or hot chocolate for the children.



Decorative luncheon sets in heavy paper may now be secured (Courtesy of L. D. McLean and Co.)

You will want to Keep this Outline of the Iris Family Tree for There are

Irises *and* Irises

Says

Sydney B. Mitchell

As it is not the intention in this series of articles on flowers to emphasize the particular member of the genus which has been most developed for garden use, but rather to attempt to discuss in a brief way all the species valuable for garden decoration, the enthusiast whose interest is limited to the garden varieties of the tall bearded iris will probably find less to hold him here than will the more catholic gardener who proposes to adventure widely. Botanically as well as horticulturally the iris family breaks up easily into groups with somewhat common characteristics and horticultural requirements. When there is great variation within the group, particularly of cultural needs, this will be mentioned.

Oncocyclus and Regelia Irises

The first group to be considered consists of the Oncocyclus and Regelia irises and the crosses between them and with bearded irises.

The Oncocyclus irises, natives chiefly of Palestine and Armenia, are unfortunately not easy to grow. They are doubtless the most unusual and possibly the most beautiful of all irises, their strange colorings varying from the mother-of-pearl and cinnamon of *I. lorteti* to the sombre purple-black dottings on a gray ground of *I. susiana*. The latter, a huge flower on stalks from eighteen inches to two feet high, is the only Oncocyclus now obtainable in America. It is sometimes to be seen in the windows of San Francisco florists in late March, and the flowers have recently been shipped to many other cities. It demands the planting of its rhizomes just beneath the surface in raised beds of good soil, tending to lightness rather than heaviness. It must have good drainage while in growth, which is from November to May, and demands complete drying off through the summer months, which can only be obtained by growing it in special places or lifting when the leaves die down and replanting in late October.

Of its relations, the Regelias, it may be said that they come from a colder climate, Turkestan, and are relatively easier to grow, though the cultural directions are practically the same as for the Oncocyclus. The flowers are much smaller and narrower and less striking, but they have a charm peculiarly their own. *I. korolkowi* comes in several color forms, including lilac and red-purple, but the one most generally seen has a white ground heavily veined with purple-brown. *I. stolonifera* and its forms Vaga and Leichtlinii have curious color combinations of light or dark brown shot with electric blue, the shading and frilling varying considerably in different forms. Between *I. korolkowi* and *I. stolonifera* the late W. R. Dykes raised a seedling named Turkoman, of a fine red-purple with a brilliant blue beard, one of the loveliest little irises in existence. A possible place to grow these is in a pocket in the rock garden which can be kept pretty dry in summer. A newer Regelia iris is *I. hoogiana*, a pure lavender flower of beautiful shape and the most perfect finish. I have found it and in fact all the Regelias easy to grow and permanent in my Berkeley garden.

Between the Oncocyclus and the Regelias have been raised by the Dutch nursery firm of G. C. Van Tubergen, Jr., a series of lovely hybrids, combining the colors of both groups and of nearly as easy culture as the pure Regelias. Luna, Charon, and Hera are examples of these hybrids now being offered by California growers. Coming fully a month before the regular run of bearded irises, the above are at their best from mid-March to mid-April.

In further efforts to combine some of the unusual characteristics of the Oncocyclus and Regelia irises with a greater robustness of habit and ease of growth, the Oncocyclus and the Regelias have been crossed with the vigorous bearded irises; thus the blue-lined Carmelo and the mouse-colored Bellorio are bred from *I. korolkowi* and *I. germanica*, while the glorious hybrid William Mohr, named in honor of its deceased originator, came from a cross of the bearded *Iris Parisiana* and the Oncocyclus *I. gatesi*, the last a truly wonderful species now apparently lost to cultivation. This is unquestionably the finest hybrid iris ever raised, but there are some less striking ones from Oncocyclus and bearded parents obtained by the late Sir Michael Foster

Form is important as well as color. Here an accurate drawing shows the grace of Iris susiana. In circle at upper left is I. pumila, and at right, I. florentina.

and given such Persian names as Dorak, Giran and Nazarin. Zwanenburg is a hybrid of *I. susiana* and the little bearded *I. statellae*, raised by M. Denis. All these crosses are comparatively easy to grow on the Pacific coast, but give them good drainage and if possible dry conditions in summer.

The Bearded Irises

A second group, botanically closest to the above, comprises all the bearded irises, often misnamed the German Irises. It is this group which contributes so much to the beauty of our gardens, having hundreds of garden varieties, practically all of the easiest culture. They demand only shallow planting in full sun, and reasonably good drainage. Coming from around the Mediterranean, they are used to rainless summers, and only in the hottest, driest sections is it really necessary to water them during our summer droughts, except in the case of new plantings, but they do not object to summer water as do the Oncocyclus and Regelias. Divide and replant them every three or four years when they get crowded. This is best done in the month after their flowering but can very well be done any time up to the end of October, though it is best to get them established before winter.

FOR garden purposes the bearded irises may be divided into three classes. First, the dwarfs, little plants a few inches high which flower from March to April on the Pacific coast and are best adapted to the rougher rock garden or to edges. Examples of these are Statellae, Atroviolacea, Orange Queen and Marocain. Next comes the intermediate section, crosses between the dwarfs and the tall bearded irises, of which characteristic varieties are Ivorine, Golden Fleece, Walhalla, and the Californian introduction, Soledad. The best known of the tall bearded irises is doubtless *I. germanica*, whose blue-purple flowers are so common in California in March. *I. albicans*, the white iris which flowers about the same time, has traveled all the way to California from Arabia, the Mohammedans having carried it along the north coast of Africa to Spain, whence the Spaniards transported it to Mexico. The many-colored tall bearded irises of our gardens are not, however, derived from these but mainly from the lavender species called pallida and the yellow and brown species called variegata, with the introduction of new blood in recent years from certain large light purple irises of the eastern Mediterranean, *I. trojana*, *I. cypriana*, and *I. mesopotamica*. The use of these last has produced hybrids which have a tendency to grow during the winter. This has prejudiced eastern gardeners against them, but it is no drawback on the Pacific coast, and it is a real advantage in the drier and warmer sections. As there is always a demand for selected lists of varieties, I shall attempt two, the first for beginners, for which I suggest Afterglow, Ambassadeur, Ballerine, Dream, Edouard Michel, Fro, Isoline, Kashmir White, Lent A. Williamson, Ma Mie, Mme. Cherie, Pallida dalmatica, Prince Lohengrin, Rhein Nixe, San Gabriel, Shekinah, Souvenir de Mme. Gaudichau, and Sunset; and the second a list for the advanced collector of the finest recent varieties, which will ultimately displace older forms:—Asia, Azulado, Bruno, Cardinal, Dolly Madison, Frieda Mohr, Germaine Perthuis, Glowing Embers, Purissima, San Francisco, and Santa Barbara.

for

Iris Enthusiasts

IF you like the iris you will enjoy a membership in the American Iris Society which entitles you to receive bulletins and all sorts of iris inspiration and information. Just send three dollars to the Secretary, John B. Wallace, Jr., 129 Church St., New Haven, Connecticut, and become a member. You will never regret it.

Apogon or Beardless Irises

Differing widely in their beardless flowers, their generally narrower foliage, and their tufted or bulbous roots, rather than thick fleshy rhizomes, come the apogon or beardless irises. In discussing these it seems best to consider first, by country of origin, the species not having bulbous roots. Here will come the native irises of the Pacific coast, a number of related species found all the way from the lower end of the San Joaquin valley along the coast even as far north as Alaska. They have been strangely neglected in our gardens, possibly because that is so often the fate of native plants, but doubtless also because they are extremely hard to transplant, the only time when they move at all satisfactorily being in the late fall or very early spring when growth is commencing, when one is not attracted to them because they are out of flower. All things considered the most attractive species is *I. douglasiana*, its color range extending from blue purples through pink to light yellow. Other species of garden value are tenax, macrosiphon, and bracteata, all rather less showy and smaller. *I. longipetala* is the tallest and easiest grown of the native irises, but limited to white lined with blue. These irises, particularly *Douglasiana*, are fine for planting on slopes, best in partial shade, furnishing a satisfactory ground cover and in spring beautiful flowers which are singularly suitable for table decoration. The most satisfactory way to get a supply is to collect seed, which, sown in the fall, germinates in early spring and gives plants which one can move the following autumn.

As one drives through marshy sections of the eastern United States in June, whole fields of blue flags will be seen. This is *I. versicolor*, which in spite of preferring wet feet will get along quite well under the ordinary conditions of a herbaceous border on the Pacific coast. The red-purple form, *kermesiana*, as well as the type, are to be found in nurserymen's catalogues.

FROM the far southern states come the water-loving *Iris hexagona*, with large lavender flowers on three-foot stems; *I. foliosa*, with flowers almost concealed among the foliage; and *I. fulva*, with terra cotta-colored flowers unique in this genus. Though not showy garden flowers nor inclined to give much bloom, these all do well on the Pacific coast, preferring some shade in southern California. Hybrids have been raised between fulva and the blue species, of which the best known is the good garden plant, Dorothea K. Williamson. Here belong Dr. Berry's new hybrids, Cacique and Sagamore.

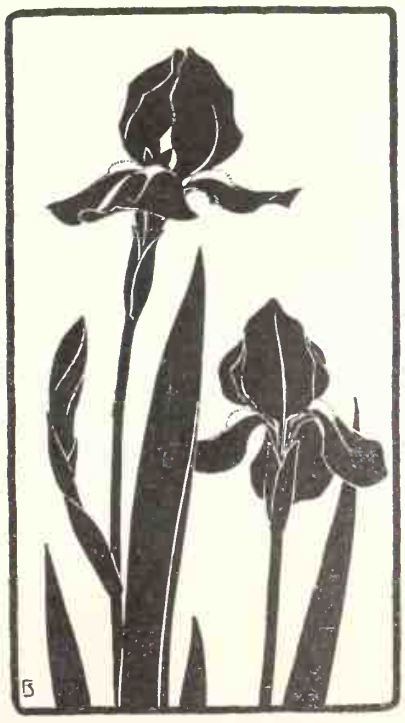
From around the Mediterranean, from Europe and from Asia, come further beardless species of garden interest. The Algerian *I. unguicularis*, or *stylosa*, as it is more easily called, is of great garden importance, particularly

in California. Well established clumps begin early in October to produce daily dozens of flowers, often keeping this up until March. The beautiful lavender blossoms have, it is true, very short stems, but they are wonderful for table decoration. Divide the clumps to increase your stock either in April or about September, but do not expect the best results until the plants are well established and do not move them unnecessarily. No special soil conditions are required, but they do much prefer drying out in summer. Many growers recommend cutting back the foliage to within six inches of the ground in August so as to give the flowers a better chance. The white form of *I. stylosa* is quite inferior to the lavender.

The European swamp iris corresponding to the American *I. versicolor* is *I. pseudacorus*, a plant with striking rush-like foliage and yellow flowers. This does not require swamp conditions in gardens, but will do well in the ordinary border. It looks best on the margins of pools.

Around the Mediterranean, from Spain to Asia Minor, will be found representatives of the spuria section of the iris family. The French forms are not very striking in size or breadth of petal and are generally blue in color, but in Asia Minor we have among the spurias *I. ochroleuca*, a plant which makes fine clumps of tall, straight, dark green foliage surmounted by creamy white butterfly-like flowers with yellow blotches on the falls. This is a very easy iris to grow, but resents moving, so leave it alone to get established. When necessary to move it, this is best done in early autumn. *I. monnieri* is practically a pure yellow form of this iris, and is even more decorative and valuable for cutting. Between it and some blue spurias Sir Michael Foster raised a series of hybrids which he called Monspur, the best forms being A. J. Balfour and the somewhat darker Lord Wolseley. As an individual flower the spuria species, *I. aurea*, is broader and deeper in color than *I. monnieri*, but it is somewhat harder to obtain and seems much slower to get established. Ordinary borders suit them, but they are better not watered in summer.

Botanically not far from the Californian Irises comes the group best typified by *I. sibirica*. Hailing from western Europe, northern Asia and Japan, their season of blooming is later and their preference is for a damper situation and plenty of summer water, so they are particularly adapted to water gardens, where they should be left undisturbed to form big clumps. To increase the stock divide in early autumn or in very early spring when growth commences. The species, *I. sibirica*, has tall, thin stems and blue or white flowers. The Japanese varieties, *I. sibirica orientalis* and Snow Queen, are much dwarfer, with larger flowers. Fine garden forms are the dark purple Emperor and the beautiful pale Perry's Blue.



Iris innocenza

To extend the iris season into midsummer the Japanese irises, mostly garden varieties of *I. kaempferi* raised in Japan, are essential. Both single and double forms are available, the former more graceful in shape, the latter larger and giving in their flatter flowers a stronger color note. Nomenclature is horribly mixed so I do not care to suggest a selection of named varieties. These irises have distinct preferences for a soil with very little lime in it and for an abundance of water during the summer, particularly the months of May and June, when they are getting ready to bloom. Failure to do well is commonly due to too much lime in the soil or in the water with which they are irrigated. Divide and replant as with the Siberian group. They can easily be raised from seed, best sown very early in spring, but none will flower until the succeeding spring and some may require a further year.

Iris korolkowi

Two other irises, also from Japan, should be mentioned here, though neither from a botanical nor a horticultural standpoint are they near what we call the Japanese Iris. The first of these is *I. fimbriata* (syn. *I. japonica*), the one iris I know which in California prefers some shade. It rather suggests a pale blue orchid with golden center, as its numerous flowers come on long, thin, branching stems. It is not hardy in cold climates. The other, *I. tectorum*, though theoretically as easy to grow as the ordinary bearded iris, has been singularly shy in flowering with me. I suggest a fairly warm and well drained location for this flower.

The Bulbous Irises

Only the bulbous irises remain. These include many species not now obtainable in America, which I shall therefore omit, confining my comment to the Spanish, Dutch and English irises. The first two can be considered together, the Dutch being in effect more vigorous, and are earlier flowering than Spanish irises, though in their origination other bulbous irises were used. The Spanish iris, garden forms of *I. xiphium*, have small bulbs which should be planted as early as they are obtainable, usually September, as they do not keep very well out of the ground. Planted three inches deep and about six inches apart in well-drained soil, they produce rather scanty foliage and stems about two feet high, bearing usually two flowers of fine firm texture, in white, blue, yellow, and bronze. The Dutch irises differ only in size, season of flowering, increased vigor, and narrower color range. The term "English" as applied to *I. xiphioides* is really a misnomer, the home of this bulbous iris being rather cold, wet places in Spain and Portugal.

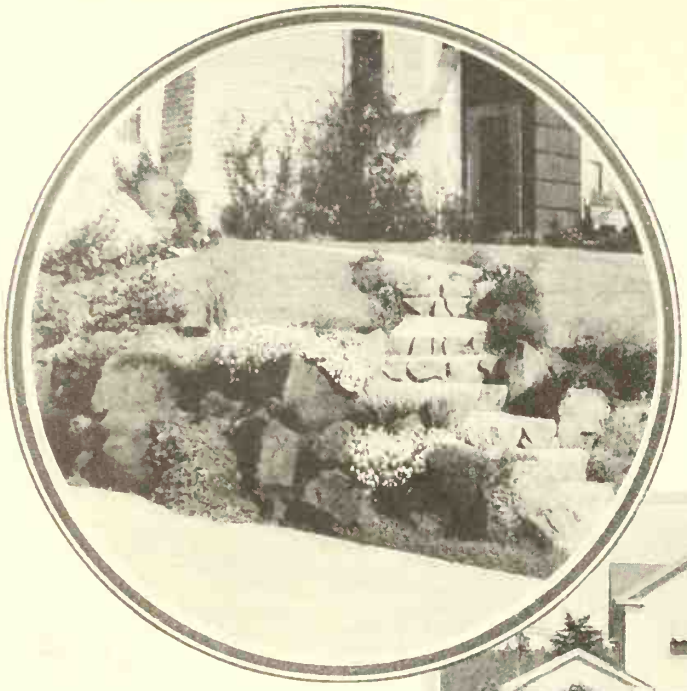
Their colors are restricted to white, blues, and red-purples, unfortunately marred in some cases by flecks of color due, as in tulips, to breaking. Spanish and English iris rarely do well in the same garden, as the latter abhor dry conditions and like lots of moisture during growth.

Make the Best Possible Use

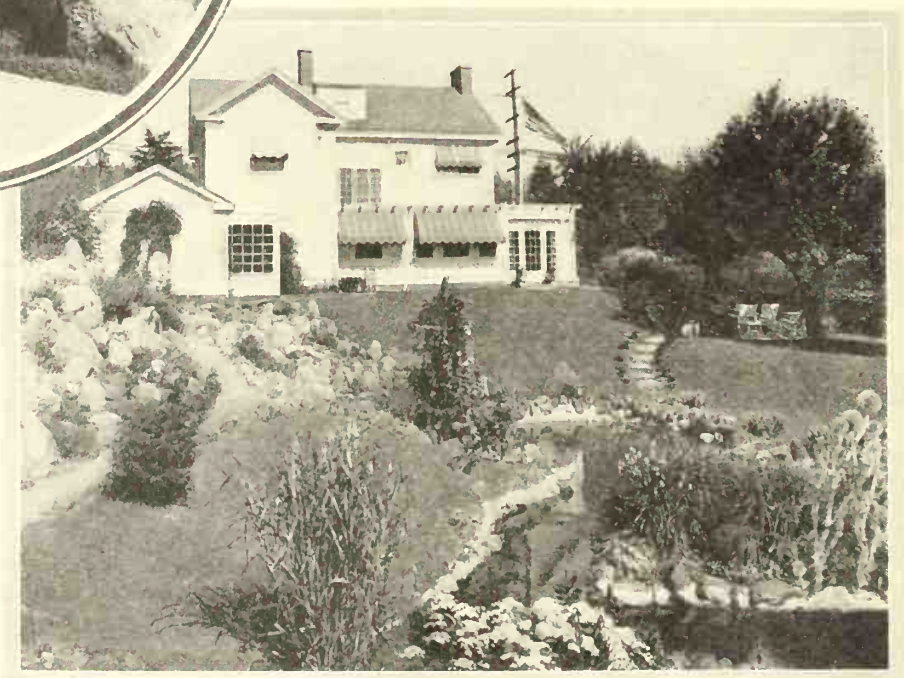
Native

In Building Your

But—



A well-arranged rockery



Grading and rock-work have put expression into this large garden of Alfred Smith, in Portland

NOWHERE, not even in the Alps, have I seen such lovely rock plants as grow in the desert and mountain places of the Pacific slope," said Henri Correvon, the Swiss naturalist, in a talk before the Portland Garden Club last spring.

This, after he had made several excursions into the wilds with his host, Dr. Ralph Fenton, and with Dr. Robert L. Benson, Mr. August Berg and Mr. Andrew Kerr, all members of the Portland Garden Club, in quest of the Alpine plants they love. In fact, it is the common interest in rock plants that brought about the friendship between Mr. Correvon and Dr. Fenton.

Henri Correvon is an international authority on the subject. Dr. Fenton, too, is an authority in his home city, although rock gardening has been, with him, merely a most pleasant avocation for a number of years.

"There has been need for an article on native rock plants that may be transplanted to the garden," said Dr. Fenton, immediately becoming enthusiastic when the subject was mentioned to him. "People should be told," he went on, "that in their pilgrimages into the wilds, they can find for themselves flowers and shrubs with which they can make the loveliest gardens in the world."

And then Dr. Fenton's tone changed. I think he visioned all those interested, and their number seems to be increasing every day, as well as those who already own rock gardens. He saw them arming themselves with shovels and trowels, baskets and boxes, an army that would devastate, leave bare the countryside.

Dr. Fenton's interest in wild flowers and shrubs has brought to him what it should bring to anyone similarly interested—a love for and a desire to conserve the plants for everyone for all time.

GARDENERS should be encouraged by all means to fill their rock gardens with the many beautiful native rock plants which may be bought from nurseries," said Dr. Fenton. "For those who wish to add occasional wild rock plants to their gardens, however, we must suggest these two rules:

"First: It is only the seedlings or the very young plants that may be successfully transplanted, and then only when the plants are dormant.

"Second: the safest and easiest way to obtain many rock plants is to grow them from seed."

This will, of course, necessitate the making of several trips to procure the plants desired. First, one must go in the spring or summer season, when the plants are flowering, in order to make selections. In the early fall, he must go back, when the season for blooming and growth is past, and dig up the tiny plants, which may now be transplanted with safety, and pick up the seeds, which have by this time ripened.

By remembering the general location the seasoned gardener will perhaps be able, even though the flowers are gone, to find the plants selected. For the beginner, however, it will be much safer actually to mark the plants when they are in bloom. The fair-minded person will not remove any wild plant which can be bought from a wild flower specialist; neither will he be a pernicious plant robber.

Ira N. Gabrielson, who, during the ten years he has been connected with the government biological survey, in charge of rodent control, has, through

of Our Mountain-Grown

Plants

Rock Gardens

Don't Devastate the Countryside, Says Florence N. Hunt

(Below) The hillside garden of Mrs. John L. Karnopp, in Portland

his continuous trips into the open, become a rock plant enthusiast, said that he actually had gone back to the same spot and taken seedlings from the identical plant for five or six successive years.

Emphasizing the folly of moving the showier, more mature plants, Mr. Gabrielson said: "Rock plants, especially, identify themselves with the soil from which they grow. Far into the crevices they send their roots, putting out tendrils as they go, which become entwined about the rocks, making the removal of the plants so difficult that even the most experienced should not attempt it."

Two things the gardener will discover who goes into the wilds after his own plants; that, although these plants are hardy, it having been necessary for them to withstand the rigorous climatic conditions of a high altitude, they do have, located as they are on the hillside, excellent drainage, and, most of them, exposure to the sun.

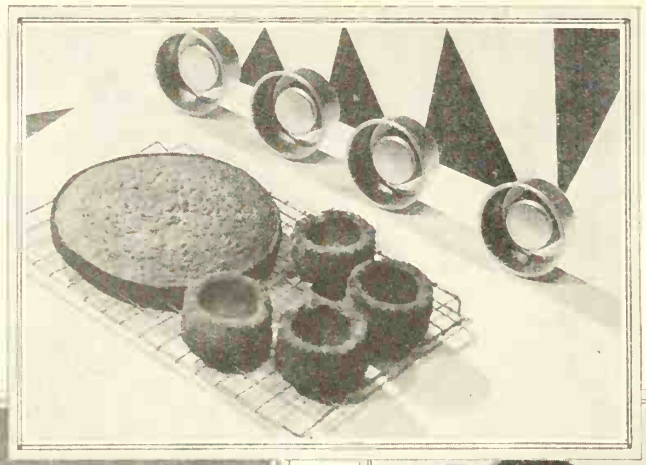
This flower in a crannied wall is sedum spathufolium

Another scene in Mrs. Karnopp's garden, which contains more than 60 varieties of native shrubs and plants

These two points he should remember when he builds his own garden—and it is not impossible for a man to build his own rock garden. Indeed, sometimes it is better for him to do so, for he is sure to remember that the rock garden is a place to display rock plants, while, if he employs a stone mason, from the results often obtained, one might think the rock garden a place to display rocks.

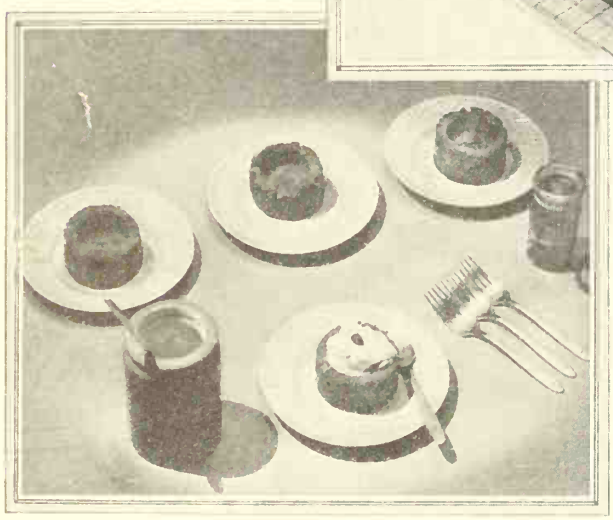
Having decided upon a lot that will insure plenty of sunshine, he should, in order to obtain proper drainage, dig down below the surface of the ground and place, as a foundation for his garden, a layer of small rocks and gravel. The type of soil necessary can be learned, too, from the ground in which the native plants grow. This can be safely imitated by taking the garden soil and mixing it with one-fourth sand and the same amount of leaf mould. Manure should not be used, as it makes the plants straggly.

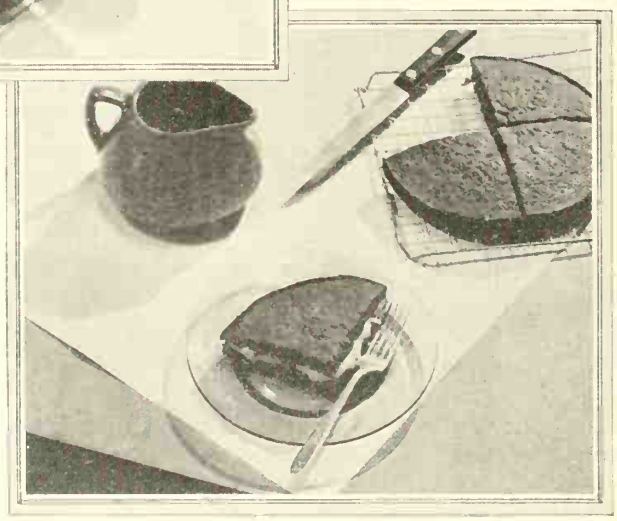
Porous rocks, that will absorb the water easily, should be chosen for the rock garden and are better if large and irregular in shape. If well weathered, it will add greatly to the much-desired effect of permanence. The rocks should be placed as they naturally would be, with the largest surface down, and should be shaped so that the water will reach the roots of the plants which are to grow about them. Usually about two-thirds of the rock should be covered, but some of the rocks should be entirely buried.



One recipe of Quick Chocolate Cake makes one large layer and four small cakes, baked in Mary Ann cake shell pans

The cake shells, filled, make one dessert; the layer, with whipped cream and hot chocolate sauce, a second





Two-Time Desserts

Make Two Very Different Dishes from One Foundation Advises

Barbara Reid Robson

WITH the coming of spring and summer each of us feels a decided urge to get away from the old routine. We want more time for gardening, for golfing, for motoring—more time in which to enjoy the wide open places with the family and friends.

If there is any time in the year when we should try to reduce the necessary homemaking processes it is in summer. And how really easy it is to save time on June desserts if we just do a little planning.

For instance, I have found that one of the best ways to save dessert-minutes is to make two desserts in one. You see, if I am preparing a pudding, cake, or cookies, I plan to make enough so that, by a slight variation in the ingredients or the finishing touches, I have two very different dishes which can be served on successive days or two days apart, and the family is none the wiser.

Very often I start with a foundation custard, gelatine, tapioca, pudding, or cake. I may vary a few of the ingredients for the two servings as in the custard and tapioca puddings given on the next page. Or I may change quite decidedly the method of serving. For example, when I make a quick chocolate cake the first half of the cake batter is baked in an every-day layer cake pan, and is served with a quick chocolate icing or the frosting indicated in the recipe. The second half is cooked in four special little pans with raised centers, making hollow "shells" of cake. Just before serving these individual cakes I fill the centers with berries, cubed fruit, or a gelatine pudding, and top them with a meringue, marshmallow cream, or whipped cream. Not only have I achieved a new effect but also a tasty dessert.

The recipe for wheat dainties is a favorite, for with them I can prepare so many time-saving desserts that are different. To the crumbled cookies I simply add chopped nuts, jam, or fresh fruit and a little whipped cream. Served cold in a dainty white or colorful glass they are an altogether pleasing summer dessert.

Should you be the cheerful possessor of a mechanical refrigerator there are dozens of desserts which can be tucked away in it with but little work. It is really very quick and easy to mix a fruit cream or mousse and let the refrigerator do the rest. And there are a vast number of gelatine desserts which lend themselves to unlimited variations with the addition of summer fruits, different nuts, egg whites, or cream.

Though cake and cooky making has always been my hobby I do not hesitate to call on the grocer, the baker, and the ice cream maker to help me with hurry-up desserts in summer. With good plain cake or cup cakes from your grocer or baker, fresh fruit and ice cream, a cake sandwich and other desserts by the score can be fashioned.

Do you know the pleasing flavor which is attained by combining crushed nut brittle with fruit and

cream? If not you have a treat in store for you when you serve Nut Brittle Cream.

A little imagination is quite as important in dessert making as in story writing, and the clever housewife is the one who knows how to combine already prepared foods and give them that little touch which spells home-made.

So when you feel the urge to "come out of the kitchen" in June just try some of my time-saving desserts. They are simple, wholesome, and good.

Here are a few of my "two desserts in one."

Pineapple Tapioca Cream and Macaroon Tapioca Cream

3 cupfuls of milk
⅓ cupful of quick-cooking tapioca
3 eggs
½ cupful of sugar
⅛ teaspoonful of salt
½ cupful of shredded pineapple (without juice)
1 tablespoonful of lemon juice
2 tablespoonfuls of cocoanut
8 macaroons
4 teaspoonfuls of apricot marmalade
2 tablespoonfuls of chopped pecan nuts

Heat milk in upper part of double boiler; stir in tapioca and cook until it is transparent (about 20 minutes). Beat egg yolks with sugar and salt; add hot tapioca mixture. Return to double boiler, and cook until mixture thickens and coats the spoon (about 2 minutes). Beat egg whites until stiff, continue beating, adding gradually 6 tablespoonfuls of sugar and ⅛ teaspoonful of salt.

Part I—Pineapple Cream. Pour half of the tapioca mixture into a baking dish, stir in the shredded pineapple and lemon juice. Cover with half the meringue, sprinkle lightly with shredded cocoanut. Brown meringue in a cool oven (300 degrees). Serve warm. Four servings.

Part II—Macaroon Cream. Fold second half of meringue into second half of tapioca mixture; cool; place in refrigerator or cooler until ready to serve. Then break two macaroons into each sherbet glass, pour tapioca pudding over it, and garnish with a spoonful of apricot marmalade and chopped pecan nuts. Four servings.

Mocha Date Custard and Mocha Ginger Custard

2 cupfuls of milk
1 cupful of strong coffee
4 eggs
½ teaspoonful of vanilla
½ cupful of sugar
¼ teaspoonful of salt
½ cupful of dates (stoned and cut in pieces)
¼ cupful of preserved ginger (cut in small pieces)

Scald milk and coffee together. Beat eggs slightly, add vanilla, sugar, salt, and the scalded liquid. Butter eight small molds. Place dates in four of the molds and ginger in the other four. Pour hot custard mixture over fruit; set molds in a pan of hot water, and bake until firm in a slow oven (325 degrees). This makes four servings of each custard. Serve the date custard warm the day it is baked. The ginger custard may be served with a hot sugar brittle sauce the next day. To make this sauce stir ½ cupful of sugar in a saucepan over the fire until it is melted and amber colored. Then add ½ cupful of sugar and 1 cupful of hot water, and stir in 1 teaspoonful of cornstarch which has been mixed with 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water. Cook until sauce thickens and is reduced to ¾ cupful; add 1 tablespoonful of butter about a minute before removing from the heat.

Quick Chocolate Cake

1¼ cupfuls of flour
¼ cupful of ground chocolate
¾ cupful of sugar
2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder
⅓ cupful of melted fat or oil
2 eggs
Milk
½ teaspoonful of orange extract
Orange marmalade
Whipped cream

Sift dry ingredients together twice. Measure the melted, cooled fat in a cup, add unbeaten eggs, and fill up cup with milk. Stir liquid ingredients into dry ones, beat 2 minutes. Place half of the batter in an 8-inch layer cake pan and the other half in four individual Mary Ann cake shell pans. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375 to 400 degrees) 18 or 20 minutes.

Part I. Serve the first layer when cool with the following frosting: Into the stiffly beaten white of 1 egg fold 1 cupful of crushed fresh fruit, sweetened to taste. Four servings.

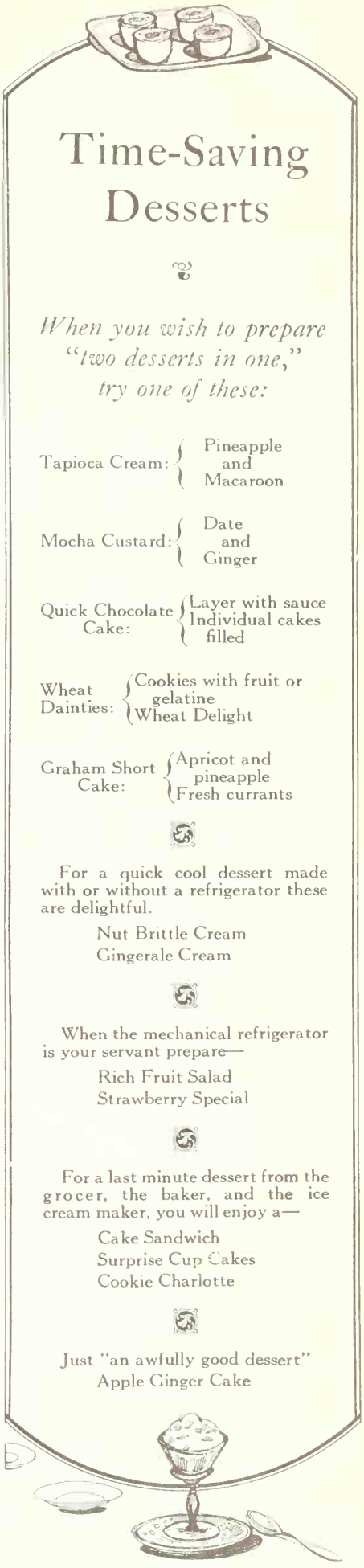
Part II. Serve individual cakes filled with fresh fruit or gelatine and topped with whipped cream.

Wheat Dainties and Wheat Delight

3 egg whites
1 cupful of sugar
1 tablespoonful of cornstarch
1½ cupfuls of wheat flakes
1½ cupfuls of cocoanut
¼ teaspoonful of salt

Beat egg whites until stiff; add sugar and cornstarch which have been sifted together. Cook 8 to 10 minutes, without stirring, in a double boiler. Add wheat flakes, cocoanut and salt. Drop from a teaspoon on a greased cookie sheet and bake 15 to 20 minutes in a very moderate oven (about 300 degrees). Will make about three dozen little cookies.

To prepare Wheat Delight crumble 6 or 8 wheat dainties, add 4 marshmallows (cut in small pieces), 1 cupful of strawberries (*Continued on page 58*



Time-Saving Desserts

When you wish to prepare "two desserts in one," try one of these:

Tapioca Cream: { Pineapple and Macaroon

Mocha Custard: { Date and Ginger

Quick Chocolate Cake: { Layer with sauce / Individual cakes filled

Wheat Dainties: { Cookies with fruit or gelatine / Wheat Delight

Graham Short Cake: { Apricot and pineapple / Fresh currants

For a quick cool dessert made with or without a refrigerator these are delightful.

Nut Brittle Cream
Gingerale Cream

When the mechanical refrigerator is your servant prepare—

Rich Fruit Salad
Strawberry Special

For a last minute dessert from the grocer, the baker, and the ice cream maker, you will enjoy a—

Cake Sandwich
Surprise Cup Cakes
Cookie Charlotte

Just "an awfully good dessert"
Apple Ginger Cake

All is Not West *that* Whoops

A Review of Some of the Latest Western Books

By

A. Marshall Harbinson

THOUGH the two-gun, them-thar gents have long since been buried the echo of their shooting lingers on. Alkali dust kicked up by the heels of racing cowponies ridden by yipping herders may still be found in the pages of western fiction. But all western books are not necessarily yippee books; and all is not West that whoops. It is a lamentable fact, however, that the word western used in connection with literature conjures up visions of cowboys, chaps, sombreros, Indians, pinto hosses, draws, gulches and several thousand head of cattle.

This foible in book nomenclature goes hand in hand with the one which dresses all Westerners in cowboy hats and boots and spurs. Nothing, of course, could be more ridiculous. As a matter of fact, your "Westerner" who walks the street in a ten gallon hat is regarded with almost the same curiosity as a two-headed calf in a dime museum. "Westerners" (with quotes!) live only in the pages of some books and movies. A mellow survival may still be seen on dude ranches. It is significant that Westerners (without quotes) flock to rodeos to see a cowboy.

An example of western books sans yip are two recently published biographies of Ambrose Bierce. We have included these in this month's classification because Mr. Bierce for many years made the West his home. This man of unique personality and vitriolic pen was best known by those who knew him here on the west coast.

"Bitter Bierce: A Mystery of American Letters," by C. Hartley Grattan (Doubleday Doran, $2.50) is a cool, critical study of Bierce and his works. The reader instinctively feels that here is an unprejudiced analysis by a student of the western author. A similar treatment of a lesser man might have resulted in a dull book; but not so this one. Your interest is carried along on the swirling tide that is Bierce guided by Mr. Grattan, a helmsman who knows his business. We highly recommend this exceptionally well-done biography.

"Portrait of Ambrose Bierce" by Adolphe de Castro (Century, $2.50) is a personal study of this intriguing figure in American letters. The author sprinkles his work with anecdote and reminiscence, and not a little with Mr. de Castro himself. His intense enthusiasm for Bierce may appear to some as a form of hero worship. But, his admirer is hardly so blind in his devotion as to be unaware that by heaping praise upon Bierce's head some of it will naturally spill over upon himself. The author was Bierce's friend and confidant. Bierce, a man who was hard to please, a genius who was "intellectually perfect," selected Mr. de Castro as a companion, and actually collaborated with him in writing "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter." Collaborated is not quite the word, and on this our biographer hangs a long tale. If some of Bierce's letters to his friend sound strange and formal, Mr. de Castro points out that that was just Bierce's way of being chummy. For example, "'. . . Without further light,'" Bierce wrote "his friend" in 1900, "'and with no wish to pain or to humiliate you, I must say that at present I see no way to resume a relation that brought so much that was disagreeable to both. Very truly yours, Ambrose Bierce.'"

"To me," writes Mr. de Castro, "it was clear as daylight that he (Bierce) was not only glad to hear from me, but that he was expecting me to go to Washington or at least to write him directly. . . ." So much then for the author of the "Portrait."

To the Westerner this book will prove unusually interesting. Reference is made to many familiar names and around these many an anecdote is told. About Edwin Markham, the poet, Mr. de Castro quotes this typical Bierceian bit: "He (Bierce) pronounced "The Man with the Hoe" commonplace drivel and declared that it had not an original thought in it. And as I read it I said that it reminded me of the Psalms. Bierce retorted: "'With the seepage of the barnyard.'"

Other stories are told about well-known Westerners: Gertrude Atherton, George Sterling, C. P. Huntington, Mike de Young, and W. R. Hearst are among a few of the personages mentioned. All of this, of course, adds a piquant sauce to De Castro's "Portrait of Ambrose Bierce," a book of real interest and charm and well worth reading.

"In Those Days," by Harvey Fergusson (Knopf, $2.50) is a new novel by the author of "The Blood of the

TENDER SKIN
HEAVY BEARD

TENDER SKIN
MEDIUM BEARD

TENDER SKIN
LIGHT BEARD

MEDIUM SKIN
HEAVY BEARD

MEDIUM SKIN
MEDIUM BEARD

MEDIUM SKIN
LIGHT BEARD

TOUGH SKIN
HEAVY BEARD

TOUGH SKIN
MEDIUM BEARD

TOUGH SKIN
LIGHT BEARD

Name your beard, Gentlemen

BEARDS are past reforming. Blue and bristly or blond and silken, they're all hard to shave—at least you can't tell their owners otherwise.

We don't try to.

It's easier to put the burden on the blade; to use the best and most expensive steel and to spend, as we have, some $12,000,000 in the past ten years to develop precise and delicate machines that hone and strop that fine steel far beyond the limits of human craftsmanship. It's easier to pay a bonus to workers for every blade they reject which does not come up to the high Gillette standard.

True, it makes some difference whether your beard is heavy or silken, your skin sensitive or tough; whether the water is hot or cold, hard or soft; whether you slept well or badly the night before.

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Conquerors," "Women and Wives," etc. It is a series of boldly painted episodes depicting the development of a man during the years following the Civil War and up to modern times. It is, according to our taste, by far the best novel of the group we are reviewing this month, and the most interesting we have read in a long time. The book is divided into four parts: Wagons, Indians, Railroad, and Gas. Each part is a vivid picture of the times, often cruel and ugly, but always human. It is not a book for the squeamish reader, nor is it one for the adolescent. Running through these four parts and holding them together is the story of Robert Jayson and his life in the moiling, exciting times during the development of the West.

Nothing in contemporary literature has affected us so strongly as the chapter dealing with Robert's bringing his virginal young wife West and the consequences of that trip. Very little is actually written about the young wife, but the reader has been so well prepared beforehand that what is left unsaid creates a tragic drama that will stand in our minds as poignant and cruel, yet somehow as satisfying a chapter as we have ever read.

"BANDITS AND THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC," by C. B. Glasscock (Stokes, $2.50) is a book based upon the historic happenings in California during the conflict between the Southern Pacific railroad and the bandits who roamed the land. Many of our readers will recall the furor created by Sontag and Evans, those bold bandits who specialized in jousting with what Frank Norris called the "Octopus." The exciting and almost unbelievable exploits of Sontag and Evans are told in a way that makes the story not only readable but thoroughly interesting as well.

Now for some more or less "western" novels—the kind usually referred to as western.

Those who enjoyed Jackson Gregory's swashbuckling and colorful serial, "The Sword of Don Julian," which was published a few years ago in SUNSET, will have another treat in store for them in his latest novel, "SENTINEL OF THE DESERT" (Dodd, Mead, $2.00). In this novel the author has again chosen a romantic character, one Julian Hawk, who dashes through scenes laid in Mexico.

Captain Colorado (Julian Hawk), a fine American gentleman who rides a fine horse and dresses in a costume ornate with gold braid appears at Hacienda Escondida. Although Julian's movements are leisurely and graceful, he is able to duck out of range of the swift Blondino's gun that is fired at him, and disappears out of a room with Houdini-like agility. In this manner the "Sentinel of the Desert" starts its fast and furious pace. The characters are lusty and vigorous. They roar and bellow. All this Mr. Gregory manages with the sure hand of a man who knows what he is doing and just how to do it.

Another SUNSET contributor who is the author of one of the latest "western" novels is Arthur H. Carhart. "THE ORDEAL OF BRAD OGDEN" (Sears, $2.00) is a novel of the Colorado highlands. The hero of the story is a government ranger, and the conflict appears when he tries to make the cattlemen of the country conform to governmental pasture regulations. Just to give our readers an idea of the stuff Brad is made of: Some one had killed his horse, and thus Brad speaks, ". . . . I'll find out sometime. When I do, I'll get these hands on him. I'll break him. With my bare hands." Lest we give the impression that Mr. Carhart's novel is overwhelmingly two-fisted we make haste to say that there is a pleasant romance running through its pages and although Brad threatens violence he is in reality an efficient and trim forest ranger with a gentle, lovable side to him. These last mentioned qualities are particularly obvious to Brad's secretary, an efficient and capable girl. All in all, "The Ordeal of Brad Ogden" is a good "western" story.

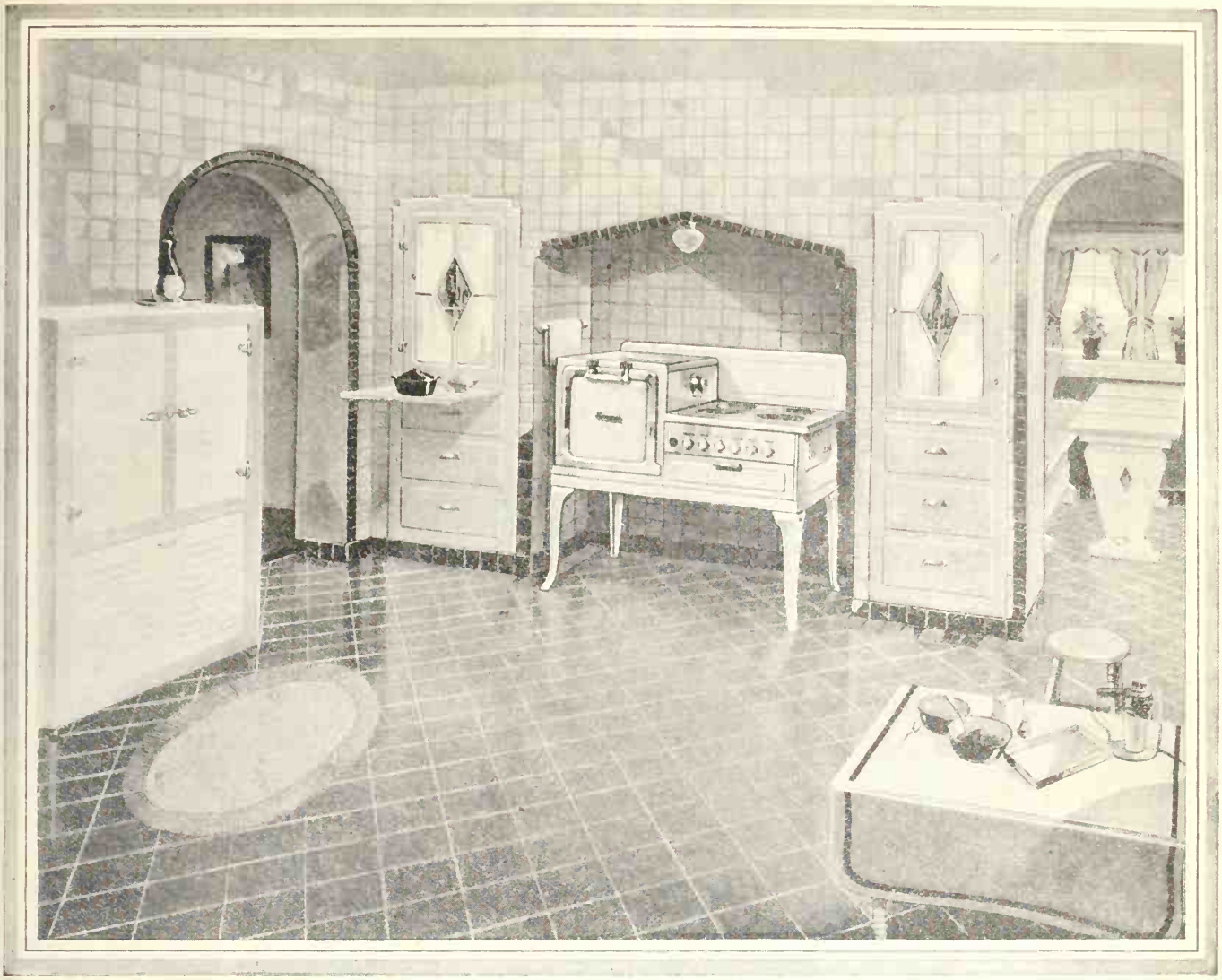
"THE GATE THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN," by Hugh Pendexter (Bobbs Merrill, $2.00) is a book that should make excellent material for any wild west movie director. The scene is set around Uncle Dick Wooton's tool house during the middle of the 19th century. A beautiful girl suffering from amnesia is spirited away by bandits and taken to their camp in the mountains. Here the reader not only enters the thick of things, but, alas! runs into such passages as:

> "Chuckle-luck rolled up his right sleeve in a business-like manner and, grasping his bowie-knife, advanced till the handkerchief brushed against him. "'Now, ye dog, let's see you make me budge from this spot. Hop over that line! Hump yerself! I'm waiting to fill yer boots with blood. Come up here or I'll take after ye an' slice ye into little bits of pieces.'"

This is the last word and sums up the book better than could any reviewer.

"THE SWALLOWFORK BULLS," by B. M. Bower (Little, Brown, $2.00) is based on a young man's desire to win his way in the land of his youth. Needing money to complete his college education, Scott secures a job as herder on a cattle ranch.

Mr. Bower has written a number of popular "western" novels, and in "The Swallowfork Bulls" he has lived up to his reputation as teller of tales that have endeared him to those who enjoy reading this type of fiction.



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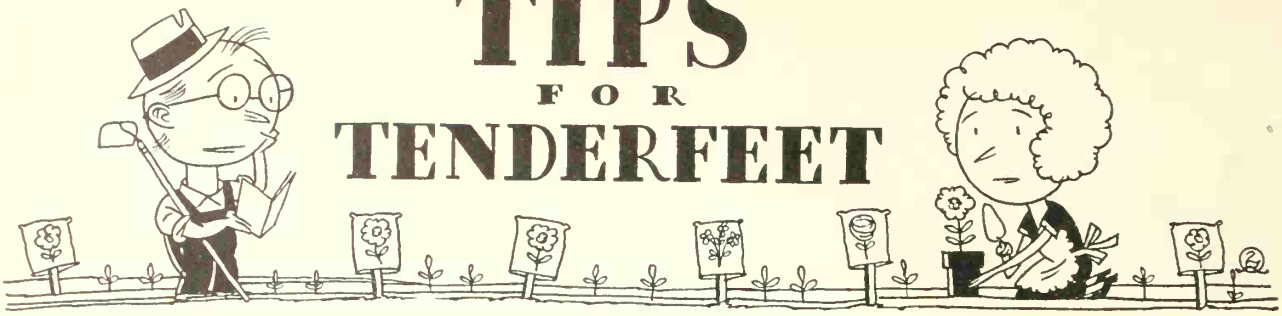


TIPS FOR TENDERFEET

Contributed by

Western Gardeners

IN dry gardens, where hose are dragged about, they often break down flower stalks as they are pulled around the corners of beds. A good, strong, but not too large or conspicuous wooden post, at each corner, projecting about eighteen inches above ground, will keep the hose in place on the path. A hoop of wire like the old croquet wickets provides another method. Of course you must put the hose through it as you pull it about.

✣ ✣ ✣

Authorities on bird life say that a brush-pile placed in a quiet corner is a very good way to attract the shyer birds. Trimmings from bushes may be used, and when one is throwing away branches of cotoneaster and other berried shrubs that have grown dry in the living-room vases, these should be put on the pile. Birds that are too timid to eat berries from shrubs in the open garden will fearlessly make for them in the friendly shelter of the brush-pile.

✣ ✣ ✣

The north side of a building provides a suitable planting place for many plants which resent hot sun. Among these are cinerarias, fuchsias, forget-me-nots, primroses, *Clematis montana*, and aucubas.

Wind from the north is likely to be cold in winter, and some plants, just on the verge of tenderness, should never be placed on the north side of a house. Examples are—lantana, *Streptosolen jamesonii*, *Eugenia myrtifolia*, and heliotrope.

✣ ✣ ✣

As soon as the fall rains have started the weeds, naturalized daffodil plantings should be "skinned" with the hoe. This does away with the need for further weeding until after the daffodils are through flowering. The low carpet of young spring weeds really provides a better background than the bare cultivated earth—and it is so much easier.

✣ ✣ ✣

Iris stylosa can be relied on to provide fresh blooms daily for one's vases from September to March. But if these flowers are to be perfect they must be cut while still tight in the bud, otherwise the birds will find them and nip the tops off. The buds open in water, and better color results than when they are left to open outdoors.

✣ ✣ ✣

One of the best deciduous shade trees for arid sections of the West, from the Canadian border to the Mexican line, is the Chinese elm. It will stand all extremes of weather and is recommended for situations having cold winters and hot summers.

GARDEN GOSSIP

A sailor down on Half Moon Bay
Planted some shrubs and sailed away

His wife at garden club learned to know
Just what would make those young shrubs grow.

And so in fall when Jack came back
He scarce could find their little shack.

When setting plants, either vegetables or flowers, every effort should be made to prevent any check in the development. First have the soil in fine tilth, with the same moisture content as is advisable for seeding. For transplanting, the hand is better than the trowel. Scrape away the first inch of soil, then open a cup that will, when covered again, leave from one-half to one-fourth of the plant above the surface. Set the roots in the bottom of the cup and press about an inch or two of soil about them. Then fill the cup with water, pouring it on the edge rather than directly over the roots. The best time to plant is the late afternoon. For tender plants, shade can be provided by placing a shingle on the south side, at an angle, for a few days. Fill the cups with water each day for three days, then fill in with soil. Plants having a short tap root only can best be set with a dibble or pointed stick. Pour enough water around them to set the roots.

✣ ✣ ✣

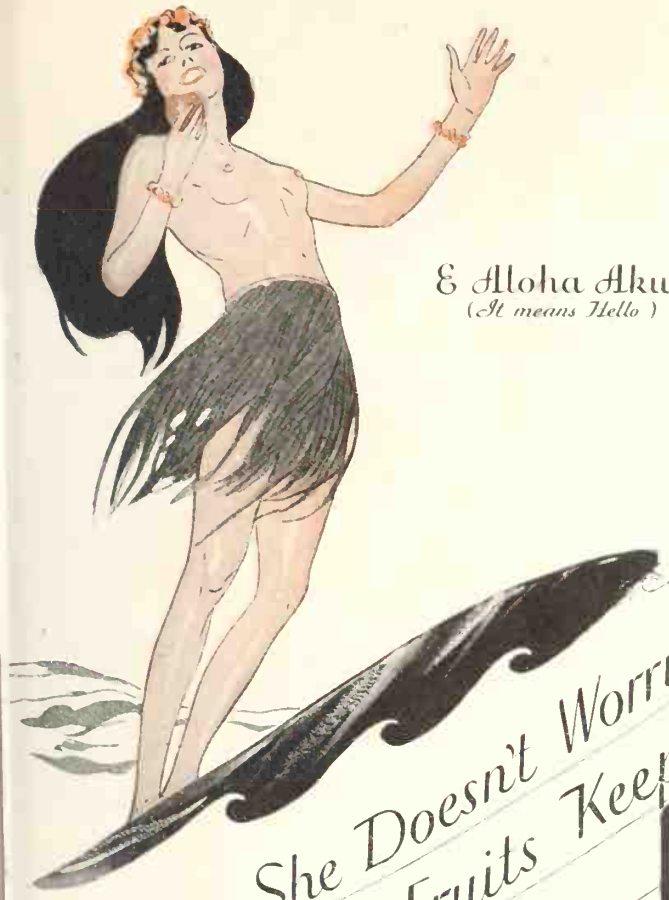
Do not rush the planting of dahlias. They are a fall flower and are at their best in late fall bloom. Dahlias should never be planted before April, and May and June plantings are often the most satisfactory, especially in the warmer interior sections subject to hot weather in September. Seedlings should always go in a month later than tubers.

✣ ✣ ✣

The home orchard can be made a real adjunct to the family food supply, as well as an interesting and worthwhile part of the home place if careful planning precedes planting. In the West, a wide selection and a long season in deciduous fruits and berries can be had by proper choice of varieties. Citrus fruits and other subtropicals can be planted in some sections to make possible the picking of fresh fruit every day in the year.

✣ ✣ ✣

California has a native rhododendron, the *Californicum*, sometimes known as the California Rose Bay. It can be found in the wild state in the redwood forests of northern California, but does well in gardens throughout the West. Select a slightly acid soil in partial shade for this beautiful native, and give it plenty of moisture throughout the year.



E Aloha Aku!
(It means Hello)

She Doesn't Worry About Tooth Brushes Fresh Fruits Keep Her Teeth White-Sparkling!

and now we have ONE tooth paste that delivers its Fruit-Whitener Fresh—Separate at the moment of use —and whitens your teeth as if you lived on fresh fruit!

Do you know what dental authorities call the essential fruit juice whitener and the other things that *have* to be in tooth paste? Incompatibles! They cannot live together. Once they get into the same mixture for a while, the fruit juice whitener loses its strength—is neutralized—and won't work.

So we put our "whitener" in an inner tube—separate—and you get it fresh, full strength, in a cheery red cream on your brush, between the white creams. After this fresh whitener has made your teeth sparkle, the other creams do *their* work of hardening the gums, protecting against decay, and leaving your mouth fresh, sweet, cool, fragrant.

Just give New Mix one trial. It contains no abrasives to scratch your enamel. It doesn't need them. It contains no soap. It does not foam. It tastes good because it *does* good, and it whitens, whitens, *whitens*, because its whitener is fresh, fresh, *fresh*. Try it today. You'll never use any other. Gilmont Products Corporation, New York.

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IS "FRESH-WHITENER" TOOTH PASTE

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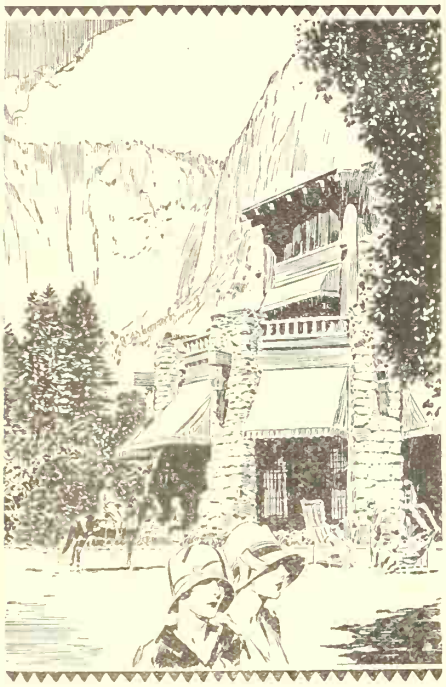

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NATIONAL PARK

Picture the sight of bold El Capitan, two-thirds of a mile of sheer granite, or brooding Half Dome, towering even higher! . . . of the stately Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, world's oldest living things!

There are tours, hikes and saddle trips to *all* of Yosemite Valley's superb interest-points, and up high mountain trails to the majestic panorama above. Outdoor sports all day, the year round—evenings of novel entertainment at the colorful Ahwahnee, California's finest resort hotel!

Picturesque, year-round accommodations may be found for every travel allowanee—Amerieian, European Plan or Housekeeping. Rates range from $1.50 a day upward in Housekeeping cabins and $2.50 upward, European Plan inns, to the luxurious Ahwahnee (see above).

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(Also in San Francisco and Los Angeles)
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With Western Garden Clubs

ROSES from the bush that Martha Washington planted and trained, flowers that were planted in California's historic missions, a fern from the island of St. Helena where Napoleon spent his exile—these and others of equal historic interest are features at the Fourth Annual Santa Clara County Fiesta de las Rosas flower show which is to be held in San Jose May 17 and 18, this year—just about the time this magazine appears on the news stands.

Interest evidenced in such plants as the Fiesta flower show last year suggested the historic exhibit. A rose bush, the parent of which had been planted by Martha Washington in the garden at Mount Vernon drew much comment. While the roses were of little value from a horticultural standpoint, flower lovers who attended the show were interested because of their historic significance.

In addition to the exhibits of this sort, the show, which is sponsored by the Flower Lovers clubs of Santa Clara County, will display nearly every variety of flower grown in the county.

The show, which opens Friday night (May 17) and will continue until Saturday night, will be held in a San Jose automobile show room done in colorful Italian tile with a floor space of 65,000 square feet.

An old Spanish garden centered with a fountain is the setting as planned by Mrs. Fremont Older, chairman of the Fiesta Flower Show Committee.

Nearly 100 floats resembling giant valentines and bedecked with literally millions of flowers are to be seen in the parade Saturday afternoon, the second day of the Fiesta. These, accompanied by twenty-five of the foremost bands of northern California and conducted along the parade route by a group of officers on smartly caparisoned horses, comprise the annual parade.

While there have been flower festivals in Santa Clara County ever since San Jose became the first incorporated city in California on March 27, 1850, it is only the last four years that a yearly Fiesta program has been assured.

The first annual Fiesta was originated by the San Jose Chamber of Commerce with the active cooperation of the San Jose Merchants Association, the several service clubs, State Teachers College, public schools, Flower Lovers Clubs and other Santa Clara County organizations.

The second annual Fiesta, in 1927, was held jointly with the celebration of San Jose's Sesqui-Centennial, the 150th anniversary of the founding of El Pueblo de San Jose Guadalupe.

Finally, to assure the permanence of the annual Fiesta, it was incorporated this year as a non-profit organization, and a permanent Fiesta fund was raised.

A crew of decorators, builders and designers, aided by hundreds of Fiesta enthusiasts, form the army of workers that makes the floats. Decorating is begun, for the most part, the night preceding the parade. All Friday night and Saturday morning the crowds work, each endeavoring to make theirs the most beautiful float of the lot, until the parade begins to form in the forenoon.

Literally millions of flowers—roses, marigolds, shasta daisies, stocks, snapdragons, delphinium, sweet peas and others are grown especially for the event in both private and commercial gardens. These flowers, banked on green cushions of ferns, evergreens and leaf plants form the float decorations. They are woven into designs, insignias and figures until all surfaces are covered.

The theme, carried out through the Fiesta parade this year, is that of stage plays. Stories of the theater that all know are seen illustrated in tableau on floral stages by the best dramatic talent available in California cities.

Peter Pan, elf of Sir James Barrie's pen, poses on a many colored float as beautiful as fairyland itself. A part of "The Round-Up," spectacular stage play of attack upon cowboys by Indians hidden in mountain cliffs, may be seen. Romeo and Juliet, characters from the Desert Song, Ben Hur riding in a chariot drawn by four beautiful white horses, Rose of the Rancho, the Pied Piper, the Covered Wagon, and bits from other plays of comedy, drama and tragedy are in evidence.

—PAUL G. TEAL.

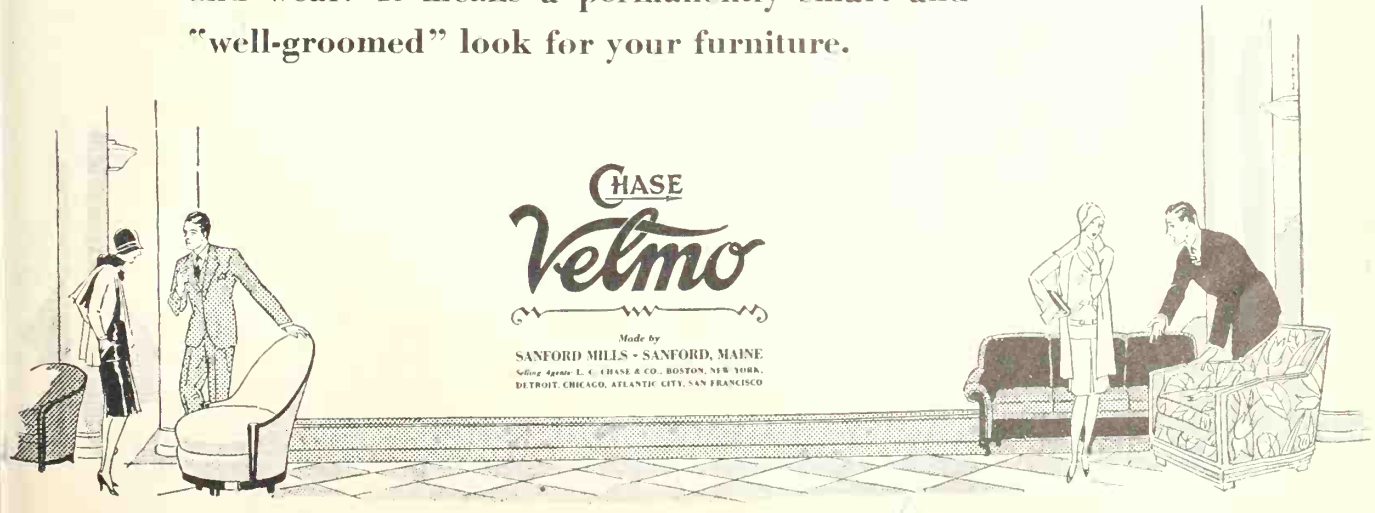
Velmo Upholstery is the Smartest Dress for the Furniture in Modern Homes

Velmo has become the vogue in furniture coverings because of its richly luxurious appearance, its glowing beauty of color, its infinite variety of designs, which make it suitable for furniture of any period from Renaissance to "Moderne."

It is a vogue sponsored by women of exquisite taste; by famous interior decorators; by makers of the finest furniture.

Best of all, perhaps, it is a decidedly practical fashion . . . for Velmo's beauty is defiant of time and wear. It means a permanently smart and "well-groomed" look for your furniture.

Look for this label when buying upholstered furniture, to make sure of getting genuine VELMO



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VARIETY BOX
100 Lovely Show
TULIPS

Includes the famous crimson-and-gold Darwin Tulip "AFTERGLOW," heretofore sold at extravagant prices, the massive purple-and-gold Breeder Tulip "LOUIS XIV," considered the most regal tulip ever produced, "LA FIANCEE," one of the Darwins, richest and loveliest of all pink tulips, and seventeen other named varieties of outstanding merit. A hundred bulbs in all—twenty kinds—five bulbs of each kind. Chosen for giant size; tall, strong stems, varied and glorious colors, harmony of effect in the garden. All will blossom together in May; and in beauty and vigor of growth will surpass all expectation. Holland produces no tulips that are finer or more highly esteemed by those who know them.

Order before July 1

Our orders must be in Holland by July 10 in order that we may make proper selection from the best of the new harvest and get our bulbs in September. Send your order with ours and we will import for you personally. You have three advantages—top quality, prompt and timely delivery, and a saving in price. For the Variety Box we shall have to charge 20% more in the Fall. Make your purchase now—not later than July 1, mentioning this magazine.

100 bulbs $4.95
200 bulbs $9.45 1000 bulbs $46.00

Packed in our special Variety Box, containing 20 packages of five bulbs each, each package labelled with name and color.

POSTPAID TO YOUR HOME
IF CASH ACCOMPANIES ORDER

The box will reach you in early Autumn, at the right time for planting, with clear directions. A hundred bulbs will plant 40 square feet. The work can be done properly in a half hour.

PLANTING MAP

With each 1929 Variety Box will be a clear, carefully prepared planting layout made by Mr. Van Zyverden personally. Shows three different color arrangements for the Variety Box, each representing a balanced and artistic color sequence for your garden. FREE with our Variety Box.

Tulipa Multiflora

is a strikingly novel and lovely introduction of our own, first brought to America in 1926. Of the two varieties, the red is still exclusively sold by Schenley Gardens and is very scarce. Tulipa Multiflora produces four to eight beautiful flowers from a single bulb. Blooms in May, with the Breeder and Darwin Tulips and vies with them in grace and stateliness, growing to a height of two feet. A charming addition to your Variety Box assortment.

Pure white, 10 bulbs $1.50
Deep, rosy red, 10 bulbs $2.00

Ask for our Splendid CATALOG of Bulbs

All charming things that grace and enrich a garden. Lists and describes over 600 different bulbs, including fine assortments of Lilies, Peonies, Irises, etc.

Supreme quality at reasonable cost.

We invite your patronage.

Now is the time to order from the catalog. Get your copy at once. Mailed on request.

Address Cheswick, Pa.

Schenley Gardens Inc.
GENUINE DUTCH BULBS

Garden Club News Notes

A Landscape Contest

OUR small neighborhood Garden Club of South Tacoma, Washington, is planning a Flower Show to be held in the garden of one of its members early in July. In connection with that we are to have a landscape contest with a prize for the best design.

Each member is to have a tray 20 by 40 inches representing a suburban lot 75 by 150 feet. The scale is ¼ inch to 1 foot. On this lot is to be a house and garage, either together or separate, and the grounds to be laid out according to the taste of each member.

We already have our trays and are working on the houses and find the entire family in every case keenly interested and anxious to help. Planning the planting is surely a jolly way to spend an evening.

We are going to have fences or walls with gates, moss for lawns, artificial trees, flowers, vines, etc. We are to have pools, stepping stones, bird houses; in fact there is no end to the things we can do.

This was tried out at an international Flower Show in New York a few years ago, and nothing there attracted greater interest.

JESSIE B. OLIVER.

The Cactus Show

MORE than four thousand persons attended the succulents and cacti show given recently by the garden department of the Shakespeare Club of Pasadena. Dr. A. D. Houghton, president of the Cactus Society of America spoke at one session on "Semi-Xerophytic Plants of the Rock Garden." Dr. Houghton has been a collector for thirty years. At the present time cacti have become the most fashionable adornments for living-room, kitchen, or clubroom.

The display covered over fourteen hundred square feet and was the most complete exhibition of succulents and cacti ever held in southern California.

—MRS. A. R. DANIELL.

Do You Agree?

THE thing that impressed me in visiting a flower show recently was the lack of information available. For instance, there were several tables of lovely bouquets and from them I gathered ideas of flower arrangements. It would, however, have been much more help to me if accompanying the display there had been neatly typed placards giving common and scientific names of each flower and some concise cultural directions. Posters made from nursery catalogue clippings showing pictures of the flowers would have added to the interest. It might take longer to prepare and to cover such a flower show but I am sure we would get a great deal out of such an exhibit.—A READER OF SUNSET.

Editor's Note: If you are in the vicinity of Van Nuys, California, on June 14 or 15, be sure to attend the annual flower show in Athletic Hall.

Portland, Oregon, invites every reader of this garden club department to attend the annual rose festival to be held June 9-12 in that city. Here is a flower show that is worth going hundreds of miles to see.

A Letter

Dear Garden Friend:—We are very anxious to find out just how many garden club members are reading SUNSET. Just to help the cause of western garden clubs in general, won't you please fill out this questionnaire and mail it to the Garden Club Editor, Sunset Magazine, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco. Thank you.

I belong to the Garden Club of.....
.....(City and State)
Our President is.....
.....(Name and Address)
There are about.....members in the club.
(Signed).....

"daring"

so says FASHION of correct ROUGE USE

all the more reason, then, for Princess Pat's subtly flattering cheek color . . . . . .

Fifth Avenue now calls timid, sparing use of rouge, "quaint." But Fifth Avenue is merely an echo. Women everywhere have long expressed their preference for vibrant cheek color. The urge within them for vivid, sparkling beauty will not be denied. Actually women today want more than natural beauty.

But look you! Wherever you go there is marked contrast—in the results of "daring" use of rouge. Some achieve it; some do not. Some are exotically beautiful. Some are but daubed with unlovely color.

No Old-Fashioned "Painty Rouge" Will Do.

You simply *cannot* find the essential glow, the intense, vivid beauty of the new fashion in the heavily pigmented, *dense* rouges. They were made for *sparing* use. If you employ such rouges to achieve high color, the effect is unsatisfactory. It is crude—not daring. It gives merely an "unbecoming" spot of color, lacking artistry and beauty. No amount of skill can overcome this defect.

Thus has Fifth Avenue abandoned old-fashioned rouge—selecting Princess Pat rouge to achieve daring color that needs no apology—that secures to every woman the delicious thrill of self-expression and wondrous new beauty.

Princess Pat Rouge Color Seems to "Come From Within"

Actually, Princess Pat *created* and *established* this "daring" use of rouge . . . which now is fashion's dictum *everywhere*. Princess Pat anticipated—knew that brilliancy of costuming would make old-fashioned rouge insipid or brazen. Women would not want to "paint" their cheeks in the new era of frank expression of their charms. So an entirely new kind of rouge was perfected . . . rouge giving color that has all the marvelous glow of life and youthful dash which Fashion has decreed.

New color creations were used, blended by experts in color research. A way was found to make Princess Pat rouge change and blend upon the skin itself. No matter how much color is desired, Princess Pat rouge remains daringly beautiful. It *seems* to "come from within the skin."

It blends away to imperceptibility without edges—merges automatically with your own skin tone. The veriest novice achieves the most daringly fashionable effect *without trouble.*

The Utmost Advantage in Use of Various Shades

With old-fashioned rouge, only one shade would match your skin. Color harmony with costume or mood was impossible or at least only accidental. What a limitation!

Using Princess Pat—of which *all* shades match *every* skin—you can possess *any* or *all* of the six Princess Pat shades and use them at discretion to give absolute harmony of cheek color at all times. No woman living can help wanting rouge with all these advantages—one that gives *more than natural beauty.* Your favorite shop can show all six shades.

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

Dorothy Mackaill, famous screen beauty, knows how to look like a million dollars. "Just a touch of Princess Pat rouge," says Dorothy.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.

2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-946 Chicago.

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name (print) .....

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Around the Modern Camp Fire

Some Ideas Picked Up

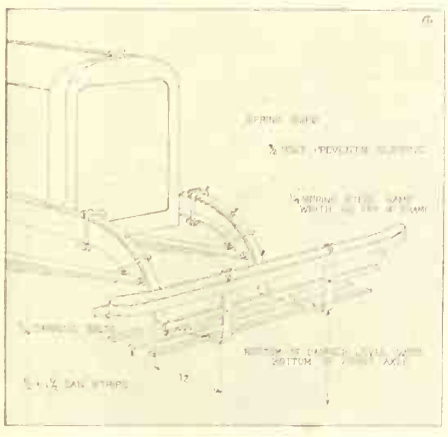
By

Dick Cole

MOTORCAMPING is one of America's greatest outdoor sports. It is the one sport not governed by a dictatorial body of highbrows, who split hairs over the amateur or professional status of the participants, and who lay down hard and fast rules regarding play and equipment.

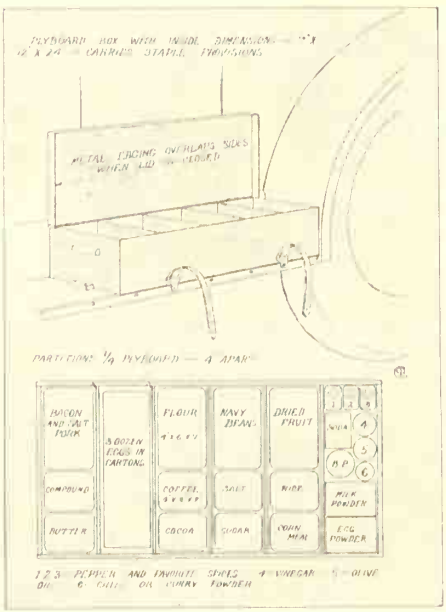
Motorcamping is a very cosmopolitan sport; it is played by all classes. The nice thing about the game is that everyone can be a winner, but the biggest winners are those who use forethought in preparing for their trips, and who apply many little kinks which make motorcamping easier; which make traveling more comfortable; "eats" more palatable; beds more restful.

The front of a car affords abundant space for carrying much of the light, bulky equipment, such as the tent, mattresses, and blanket roll. To utilize this space, a special carrying bracket must be made, but this offers no complications. The attached sketch, which is self-explanatory, shows clearly the construction of such a bracket. Any blacksmith or auto spring shop, at a very small cost, can



shape the main supports and drill the necessary holes. Old spring leaf stock can be utilized. The total cost of this bracket should not exceed $2.50.

The question may arise: "Won't a bundle in front of the radiator interfere with the cooling?" No, not if there is a six or eight inch space between bundle and the radiator core.



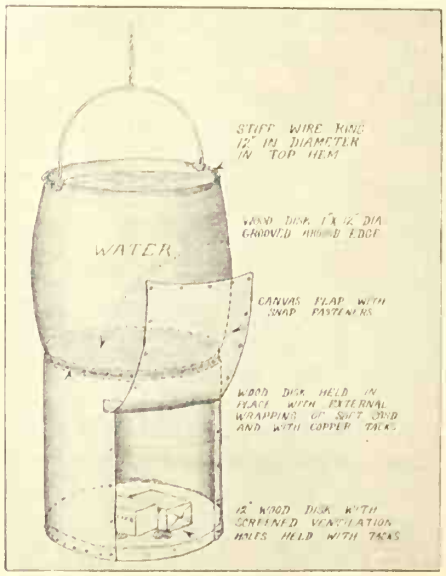
Provisioning for a camping trip is often a problem. Over or under provisioning are frequent mistakes. While canned foods and staple supplies can be purchased about anywhere—even at wayside shacks in the desert—the wise camper will always have on hand a nicely balanced supply of staple food products sufficient for several days. A removable box on the running board is suggested for this purpose. The above sketch illustrates a box that can be built by anyone with the common household tools. Note particularly that square containers are used instead of cylindrical ones. They afford much more economical packing. Such containers can often be bought at the "five and ten cent store," but, if one is a chronic motorcamper, it is much better to have them made of copper by a tinsmith.

Refrigeration in camp can be had with a water bag cooler. Anyone can make one for a dollar. Obtain 24 inches of heavy canvas a yard wide. Soak it and dry it out several times. Putting it through the washing machine is a good idea. This will soften the fabric. Now sew it to form a cylinder approximately 24 inches long with a hem at the top. Next place a wooden disk with a V groove around its circumference in the middle of the canvas tube. Squeeze the canvas into the groove by wrapping with soft, cotton cord. Cord known as candlewicking is best. Then tack at intervals with copper tacks. Thus a compartment for water is made above the disk. See sketch at bottom of page.

Another disk tacked to the bottom of the cylinder, and a flap, forms an accessible food compartment beneath. A stiff, wire ring in the top hem, and a wire handle, completes the cooler.

In use, it should be suspended where there is free circulation of air.

It is best to suspend the cooler —or an ordinary water-bag, for that matter—from two long ropes twisted together. The bag is then "wound up." It will then unwind and wind up many times. The movement increases the rate of evaporation and quicker and better cooling results.



STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Listen to the New Standard School Broadcast—11:30 a.m. to 12 m., and Standard Symphony Hour—7:30 to 8:30 p. m., every Thursday over the Pacific Coast Network.

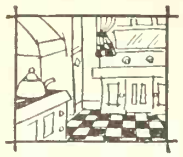
Salmon Loaf: Get all ingredients together.

Flake the salmon, removing bones and skin.

Grind the vegetables, and mix ingredients.

ANNOUNCEMENT

This month, a special prize of $5 is offered for the best recipe featuring peaches—another western product. Send in as many recipes as you like, for fresh, canned or dried peaches. The contest closes June 15th, and the prizewinning recipe will appear in the August issue. Address the Kitchen Cabinet, Sunset Magazine, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco.



The Kitchen

These recipes are designed to be clipped and pasted on cards for your recipe file, or they may be pasted in your cooking scrap book

Salmon Loaf

1 medium-sized can of salmon
1 cooked potato (or left-over potatoes)
1 or 2 stalks of celery
1 small onion
½ a green pepper, or a small amount of parsley
½ cupful of cracker crumbs
1 egg
Salt, pepper and paprika to taste

Pick over and flake the salmon, removing skin and bones. Put the potato, celery, onion and green pepper through the meat grinder, or chop all finely together. Add the seasonings and egg, and ¼ cupful of the cracker crumbs, and mix well. Shape into a cylindrical loaf, roll it in the remaining cracker crumbs, put into a baking dish and dot the top with butter. Bake at 250 degrees (a very slow oven) for one hour. Serve on a platter with cream sauce made as follows, poured around the loaf:

Cream Sauce

2 tablespoonfuls of butter or other shortening
2 tablespoonfuls of flour
1 cupful of milk
Salt, pepper and a little onion salt

Melt the fat, add flour and cook for a moment; then add the milk and cook, stirring, until creamy and smooth. Add seasonings, pour around the loaf, and sprinkle with chopped hard-cooked egg. Garnish with parsley to serve.—Mrs. P. T. McG., Tacoma, Washington.

Rice and Cheese Fondue

1 cupful of milk
1 cupful of boiled rice
½ cupful of broken cheese
½ teaspoonful of salt
1 egg, well beaten
1 tablespoonful of butter
½ teaspoonful of paprika

Heat the milk in a double boiler. Add all the other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Put into an oiled baking dish, set in a pan of hot water, and bake in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees) for half an hour. Serve piping hot.—Miss A. C. M., Walnut Creek, California.

Vegetable Pudding

1 cupful of ground raw potatoes
1 cupful of ground raw carrots
1 cupful of brown sugar
1 cupful of flour
½ cupful of chopped suet, or butter
½ cupful of raisins
1 cupful of chopped figs
¾ teaspoonful of salt
Spices to suit taste (about ½ teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg and allspice, and ¼ teaspoonful of ground cloves)

No eggs or liquid are required. Mix in order given, put into oiled molds, and steam 3 hours. Serve hot with whipped cream, hard sauce, or a tart sauce.—Mrs. A. L. M., Klamath Falls, Oregon.

California Salad Dressing

Juice of 2 lemons
Juice of ½ an orange
2 tablespoonfuls of prepared mayonnaise
2 tablespoonfuls of evaporated milk
½ teaspoonful of sugar
Salt and paprika

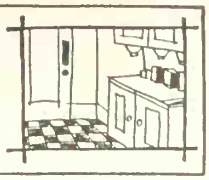
Blend the lemon and orange juice. Add the mayonnaise and evaporated milk, beat well, and add the seasonings. This is delicious on head lettuce or cabbage slaw.—Mrs. M. B., Redondo Beach, California.

Rolled Oats-Cocoanut Cookies

2 cupfuls of brown sugar
1 cupful of butter or other shortening (or half and half of each)
2 eggs
2 cupfuls of rolled oats
½ pound of shredded cocoanut

Cream the sugar and shortening and add the beaten eggs, then stir in the rolled oats and cocoanut. This makes a rather bran-like mixture which should be molded into small cakes with the hands, or dropped by spoonfuls on an oiled baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) about 15 minutes, or until lightly browned.—Mrs. G. W. S., Pullman, Washington.

Cabinet



The prizewinning recipes in the raisin recipe contest, which was announced in the April issue, will be found on page 60 of this issue of the magazine

Kidney Beans, Spanish Style

½ cupful of sliced onions
1 cupful of tomatoes, canned or fresh
1 green pepper
1 cupful of kidney beans, stewed or canned

Slice the onions and pepper, and boil all together slowly until the onions are tender and much water has evaporated from the tomatoes. Season well with a little cayenne pepper, and serve hot.—Mrs. E. H., Colton, Oregon.

Hamburger with Sauce

An excellent way to serve hamburger or ground beef instead of in the usual patties is as follows: Put a small amount of butter or other fat in a heavy frying pan and when hot put in the ground beef. Chop and stir, so that the meat will be in crumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Have ready a sauce made with tomato soup or puree, chopped onion and green pepper. Pour over the beef, heat thoroughly, and serve on hot buttered toast. Mushrooms, heated in a little butter, may be added if desired.—Mrs. M. S., Hollywood, California.

Lemon Cake Pie

1 cupful of sugar
1 tablespoonful of butter
Yolks of 2 eggs
2 tablespoonfuls of flour
1 cupful of milk
Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon
Whites of 2 eggs

Blend together the sugar and butter, and stir in the well-beaten yolks of eggs, the flour, milk, and lemon juice and rind. Fold in the beaten egg whites, and pour into a rich, uncooked pie crust. Put into a hot oven (450 degrees) for 10 minutes, then reduce the heat to 350 degrees and bake slowly about 25 minutes longer, very slowly. The top will be like a sponge cake and the bottom a custard.—E. J. S., Vancouver, Washington.

Corn Souffle

¼ cupful of butter
¼ cupful of flour
⅔ cupful of milk
1 cupful of cooked corn
3 eggs
Salt and pepper to taste
¼ cupful of grated cheese
1 tablespoonful of chopped green pepper or pimento

Melt the butter, add the flour and seasonings, and stir in the milk gradually. Add the corn and the yolks of eggs, well beaten, also the cheese and chopped pepper. Fold in the whites of eggs beaten stiff and dry. Turn into an oiled baking dish and bake in a slow oven (350 degrees) about 45 minutes.—Mrs. A. E. S., East Ely, Nevada.

Salad a la King with Cucumber Dressing

1 tablespoonful of gelatine
¼ cupful of cold milk
1 cupful of hot milk
1 cupful of cold chicken, chopped fine
2 stalks of celery
1 green onion
1 pimento, shredded
1 green pepper, shredded
Pepper and salt to taste
¾ cupful of whipped cream

Soak the gelatine in the cold milk for a few minutes, and pour the hot milk over it, allowing it to dissolve; then mix in all the other ingredients, folding in the whipped cream last. Oil individual molds lightly with salad oil, fill them with the mixture and place in the icebox until the salad is firm. When ready to serve remove from molds, place on crisp lettuce leaves or shredded lettuce, and serve with a cucumber dressing made as follows:

2 cupfuls of well-seasoned mayonnaise
2 cucumbers (pared and seeds removed) chopped fine

Mix together well.—D. E. M., Oakland, California.

Form into a loaf, roll in cracker crumbs.

Put into a baking dish, dot with butter, and bake.

Garnish, slice and serve—Yes, you may have a second helping!

AN INVITATION

Will you share your favorite best recipes of all kinds with the other readers of Sunset, through the Kitchen Cabinet? This recipe exchange is a regular department, and $1 is paid for every recipe published. Send as many as you wish at one time. Address the Kitchen Cabinet, Sunset Magazine, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco.

WONDROUS—IS THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH

AT Vassar—this June—at Bryn Mawr, at Mary Baldwin, Hunter's, Stanford, U. S. C. and "Cal" thousands of the flower of American woman=hood will graduate.

All must look their prettiest. Thousands of powder puffs will pit=a=pat on thousands of rosy cheeks.

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A shade for Blonde, Brunette, Spanish or Titian.

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Setting Baby Feet on the Road to

Mental Health

By

Gladys Denny Shultz

AFTER you have been dealing for a time with the mental twists of grown-ups and traced them back monotonously to a bad start in infancy or early childhood, how you long to get your hands on some undamaged material, and produce one human being with no complexes or other mental handicaps!

It is a real pleasure to reach that point in this series—the rearing of a child in such a way as to insure mental as well as physical health for his adult days.

But that doesn't mean that we begin with the school child or even the pre-school child. To get a really unblemished specimen, we will have to begin with a new-born babe at about the minute when it utters its first outraged squawk. For a baby can be mentally handicapped in its first hour of life.

To be really sure, it is necessary to go back further still, say to the time when the mother is first aware that a new life is beginning. No, I am not forgetting those good people who will tell us that even so we are several million years too late, the embryo's development being dictated more or less by heredity.

THEY may be right, and we won't quarrel with them. But I don't see quite what we can do about what happened several million years ago, do you? And science has been showing such wonderful things that can be done with any human infant if you catch it young enough and train it right, that it seems a good practical proposition to let Mother Eve rest in peace in her grave while we see what can be done right now with the present generation.

That, will be our present program: to begin with any and every prospective mother and ask her to watch her diet and her emotions for the sake of the child. We all know that a baby cannot be "marked" by anything that happens to the mother. But its growth is affected by the things she eats, and if she is continually excited and upset so that her digestion is impaired, the baby will suffer.

The first step, then, in the child's mental health program is for the mother, before its birth, to eat the things she should and to be as placid and happy as possible, so that the baby will arrive on earth with everything in its favor.

And now the campaign begins in real earnest. There are two great factors in building mental health. One is to provide the child with a strong, vigorous body. The other is to handle him in such a way that he will be able to make the best use of his faculties, and not be loaded down with needless fears and inhibitions. These two things go hand in hand, for we cannot have a healthy mind if the body is unhealthy, and an unhealthy mind often produces disorders of the body.

Remember now that there is placed in our care an absolutely new human baby with an unblemished body and, so far as we know, an unblemished mind. And remember that that body and mind are going to develop according to the kind of treatment they get.

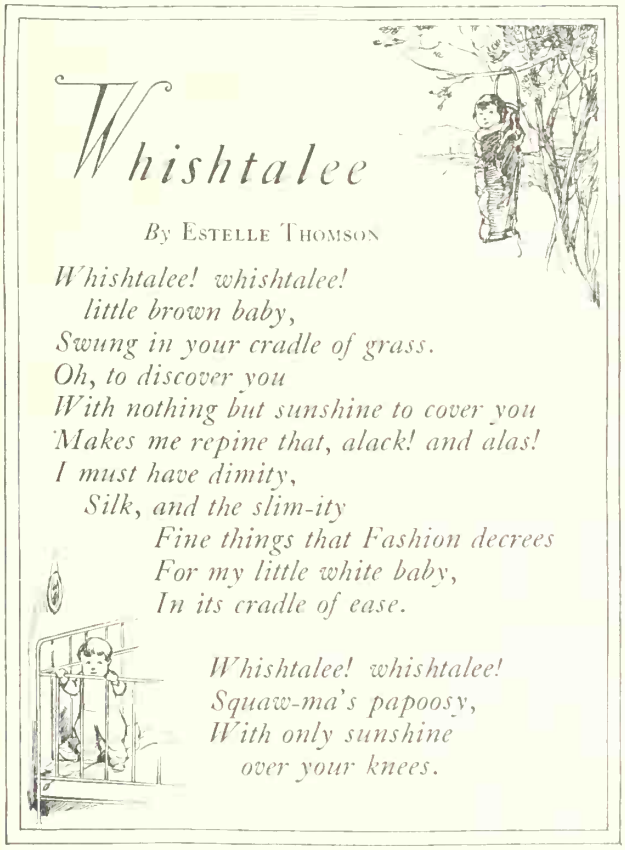
That would be easy—if parents were perfect. But this is where those millions of years we just tossed overboard so blithely get in their deadly work. Every parent is to a greater or less degree a mess of complexes himself, the result of the way his parents handled him, which was the result of the way their parents handled them, and so back to Mr. and Mrs. Adam. The thing we have to watch out for is not the developing of unfortunate traits in the child, but for unfortunate traits in ourselves that will cause the developing of unfortunate traits in the child.

Science has given us a number of suggestions for overcoming this difficulty. Regularity and habit training for the child, together with careful control of our own attitudes, will help to wipe out the mistakes of the first parents.

AN excellent little pamphlet, "Mental Health Hints for Parents," published by the Mental Hygiene Division of the Public Charities Association of Pennsylvania, outlines for us the procedure that will produce physically and mentally healthy infants.

It suggests that before the baby's birth, the parents decide how they are going to behave with it and bring it up in the first weeks and months. Then there will be no confusion or disagreement, two things that have a very bad effect on the baby's mental habits. (I know that this is a difficult program to follow out, but try it, anyway!)

"Make up your minds that you will agree with each other," the sage advice continues. "Make up your



minds that you will always speak in kindly and gentle tones to each other in the hearing of the baby. Be happy and sweet-tempered yourselves, as you want the baby to be. Make up your minds that you will show only such feelings and behavior as you would like to have the baby see and imitate."

Thus the stage is set for the baby's entrance into the home, which is his world for the first five years and which makes or breaks him.

The first emphasis is on health. But every health habit has close bearing on countless mental habits, so that when you are building one, you are building all.

Feed and bathe the baby at regular times. This helps him to form orderly habits. Do not feed him to stop his crying or fretting. This teaches him to cry for what he wants, besides upsetting the essential regularity.

The baby needs to sleep most of the time. Do not wake him except to feed or bathe him; it makes him restless and fussy.

And now, even with the tiny baby, we come to a group of rules that have to do with forming mental habits and protecting against harmful patterns. They are grouped in the pamphlet under "The Baby's Senses and Feelings." Every one is important from the standpoint of mental health. Here they are:

KEEP sunshine and other strong lights from the baby's eyes.

"Avoid sudden loud noises or other strong unexpected sensations. They startle the baby and may make him timid.

"Do not let anyone express fear in the baby's presence and do not frighten him, even in play. It may make him permanently timid.

"Do not make a plaything of the baby for your own or your neighbor's amusement. It makes the baby crave excitement and the notice of grown ups, and makes him self-conscious and vain, and irritable if he does not get all the attention he wants.

"Respect the baby's dignity, and do not make him feel he is a butt. It either hurts his normal pride and arouses resentment or it makes him feel inferior and discourages him.

"Do not deceive the baby. It makes him distrust you and others, and it may teach him to deceive."

Simple rules, are they not, to govern a human being's future attitude toward his kind? And yet it is from this sort of thing in babyhood that we get our adult attitudes.

The baby has many things to learn, and the way he learns them will have a great deal to do with his attitude toward life in later years. We want him to be independent and courageous and so—

1. Handle the baby only when it is necessary. Let him lie or play by himself. He learns in this way to be independent, and not to crave excitement and the constant attention of others.

2. The baby is experimenting all the time. Let him learn by his own experience that some things hurt (being careful that he is not seriously hurt).

3. Teach the baby to be brave and not cry when he is hurt. Teach him to make a joke of the accident—"up again and take another." Do not make him a cry-baby by sympathizing.

4. Let the baby learn to walk and talk by his own initiative. He learns more self-mastery.

Thus are Lindberghs made.

One more lesson the infant must learn—the lesson of obedience. His success in this will depend entirely upon the way the parent goes about it to secure obedience.

Such commands as you give the baby give simply, clearly, definitely. If you don't, the baby may not understand, and so may disobey without meaning to.

Give only such commands as you can enforce, and then enforce them. If you don't, the baby learns to disobey.

Avoid frequent "don't's" and nagging. The baby learns to disregard them or to disobey deliberately.

TO my mind, however, one of the great things to remember in teaching obedience is that the tiny child often does not understand the words you use, but must be trained as a young animal is trained—by being shown what is wanted over and over again, patiently, kindly but firmly. Do not allow the baby to do things the wrong way. Show him the right way, and keep after him until it becomes second nature to him.

The pamphlet makes some further helpful suggestions for discipline and training:

1. "Let thy yea be yea, and thy nay, nay," and let there be no successful appeal from one parent to the other.

2. Train to prompt obedience by telling the questioning or objecting child, "First, do as I say, and then ask why if you wish."

3. Distinguish between a command and a suggestion. Enforce the first, but be sure the child understands the distinction.

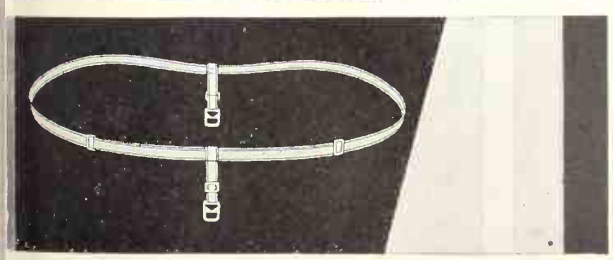
4. Remember that the child is going to outgrow many little faults and some apparently serious ones. Do not take them too seriously.

So may be laid the foundations of mental health before a child can talk or walk. It is necessary only to continue the good work with the toddler and school child.

MONDAY

By ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

The clothes upon my neighbor's line
Are so different from mine;
Hers, linen tablecloths that blow
In a long, decorous row:
Embroidered towels, a man's white shirt,
Lace dresser scarves, a ruffled skirt
And hemstitched sheets and pillow-slips.
In my yard, the same wind flips
Whirligigs of small gay socks,
Little perky panty-frocks
And romper suits that fall and rise
Like a cloud of butterflies,
Yellow, blue and peachy-pink.
I look across the fence and think . . .
I'm so sorry for her line!
Do you suppose she envies mine?



Glen Marianne Shea

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Dainty, soft elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

Beltx is designed to be worn low on the hips, fitting just snug—it never pulls or binds—as does the old style, tight-fitting, wide elastic waistline sanitary belt.

Instantly adjustable to hip measurement in the belt line, from 22 inches to 42 inches—to height in the tab length—it meets every requirement of a personal belt by simple adjustment with tiny slides.

So diminutive—it is easily tucked away in a corner of your purse for emergeneies.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A splendid women's bridge club prize—a charming and aeceptable "little gift." **Price, $1.00, three for $2.00.** Write today.

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Process Packed in Tins

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"MY, but that's good!" You, when you first taste Almond Roca, will probably exclaim that, too. For Almond Roca is different—very, very different. Not a cream candy—not a hard candy—not chocolate. As we repeatedly have stated, we do not exactly know how to describe it, but we will give you your money back if you know another confection its equal. The package price is a dollar and a half. If no near-at-hand dealer happens to have Almond Roca, we will ship direct, prepaid.*** Brown & Haley, *Confectioners to the Elect,* Tacoma, Washington.

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America's Finest Confection

...when you're looking for a new icing

HERE IS an unusually tempting Mapleine icing which combines delightfully with raisin, spice and chocolate cakes.

1¾ c. granulated sugar
⅛ tsp. cream tartar
½ c. boiling water
2 egg whites
½ tsp. Mapleine

Boil sugar, cream tartar, and water till it spins a thread when dropped from tip of spoon (or 240 degrees F). Do not stir after mixture starts boiling. Pour syrup gradually over stiffly beaten egg whites, into which a pinch of salt has been added. Add the Mapleine, continue beating till mixture is thick enough to spread.

Alice Bradley's "Mapleine Cookery" sent free upon request.

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Send for free literature with prize cake recipe.

CAKE-SAFE CO.
615 Iowa Nat. Bank Bldg.
Des Moines, Iowa.

Two-Time Desserts

(Continued from Page 39)

(cut in halves and sweetened) and ½ cupful of whipped cream. Chill and serve in sherbet or parfait glasses. Four servings. (Pineapple, peaches or apricots may be used instead of strawberries.)

Graham Short Cake with Fresh Fruit

1½ cupfuls of graham flour
1 cupful of white flour
½ cupful of cornstarch
6 teaspoonfuls of baking powder
1 teaspoonful of salt
¼ cupful of sugar
½ cupful shortening (use ½ butter)
1 egg
½ cupful of milk (or enough to make a soft dough)

Mix and sift the dry ingredients (retain bran which is sifted out). Cut or rub in shortening until mealy in appearance. Stir in unbeaten egg and milk. Be sure dough is soft, but of course not too soft to handle easily. Toss dough onto a lightly floured board; divide in two parts and pat or roll out each to ½ inch thickness. Cut with 2½-inch biscuit cutter or a standard size thin water glass. Put half of shortcakes in pan, brush over with melted butter and place remaining shortcakes on top. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees) 12 to 15 minutes. Split and put together with sweetened crushed fruit and top with whipped cream. Ten servings. (These shortcakes may be kept for several days but be sure to reheat before serving.)

Quick cool desserts made with or without a refrigerator:

Nut Brittle Cream

¼ lb. of peanut brittle
1 cupful of pastry cream
1½ cupfuls of apricots—fresh or canned—drained from juice
12 marshmallows (cut in quarters)
½ teaspoonful of vanilla
Pinch of salt

With a rolling pin thoroughly crush peanut brittle on wax paper. Whip cream. Cut apricots in small pieces. Combine all ingredients lightly. Line long stemmed sherbet glasses with slices of sponge cake, add nut brittle cream, and garnish with a half apricot and crumbled nut brittle. Set in cooler or refrigerator until ready to serve. Eight servings.

Gingerale Cream

2 tablespoonfuls of gelatine
¼ cupful of cold water
½ cupful of boiling water
¼ cupful of sugar
1½ cupfuls of gingerale
2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
Few grains of salt
8 marshmallows cut in quarters
1 cupful of pastry cream

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Dissolve in boiling water, stir in sugar; let cool, then add gingerale, lemon juice, and salt. Chill. When mixture is thick, first beat cream until stiff with a rotary egg beater, then with same beater whip gelatine until frothy. Fold gelatine, cream and marshmallows together; place in serving glasses and set in cooler or refrigerator. Top with jam, cherries, or emrelettes. Eight servings. This is a delicate dessert. It may be varied by substituting ½ cupful of crushed bananas for the marshmallows. If a stronger ginger flavor is desired add two tablespoonfuls of juice from preserved ginger. If a less rich dessert is preferred use only ½ cupful of cream. This of course will reduce the number of servings to about six.

When the iceless refrigerator is your servant prepare—

Rich Fruit Salad

1 teaspoonful of gelatine
1 cupful of pastry cream
½ cupful of mayonnaise
2 cupfuls of diced fruit (almost any combination of fruit or berries may be used)
1 or 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar if fruit is very tart
Few grains of salt

Soak gelatine in 1 tablespoonful of cold water and dissolve by placing cup containing gelatine over hot water. Beat cream until stiff; fold in mayonnaise, fruit, sugar (if desired), gelatine, and salt. Place in drawer of refrigerator 4 hours. Slice and serve on crisp lettuce; garnish with cream mayonnaise (½ whipped cream and ½ mayonnaise) and berries or cherries. Eight servings.

Strawberry Special

2 small baskets of strawberries
Sugar to sweeten
1 egg white

Stem and wash strawberries; crush thoroughly. Add enough sugar to make them very sweet. Beat egg white until stiff; fold in crushed strawberries, and place in tray of iceless refrigerator 4 or 5 hours. Fresh figs may be substituted for strawberries if lemon juice is added. Serve with whipped cream.

A last minute dessert from the grocer, the baker, and the ice cream maker:

Cake Sandwiches

Cake (from the grocer or baker)
Ice cream (from the specialty shop or corner drug store)
Sauce or crushed fruit

A few combinations:

1. Caramel cake—vanilla ice cream, pecans, butterscotch sauce.
2. White butter cake—chocolate ice cream, walnuts, hot fudge sauce.

3. Sponge cake — strawberry ice cream, fresh crushed strawberries.
4. Lemon loaf cake—pistachio ice cream, marshmallow sauce (purchased in cans).
5. Any combination of cake and fruit that pleases you.

Place a slice of ice cream on one thin slice of cake or between two thin slices. Pour over all a sauce or crushed fruit. Sprinkle with nuts if desired.

Surprise Cup Cakes

Sponge or chocolate cup cakes (from your grocer or baker)
Tart jam or lemon filling (use your own favorite lemon pie filling)
Whipped cream, or meringue made of stiffly beaten egg whites plus sugar (2 tablespoonfuls of sugar to each egg white)

Cut top off of cup cake, remove center and fill with a tart jam or lemon filling. Replace top and garnish with whipped cream or a meringue.

Cookie Charlotte

Crushed fruit (fresh or canned)
Crisp cookies (chocolate usually preferred)
Whipped cream

Place crushed fruit in sherbet glass, then four crisp cookies with sweetened whipped cream between and over top. Garnish with a cherry. Let stand in a cool place several hours.

Just an "awfully good dessert"—

Apple Ginger Cake

Put a layer of sliced apples in the bottom of a baking pan. Sprinkle thickly with sugar and nutmeg, dot with butter and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) until tender. While apples are cooking mix up the following ginger cake:

1¾ cupfuls of cake flour
1 teaspoonful of ginger
½ teaspoonful cinnamon
¼ cupful of butter
½ teaspoonful of soda
½ cupful of sugar
1 egg
½ cupful of molasses
½ cupful of sweet or sour milk

Sift together flour, spices and soda. Cream butter and sugar. Stir in egg, molasses, milk and dry ingredients and beat thoroughly. When the apples are tender, pour the ginger cake batter on top of the hot apples and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) about 20 minutes. Serve apple-side-up with whipped cream. This makes 8 or 10 servings.

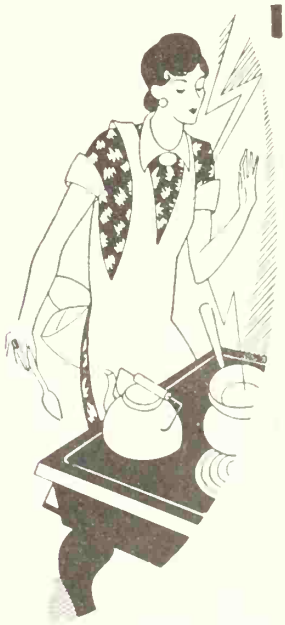
IT'S A GOOD IDEA ~

to pour melted paraffine over leftover paint to keep it from drying out.

newcomers to the West are amazed at it

for desserts cakes beverages

ONE *kind of chocolate*



Recent arrivals from the East are enthusiastic about Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate—and there is a good reason! *You can do so many things with it!* It's cake chocolate and cocoa, all in one (though not exactly either)—and it serves *every* chocolate purpose in your home. ◆ *Special!* Sixteen master uses of Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate are yours for the asking! Just write to D. Ghirardelli Co., 910 North Point Street, San Francisco, and ask for the "Sweet Sixteen" Recipe Packet—a convenient budget of cooking wisdom, prepared by experts with a special eye to newcomers. The recipes are all prize-winners, all home-tested. Perhaps you had better write now—while you think of it.

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SAY "GEAR-AR-DELLY" TO YOUR GROCER

All the Comforts of Home!

"All right, Bill, Wednesday's the shove-off date of our next camping trip but it's your turn to be chef and I'll hunt firewood."

"Heck, you won't need to hunt firewood. *This* trip we're taking a COLEMAN CAMP STOVE, savvy? It makes and burns its own gas from regular gasoline. In a pair of minutes the built-in hot blast starter gets up fine cooking heat. That baby's a Hot Number! Bakes, fries or broils—roasts, toasts or boils anything on the menu. Air pump and wind baffles all built in. So simple it almost works itself. Man, when you take along a COLEMAN, *"Meal Time is Joy Time."* It's some stove!

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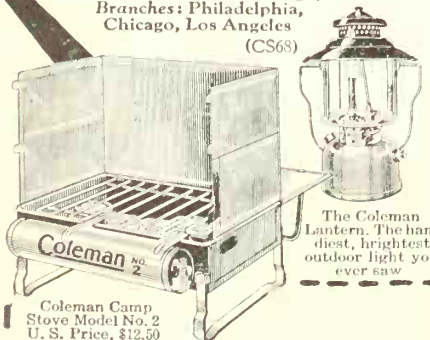

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Five Best Raisin Recipes

Prize-Winners in The April Western Foods Contest

OUT of the hundreds of appetite-teasing raisin recipes that came in response to the contest announcement in our April issue, the judges at last settled upon the following as the winners. It seems almost wrong to say these are the "best," when every last one of the recipes was so good.

Mrs. H. A. Peterman, of Glendale, California, receives the first prize of $5 for "Sonny Boy's Pie." Here it is—and it is delicious.

Sonny Boy's Pie

3 eggs, separated
1 cupful of sugar
1 tablespoonful of butter
½ cupful of walnut meats, chopped
1 cupful of raisins, chopped
¼ teaspoonful of cloves
½ teaspoonful of cinnamon
2 teaspoonfuls of vinegar

Beat the egg yolks, and add the sugar and butter. Beat well, and add the other ingredients, mixing well. Lastly fold in the beaten whites of the 3 eggs, and pour into an unbaked pie shell. Bake 30 to 40 minutes, having the oven very hot at first (450 degrees) for 10 minutes, then reducing the heat to moderate (350 degrees) to finish baking.

Mrs. Arthur D. Soesbe, of Oregon City, Oregon, submits a recipe for "California Crystals," delicious cake bars for which she receives $1, as do the contributors of all the following recipes.

California Crystals

3 eggs
1 cupful of sugar
¾ cupful of flour
1 teaspoonful of baking powder
1½ cupfuls of seedless raisins
1 cupful of dates
1 cupful of chopped nutmeats

Beat the eggs until light, and gradually add the sugar, flour and baking powder sifted together; then add the raisins (which have been plumped in boiling water), nuts, and chopped dates, all floured. Bake in a shallow oiled pan about 25 minutes in a moderate oven (375 degrees). Turn out on a board, cut in strips an inch wide and 3 inches long, and roll in powdered sugar while warm.

Plain raisin pudding, contributed by Mrs. G. L. Adam, of Omak, Washington, is a delicious and interesting dessert. Try it:

Plain Raisin Pudding

2 tablespoonfuls of shortening
¼ cupful of sugar
½ cupful of raisins
¼ teaspoonful of salt
¾ cupful of milk
1½ cupfuls of pastry flour
2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder

Cream the shortening and sugar; add the raisins; mix and sift the flour, salt and baking powder and add alternately with the milk. Beat until smooth, and pour into an oiled baking dish. Make a caramel sauce as follows:

Caramel Sauce

1½ cupfuls of brown sugar
2 cupfuls of boiling water

Boil together 3 minutes, pour over the batter, put into a moderate oven (375 degrees) and bake about 30 minutes. The batter rises to the top and bakes a lovely golden brown. Serve in its own syrup, with or without cream.

Mrs. B. F. McCollum of Fort Worth, Texas, sends a somewhat different recipe for marguerites, which are made more enjoyable by the use of raisins.

Marguerites

1½ cupfuls of sugar
½ cupful of water
6 marshmallows
2 stiffly beaten egg whites
¾ cupful of chopped raisins
¼ cupful of chopped nutmeats
¼ teaspoonful of vanilla
2 dozen salt wafers

Boil the sugar and water until it spins a thread when dropped from the tip of the spoon (238 degrees on the candy thermometer). Add marshmallows cut in pieces. Pour the syrup over the beaten egg whites, beating constantly. Add the raisins, walnuts and vanilla, mix well; spread the wafers with the mixture, and bake in a slow oven (300 degrees) until a delicate brown.

This icing may, of course, be used on cakes as well as marguerites.

We are sorry we have not space to publish many, many more raisin recipes. We hope you will like these as well as we do.—*The Editors.*

just ask for "Ethyl"— I add snap to any car. Ethyl

THE owner of a $5,000 automobile and the owner of a $500 car have two things in common: both want to get the best out of their cars; both depend on gasoline to make their engines go.

But no engine can be better than the fuel it uses, and all gasolines "knock" and lose power when the compression of an engine is raised beyond certain limits.

So General Motors Research Laboratories set out to find something which, when added to gasoline, would eliminate "knock" under higher pressures and thereby make possible more efficient automobile engines.

Seven years of search, involving thousands of different compounds, resulted in Ethyl fluid, the anti-knock compound which leading oil companies are mixing with good gasoline to make *Ethyl Gasoline*—the standard high compression motor fuel. The active ingredient in Ethyl fluid is tetraethyl lead.

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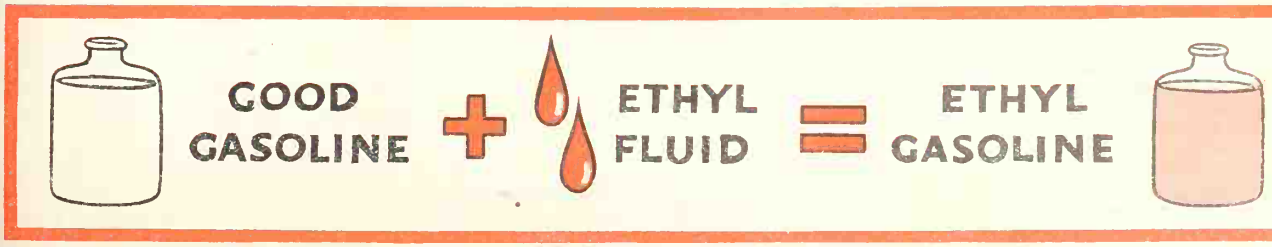

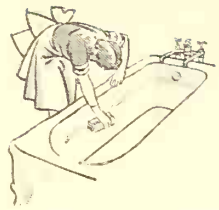

'T*is pity she scrubs this dirty, dirty tub*—but last night her husband took a bath. And left a dirty ring. The water was hard. Her husband used lots of soap. The soap combined with the hardness in the water and made scum. That is where the dirty ring came from.

But softened with Melo, hard water becomes a wonderful cleaner, with or without soap. And the scum doesn't form.

Two tablespoonfuls in the washtubs make the clothes easier to wash and give whiter clothes. Two tablespoonfuls in the bathtub give husbands a pleasant soft-water bath. One tablespoonful in the dishpan makes the dishes glisten and saves ⅓ to ½ the amount of soap ordinarily used. Melo makes soap much more effective, wherever used.

Melo costs only 10 cents a can. At that price buy 3, and keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry and one in the bathroom. Get it at your grocer's.

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Canton, Ohio
Manufacturers of Sani-Flush

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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The cleansing, healing service of a soap that's meant for you

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Sold Everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. 50c.

Good Looks *and* Gardening

By Jean Ashcroft

GARDENING may be either a friend or a foe of one's looks. Without proper planning and precautions, complexion, fingernails, hands, hair, will suffer from close contact with the sun and soil, even as one's knees suffer. With wise forethought, however, a morning in the garden may be as beneficial to one's looks as to one's soul.

Sometimes I wish that we grown-ups might wear garden outfits on the order of the charming little sunsuits that small children wear. The trouble is, we probably would not look particularly charming in them, to say nothing of the neighborhood gossip that would be started by our appearance in such guise. And I fear we would look even less charming in our regular clothing after a few days spent outdoors in that sort of attire, for a coat of sunburn must be acquired judiciously if it is to be an object of envy rather than of pity.

All fooling aside, though, I firmly believe that we should take advantage of the health benefits that this clear western sunlight carries in its rays, without overdoing the matter. Let's protect our faces and hands—and necks—so that we won't, in afternoon or evening dress, look as if we were wearing ruddy masks and mittens. Not only that, but scientists tell us that it is entirely possible to get too much sunlight, and that faces and necks should be shaded from the intense rays always.

I am partial to ankle-height tennis sox for active gardening, for every woman knows the havoc that kneeling and stooping can work on regulation stockings. Why not, then, go stockingless and girdleless, and use one's garden as an outdoor gymnasium—bending, stooping, reaching, stretching, holding in our stomachs and breathing deeply meanwhile, to the ultimate benefit of our abdominal and other muscles, and to the benefit of the flowers as well. I read recently that no exercise was truly beneficial unless it was interesting, which is a strong point for gardening. Such work may make us supple, or it may make us stiff, depending upon how we go about it.

A high-necked, long-sleeved smock, not too thin, will protect arms, necks and shoulders from severe burning. And do let's find hats that are comfortable and that really shelter us! Sometimes I think that eyestrain is the worst foe that beauty has to contend with, and working in glaring light causes wrinkles above and under the eyes, besides sun-burning the eyes themselves. Colored glasses in soft lavender, amber, or pale blue, are a great help.

Authorities differ as to further means of keeping the skin soft and fine, and free from the weather-beaten look that too much exposure invariably causes. I would suggest that you experiment and find the one plan that seems best for your particular needs—then follow it conscientiously and consistently! No beauty treatment tried once and then discarded has been given fair trial.

Perhaps you will find that your favorite lotion, used as a base for a generous coating of talcum or your regular face powder, will prove most satisfactory. Or perhaps you will like a heavy cream, applied sparingly, rubbed in, and the excess wiped off gently, used in like manner as a base for powder.

Ever so many men and women declare that they simply cannot work in gloves. It is, of course, all a matter of getting used to them. We get accustomed to wearing shoes on our feet and clothes on our bodies, neither practice being any more natural to us than the wearing of gloves. Soft hands always pick up slivers of wood and thorns, and scratches, from goodness knows where.

If you are willing to learn to wear gloves, you may give your hands a real beauty treatment while actually working in the garden. Here is how to do it.

First, provide yourself with some comfortable work gloves, either light weight leather or closely woven

The FIRST STEP *towards* HAIR BEAUTY

...A Scalp kept *permanently* free from Adult Cradle Crust

ONE of the first requisites for luxuriant, healthy hair for both men and women is perfect cleanliness of scalp and hair.

This cleanliness must be more than a mere *surface* cleanliness that only rids the hair and scalp of the *surface* particles of dust, dirt and other impurities.

The cleansing process must go deeper, must dissolve and remove Adult Cradle Crust, the real underlying cause of fading, thinning hair. Ordinary shampoos and soaps will not do this.

Adult Cradle Crust is the result of impurities exuded through the scalp pores mingling with the sloughed off scalp epidermis. This forms into a hard crust and is piled up, layer on layer on the scalp, thus choking hair-growth.

So hard and deeply entrenched does this pore-smothering crust become that ordinary washing of the scalp and hair has no effect on it.

There is one sure method that has been discovered to dissolve and remove Adult Cradle Crust. This is "Hair-A-Gain", a remarkably effective over-night application that is so easy to use and has produced such remarkable results that it is meeting with instantaneous success.

"Hair-A-Gain" is more than a mere shampoo. It is a scientific method for banishing Adult Cradle Crust. You can actually *see* its beneficial effects in five days. And you will enjoy the new and tingling sensation of perfect scalp and hair cleanliness that follows its use.

"Hair-A-Gain" is obtainable wherever toilet goods are sold.

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...Nationally known lecturer and authority on the scalp and hair is the originator and manufacturer of "Hair-A-Gain" Scalp and Hair Shampoo.

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SCALP AND HAIR
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Sani-Flush is harmless to plumbing connections. It is a handy thing to keep around all the time. Use it frequently.

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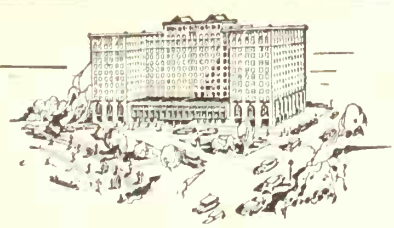

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cotton. (There are some very attractive and inexpensive washable leather gloves on the market now, especially designed for garden or housework, and there are some interesting, well-fitting cotton gloves with cretonne gauntlet cuffs, which protect wrists as well as hands.) They should fit loosely, but not so loosely as to be bunglesome.

Before donning the gloves, anoint your hands liberally with lotion or a rather heavy tissue cream, working in plenty of it around and under the nails. Put on your gloves, and keep them on, and you will emerge from your gardening activities the better rather than the worse for wear.

If you are doing something that you think you simply cannot do with gloved hands, try well-fitted rubber gloves first, and if even those are unsatisfactory, rub in all the lotion or cream that you can, dust thickly with talcum or bath powder, and fill the spaces under your nails with a mild soap.

When your outdoor work is done, take a good warm bath with soap and a bath brush, finish with a cold shower, make up carefully, using a bit of cold cream as a foundation for face powder with a "sunburn" tinge (don't try to use pink or white powder, and don't use too much rouge) and you will find yourself refreshed and ready for whatever the afternoon may have in store.

For the Amateur Sportsman

COURTIERS of King Louis *Quartz* or *Quince*—we forget which—invented tennis. French temperament inspired its dash, but it's made to order for Americans who like action with their exercise.

Zip and skill: tennis has both. A hearty overhead smash—there's nothing quite so self-expressive, so satisfying. It's exciting combat, too. One is always striving to outgeneral and outguess his opponent, taking chances and making openings.

Tennis is a time-saver. In an hour and a half, one can step into tennis togs, dash through two smart sets, shower, and get back to business. By substituting two sets and a sandwich for the usual luncheon, one returns to the office with new enthusiasm for whatever job the afternoon may offer.

Your racquet should be a life-long friend. Once considered a "sissy"

This adv. suggested by Chick Zschiegner, Alfred, N. Y.

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game, tennis is now recognized as one of the most vigorous sports in the catalogue. It takes a first-class athlete to play top-notch. But any person can adapt his game to his strength and enjoy it. If singles are too strenuous, try doubles. King Gustav of Sweden, past 70, plays regularly and well.

Inexpensiveness is another advantage. Ten dollars buys a serviceable racquet. Three balls at fifty cents each, shoes about a dollar and a half—that's really all you need. Almost every town and city has a public court. You'll probably find one a few blocks from your home.

Tennis, perspiration and a clear complexion are all synonyms. Play regularly and in moderation. Two sets each on Saturday, Sunday and once during the week is ideal. Don't try to cram a week's exercise into one day. Overdoing is worse than none at all. Be kind to yourself, especially if you haven't been playing much lately. And get abundant rest. Nine hours of sleep the nights before and after your game is a good anti-fatigue prescription.

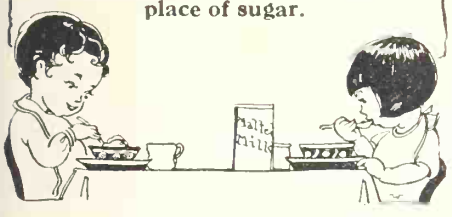
In choosing a racquet, seek balance and proper weight. Thirteen ounces for women and fourteen for men are good standards. Heavier bats should be acquired cautiously. They are hard to manage.

A few lessons from a pro will help one get started right. Studying the strokes, playing with better players and constant practice are the surest ways to improve. Whether hitting a ball against a wall on which a chalked line represents the top of the net or rallying before the game starts, aim each shot for a definite spot.

For the forehand drive, grip your racquet easily but firmly so that the leather at the end of the handle snuggles against the lower palm. The body is at right angles to the net, left foot forward about a step from the right, weight evenly divided on the balls of the feet. As the ball approaches, swing the racquet back in a wide, unconstrained circle, simultaneously shifting your weight to the right foot. Weight and racquet go forward together, with the body pivoting on the left leg as the ball is hit. The

IT'S A GOOD IDEA—

to sprinkle malted milk over the children's cereal occasionally in place of sugar.



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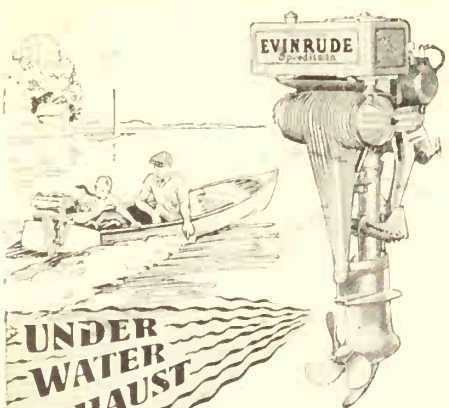

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racquet face turns forward and over slightly, imparting a spin that lowers the ball into the opposite court.

After impact, the racquet follows through freely. Keep your eye on the ball. Hit it on the rise or at the top of its bound.

For the backhand drive, the thumb rests on the side of the handle opposite to the hitting surface of the racquet. Your right side is nearest the net. Weight shifting, overspin and follow-through follow the same principles that apply to the forehand drive.

Service starts the game and often decides the winner. Grip with the index finger a little apart from the second finger. It's easier to hit a stationary object than a moving one. So throw the ball up above your right ear and just high enough so that, with your right arm straight and vertical, the center of the racquet will meet the ball at the top of its rise.

As the ball goes up, the racquet rises slightly, passes behind the back, falls into a turn like an Indian club. Then it goes forward to meet the ball with a slanting surface, which imparts the necessary spin. Weight shifts from the right foot on the back swing to the left as the ball is hit. Hit the ball away from you—hard. Don't hit it down. Better be over the service-line than in the net. Make your first serve good. Avoid a double fault as you would avoid deliberately conceding the point.

The overhead smash is executed with about the same stroke as the service.

Do your best to kill the ball. Hit hard. Timing is essential.

Variety—in speed and strokes—is the keynote of tennis strategy. Never let your opponent get set, keep him moving and pound his weakness.

If one can't be as graceful as Suzanne Lenglen, one can at least strive for sound footwork. It's fifty per cent of tennis. In doubles, team work and net play are the essence.

White is the only permissible color for the tennis outfit. A solid color either dark or a happy, striking light color may be very gracefully used in the sweater, blazer or, for women, bandeau. The rest of the costume, however, must be pure white.—G.O'G.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA

to wash the book-ends occasionally—most of them are dust catchers.

Earl Cummings

(*Continued from page 18*)

to name only a few of the more well-known statues.

At the moment, and probably until late in the autumn, still more of his work may be seen in San Francisco at the All-American Exhibition of Sculpture at the Palace of the Legion of Honor. This is the third all-American sculpture show (and the largest) to be held in America; there are thirteen hundred exhibits, representing three hundred American artists, and nineteen of them are by this man from Utah who has been a San Franciscan for thirty-two years.

You will see there his favorite work, "Neptune's Daughter." You will see his latest work, the heroic statue of a soldier which is to be placed in the Memorial Redwood Grove on the North Drive in Golden Gate Park, in memory of the thirty-nine San Francisco boys who were killed in the War. And you may also see Cummings himself there. As the California representative of the National Sculpture Society, under whose auspices the exhibit is being held, he has been at the Palace in Lincoln Park a good deal of the time during the past few months of installing the exhibit. Mrs. Sage-Quinton and Major Quinton, the directors of the gallery, were engaged in the colossal work of arranging this record-breaking show for many weeks before it opened. Carloads upon carloads of exhibits arrived from all over the United States and from abroad, and many local artists, Cummings among them, assisted in the preparations.

On the other hand, you may not see Cummings at the Palace at all. Now that his Memorial Grove figure is finished and the exhibition running smoothly, he will probably be devoting a good deal of time to playing golf or hunting—his two favorite recreations.

"I'd rather shoot ducks than eat," he said to me one day in his studio shortly before the Legion of Honor exhibit opened. I had dropped in to see how the latest statue was progressing. Towering above him, three times his size, and he is himself a big man, was a gigantic nude youth in clay. I looked around, expecting to find a cold, naked boy posing in the great drafty barn. But no, the figure was finished: Cummings was only "draping" it. An old army shoe was his only model at the moment—well-worn, down at the heel, authentic—and the artist was busily making clay shoe-strings and the semblance of wrinkled leather on the naked foot of his beautiful statue.

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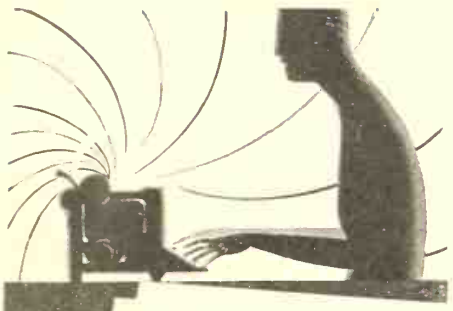

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for

Western Gardeners

IN this day and age, we are prone to select roses for beauty in color and form. There are a few of us, however, who still like fragrance in the rose. Some of the varieties especially fragrant are Hadley, Gruss an Teplitz; General McArthur; Una Wallace; Phelia; Hoosier Beauty; Imperial Potentate; Etoile de Hollande; Irish Sweetness and Rose Marie. Dame Edith Helen, that wonderful new rose, has fragrance as well as beauty in color and form.

✣

Planting small garden seeds in straight rows at a uniform depth is quite a problem. A good little homemade device for this purpose is designed a good deal like the toy boat that one often is called to make for Junior. Take a piece of hardwood 12 inches long, 4 inches wide and 1 inch thick. Point and bevel one end boat fashion. Then secure a piece of oak dowelling 12 inches long and saw it in half lengthwise, nailing one strip the entire length of the "boat" just as you would place the "keel." With the soil in good tilth, one may set a garden line, run this little "planter" along it, and find that it leaves a straight, clean seed furrow uniformly ¼ inch deep.

✣

Yucca

Wonder out of barrenness,
Beauty out of blight;
Yuccas living gracefully,
Heads upreared to light.

Women of the desert,
Virginal, aloof;
All the earth their carpet,
All the sky their roof.

—ELINOR LENNEN.

✣

Some plums are self-sterile, that is, pollen from another variety must be provided to fertilize the flower and produce fruit. If such a variety as Climax has given you no fruit, a couple of grafts of another plum such as Burbank should be made. Until they are ready to flower a temporary substitute can be had by putting a flowering branch of another variety in a can containing water and fastening it up to a branch of the tree, so that the bees may get the pollen and fertilize Climax. (*Continued on next page*

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TRIMS WHILE YOU WALK ALONG

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Old Jupe Pluvius often deceives western gardeners. His supply of wet goods so generously offered does not always come up to expectations in building up the soil moisture content. So never take his efforts seriously; examine the subsoil to a depth of about three feet, and irrigate accordingly. Over-irrigation, of course, is just as detrimental as an under supply, and curiosity that will result in regular examination of the soil moisture condition is one of the requisites of success in the West.

To Border the Lily Pool

Forget-me-nots *Ferns*
Siberian Iris *Gladiolus*
Day Lilies *Torch Lilies*
Ornamental Grasses

Plant seedling dahlias quite close together, about 15 inches apart in rows two feet apart. Then, after first bloom the undesirable types can be taken out to make room for those which pay their way. In setting out the plants, only about one-fourth of the plant should be above the surface.

✢

To increase rapidly your stock of some cherished variety of perennial phlox or Japanese anemone, dig up a plant in fall, shake off the soil, cut the roots into pieces about an inch long, and sow the pieces in flats with about one-fourth inch of earth over them. They should be kept until spring in a cold frame or greenhouse and then be potted up for a while before going out into the garden. *Anchusa italica* and the named Oriental poppies, which do not come true from seed, are propagated in the same way, but in their cases it is best to cut the roots into somewhat larger pieces and plant each upright in a pot or several in a box.

✢

Irrigate berries heavily during the fruiting season, as often as once a week in the warmer sections of the West. And one must not cease to supply moisture after the crop is off; frequent irrigation during the fall has much to do with the setting of fruit the following spring.

✢

Your garden club can add to its treasury by taking subscriptions to SUNSET Magazine. We offer liberal commissions. Write to the garden club editor of SUNSET Magazine, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco, for particulars.

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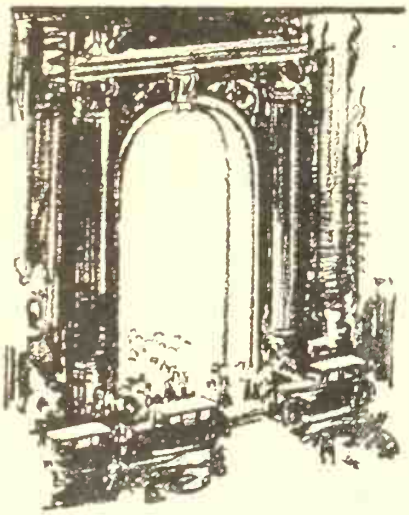

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Something Besides Scenery

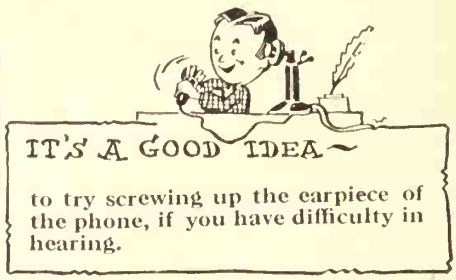
More inside information about Yosemite as promised on page 13

The seeds of the sequoias, the biggest trees in the world are about the smallest seeds in the business! They are covered with a resin, to protect them against decay, until they find the proper place to germinate, which is, strange to say, a layer of ashes left by a forest fire.

Thousands of the little fellows survive and thrive. There are more giant sequoias in the world today than there were when Yosemite was discovered, though it will be a few thousand years before they are full grown—but it is good to know that there will be giants in those days when our ninety-ninth great-grandchild is cutting his teeth on a redwood napkin ring.

Then there are the windfalls of Yosemite, if you are interested in windfalls. Most persons are.

The atmosphere up on the cliffs, three to five thousand feet above the floor of the Valley, turns cool more quickly, naturally, than that in the sheltered Valley. Being cooler and therefore thicker, it is heavier and, approaching the edge of the cliff, it spills over the side just as water does, though not always in so orderly a manner.



Though unseen and seldom noticed, these windfalls are as much a part of Yosemite Valley's features as the waterfalls and influence its life. For instance, practically every attempt to fly an airplane into Yosemite Valley has ended in tragedy, due to the invisible windfalls of the place. It is doubtful if planes ever will be able to fly regularly into the narrow Valley, not because there is not room, but because of the windfalls.

Then there is the curious wintertime phenomenon of snow banners. Winds, whipping across the Yosemite high country, often whirl right across the top of the Valley, from cliff to cliff. When snow is light and dry, the winds will carry it out into space, in

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the form of a giant white banner, waving like a flag, and suspended stationary until the snow is dissipated in wild swirls.

Another winter-time curiosity is the ice cone, a great white cornucopia, upside down, at the base of Yosemite Falls, formed by the piling up of ice fallen from the frozen waterfall. The ice cone of Yosemite Falls sometimes is as high as a house.

Nor are the surprises of Yosemite confined to natural wonders. The animals and birds have their little oddities, and the man to see to find out about them is the ranger naturalist, who is always on the job and who is invariably a fount of information.

Information is always easier to take, out under the trees and the skies, with plenty of exhibits right before you. Realizing this, Uncle Sam has arranged to have a staff of most engaging and well informed young men on hand, in the uniform of the National Park Service, to tell people about the things that go on in their parks—the people's park, I mean.

The person who fails to make contact with the rangers in Yosemite, or any other national park for that matter, is missing half the fun of seeing the wilderness. To know is to enjoy, and facts do have a greater tang to them when they are flavored with the personal viewpoint of a ranger.

What I have said of Yosemite goes, I might add, for most of the wilderness. In the mountains, in the forests, in the desert, or by the sea, there is something to see beside scenery. Yosemite is a great place to cultivate the habit of looking for something else, because there it is easy to find. Just ask a ranger. It is gospel for him to talk about his mountains. He loves them, but he wouldn't stay in them long if he couldn't find something besides scenery.

Sunset Travel Service

(*Continued from page 9*)

by the way of Los Angeles: $55.75.

One way via Salt Lake; one way via Los Angeles, or vice versa: $49.60.

This is not only the cheapest of the three, but offers a wider variety of scenic pleasure as well.

Tickets are on sale at the above rates from May 15 to September 30, with return limit October 31.

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Salt Lake to Cedar City: lower berth $3.75, upper $3.00, compartment $10.50, drawing room $13.50.

Lund, Utah, to Los Angeles: lower berth $6.38, upper $5.10, compart-

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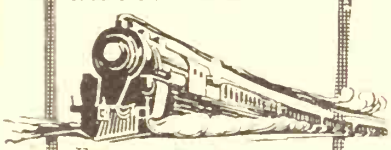

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Because we consider it a delightful book in itself, and one that will assist you greatly in deciding upon your trip, we are mailing you a booklet on the Zion National Park. In it you will find listed the hotel rates for the scenic bus trips, horse back rides, etc., that are available.

Travel Editor, Sunset:

Your letter of the 5th has been very helpful to us in planning our trip to Seattle and down the coast to Los Angeles. You may be assured that this information is fully appreciated.—Miss E. H., Montana.

Many of our readers write back to thank us for the travel information we send them. As Miss E. H.'s letter is typical, we are publishing it and want to thank her as well as the scores of others that have written in a similar vein. We should be most happy to have Miss E. H. drop in at our office and to have her tell us something about her trip.

This Month's Travel-Book Selection

"Combing the Caribbees" by Harry L. Foster (Dodd, Mead, $3.00). Because we know what a real traveler Harry L. Foster is; because we chuckled our way about the Islands with him in his "Tropical Tramp in the South Seas," which was published serially in SUNSET; because he is the author of "A Vagabond in Fiji," "A Beachcomber in the Orient," "A Gringo in Manana-Land" and other fascinating travel books; and because we learned many curious and interesting facts about life in the West Indies, we recommend his latest travel book to you.

"Combing the Caribbees" is the story of the author's apparently naive wanderings in the less-visited regions of the Caribbean telling of life in Guadeloupe, voyages to Martinique, the Windward Isles and the Venezuelan coast and of a hike through the mountains of black Haiti. It is written in the simple straightforward quietly humorous manner which characterizes all the travel books from Mr. Foster's pen.

All inquiries that come to this department are answered by personal letter. We print in these columns only a few that we think may represent the unasked questions of numerous others. It is therefore necessary for our readers, when querying us, to give their full names and addresses. If J. R., San Francisco, and R. M. C., Oakland, will write us their names and addresses, we shall be happy to help them plan their trips.—The Editors.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24 1912, OF SUNSET.

Published monthly at San Francisco, California, for April 1, 1929.

State of Illinois, County of Cook, *ss:*

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared L. W. Lane who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of SUNSET, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers, are: publisher, L. W. Lane, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco, California; editors, Genevieve Callahan, Lou Richardson, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco, California; managing editor, none; business manager, none.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) Sunset Magazine, Inc., 1045 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California.

L. W. LANE.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1929. Gail M. Skinner. My commission expires September 28, 1930.

"Wonders" of the West

Answers to the Questions Asked on Page 9

1. The wavy line often seen on old mission doors is an Indian symbol representing the River of Life, which never runs straight. One day Man is happy, the next day sad. This symbol is repeated frequently within the mission, on the borders of picture frames, altar decorations, and on the windows.

2. A totem pole is a family register, or genealogical tree, sometimes called a "totemic tombstone" that those who come after may read the family history of the clan. The totem pole is more social than religious in nature. As one writer expresses it, "they tell the nursery tales and legends of a primitive people." There is always some arbitrary mark upon every pole by which members of the various tribes can distinguish the clan represented. They were used most extensively by the Indians of the extreme Northwestern Coast of North America and can be found most abundantly in and about Alaska. Seattle has a very fine totem pole in the center of her business district which was brought down from the north.

3. The action of the sun often turns the manganese salt in glass to an oxide of manganese, which is purplish violet in color. Old whisky bottles, ketchup bottles and the headlights of wrecked machines will quickly turn amethyst where they are exposed to the sun, while their under sides remain the natural color.

4. The seeds of the eucalyptus tree were brought from Australia by a sea captain. Because of their rapid growth and their adaptability to the climate they soon became very common throughout the West and Florida, where they were planted in great numbers because of their commonly supposed protection from malaria. As a matter of fact the chief value of the eucalyptus, in this regard, is the drainage effected by their roots rather than any antiseptic exhalation from their leaves.

5. The redwood tree, unlike the Sequoia gigantea, perpetuates itself from roots as well as from seeds, and when one tree is cut down almost immediately a dozen new shoots spring into being from buds of the spreading root system—there is no tap root—and form redwood circles.

6. The "Big Four" were Sacramento merchants, Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, Collis P. Huntington, and Mark Hopkins.

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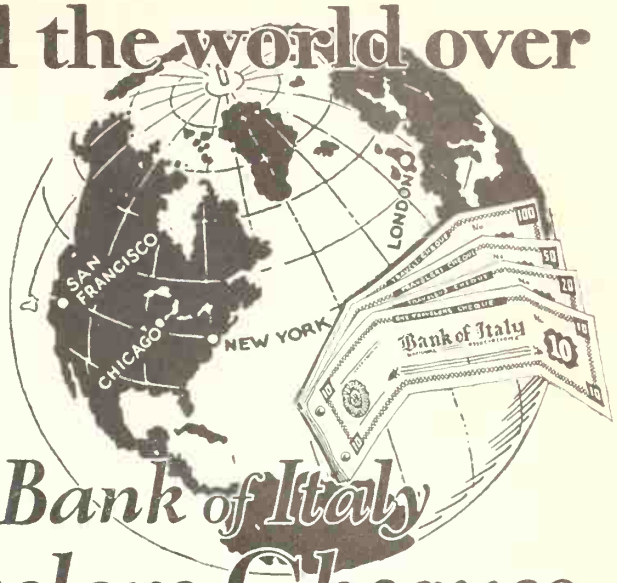

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A SIZABLE army of men and women has been working for several weeks now to put together this copy of SUNSET through which you have just read. First there was the planning of the book, deciding just what you western home and outdoor people would most enjoy reading. Then there was the preparation of each manuscript; the work of the photographers; the drawings and sketches to be made. Advertisers, too, spent much time and money in order to give you helpful ideas in their advertising copy. Then came the making of cuts; the setting of type; the reading of proof; the printing; the assembling of pages—each task requiring hours of time before this June SUNSET was ready to be mailed.

Every man and woman working on SUNSET takes special pride in his or her job; each of us has but one idea in mind and that is to please our readers. This pride in work explains why Mr. De Lappe, the artist who painted the attractive cover, worked it over several times before he was willing to have the plates made. It explains why "Dad" Linder, who has set type on this magazine for more than twenty years, refused to give in to a severe illness until he had finished setting the last caption on the page on which he was working. Many such dramas are enacted daily behind the scenes in SUNSET but this month in *Adios* we want to tell you of three western men who are playing an important part in the editorial development of this magazine.

First will you please meet again Mr. Gwynn Officer to whom you were introduced back on page 22? Two years ago the magazine, "The House Beautiful," announced a national contest for architects, offering substantial prizes for the best house plans submitted. There were many entries in this contest, competitions from all over the country, but Mr. Officer won first place with one of his typically western houses. And now in SUNSET, Mr. Officer will present each month a plan for a western house for western home people. We are happy to announce that this western architect of national reputation is to be on the staff of SUNSET.

The second man in this interesting trio is Sydney B. Mitchell, SUNSET's Garden Consultant. Mr. Mitchell is a very modest man and likely would scold if we were to say much about him on this page. We do feel, however, that he cannot object if we simply quote what Mrs. Francis B. King said about him recently in McCall's Magazine. Mrs. King says, "No one American gardener knows more about the iris, probably, than the writer of this little pamphlet (referring to Mr. Mitchell's 'Adventures in Gardening'); no one gardens better." And this is the Mr. Mitchell who writes those delightful flower articles, and acts as garden advisor in SUNSET.

Next we should like to have you meet Edgar Harrison Wileman, SUNSET's Interior Decorator. Last month we gave some interesting sidelights on Mr. Wileman's life so at this time we shall merely add that he has spent many years not only in the study of interior decorating but also in a special study of the western home which (with its outdoor living rooms, its loggias and the like) is quite different from homes in less favored parts of the United States. We are very proud to have Mr. Wileman connected with SUNSET.

Next month on this page we shall tell you about other contributors and consultants, but meanwhile please tell your friends and neighbors that SUNSET is the magazine of the West, that it goes to western families and that its contributors are real westerners.

We feel that it is not enough, however, to give you in this magazine the best of articles written by the best of western writers, but we are trying also to present that material in the most interesting way possible. Aren't you glad that we are eliminating the use of continuations in the back of the magazine? This means that when you start an article in SUNSET you read one page, turn it over, continue your reading and go right on, uninterrupted, until the article is finished. No jumping back to page 93 and then on to 106 to find out whether you irrigate dahlias every day or just once a week! When you read SUNSET you read straight through, for there are interesting features and good ideas from *Sunset Gold* to *Adios*.

In fact, some of our readers speak of SUNSET as the "western magazine of good ideas." What do you think about it? Your letters are always appreciated. *Adios* for another month.—THE EDITORS.

P. S.

This issue of SUNSET will be read in 150,000 homes.

During the past four months more than 20,000 new names have been added to our subscription list.

SUNSET is the western magazine for western families. 95% of our circulation lies west of the great divide.

The Mantle of Spring

Springtime is Rug Time

It's Spring again! And Mother Nature, wise housekeeper of the great outdoors, makes over her wide domain for another twelvemonth.

You, too, like all good housekeepers, choose Spring as the ideal time to transform that little world of *your* creation—your home. You realize, of course, that in your scheme of decoration floors are basic, and that nothing can so cheer and freshen your home after weary months of Winter as the laying of a new rug. Indeed, at this season, a new rug—soft, warm, colorful—seems like a captured fragment of the mantle of Spring itself.

Yes, Springtime is rug time almost everywhere. Surely it's going to be in *your* home, too! There's a Mohawk dealer near you, ready with the latest Mohawk patterns and colorings in every popular weave to suit your individual taste and needs. And remember: No matter what you wish to pay, your rug can always be a Mohawk.

This Pattern is Akbar Seamless Wilton No. 364A

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